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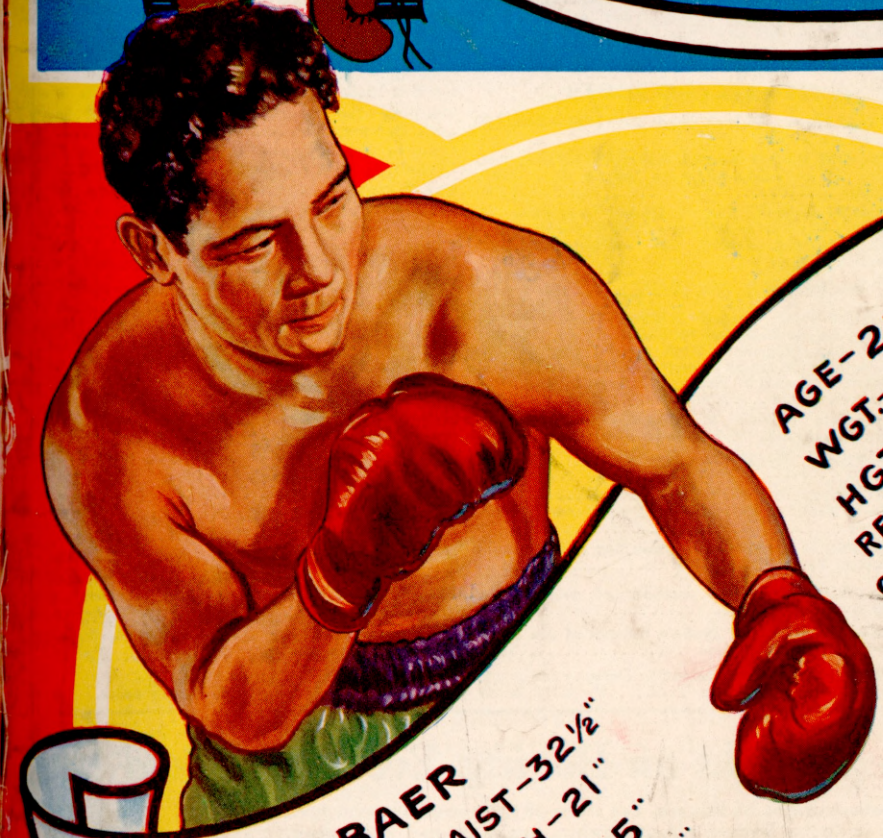
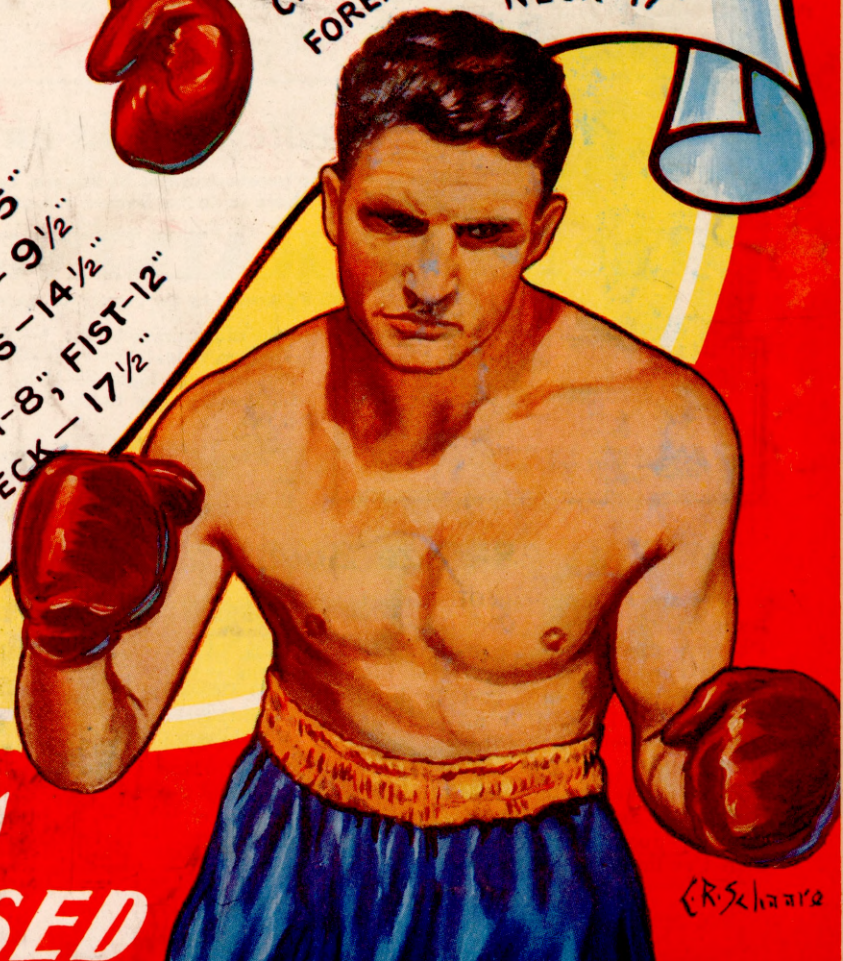


LOU NOVA

AGE – 25 YRS.
WGT. – 198 PDS.
HGT. – 6 FT. 2"
REACH – 70"
CHEST (NORMAL) 42"
CHEST (EXPANDED) 45"
FOREARM – 16"
WAIST – 34"
THIGH – 22"
CALF – 15¾"
ANKLE – 11"
BICEPS – 14½"
WRIST – 8"
FIST – 13½"
NECK – 17"

MAX BAER

AGE – 31 YRS.
WGT. – 212 PDS.
HGT. – 6 FT. 2½"
REACH – 81"
CHEST (NORMAL) 44"
CHEST (EXPANDED) 47½"
FOREARM – 14"
WAIST – 32½"
THIGH – 21"
CALF – 15"
ANKLE – 9½"
BICEPS – 14½"
WRIST – 8"; FIST – 12"
NECK – 17½"



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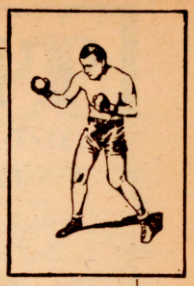

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In Our Next Issue

The Louis-Roper fight is over. California's first heavyweight championship fight in many years aroused world-wide interest. You will find a complete story of the fight and heaps of pictures snapped by our ringside cameraman in the July issue.

England is back on the fistic map. The Burman and Farr international match started the ball rolling and Roderick-Henry Armstrong world titular contest, is keeping the British on edge. Follow the British in boxing in The Ring.

The Nova-Baer battle and the Louis-Galento championship mill will keep the eyes of the fistic world focused on the big fellows in the next two months. Follow the progress of the heavyweights in pictures and story in your favorite magazine.

George T. Pardy will give you the Saga of Heavyweights; A. D. Phillips will tell of the classic vendettas of heavyweight history in conjunction with the Galento-Louis mill; Bill Doherty, Bob Edgren, Jr., Daniel M. Daniel and Nat Fleischer will contribute towards your entertainment.

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ESCOBAR RETAINS

UNDER conditions such as I have seldom witnessed in my many years of experience with boxing, the world bantamweight championship fight between Sixto Escobar and Kayo Morgan was staged at San Juan, Puerto Rico, on April 2, and Sixto retained the crown by a safe margin. With the arena in total darkness for almost three-quarters of an hour prior to the entrance of the principals for the main event, a heavy rain drenching the fight fans during the black spell, a torrential shower intermittently dousing spectators, scribes and the principals in the big event in seven of the fifteen rounds, and a throng of 10,000 disappointed prospective bleacherites storming the gates during the period of darkness—the affair was very much of a reminder of the old days.

Unlike that period, however, no harm befell any of the fans or those engaged for the show, but, like in the old days, the gate suffered considerably. Several thousand fans rushed the ticket takers and seated themselves in the best locations so that those who came to the park after the lights were restored, found themselves out of luck. They not only couldn't get to their seats, but hundreds couldn't even get into the ball park, which by that time was packed to the suffocation point. The bleachers were bulging from the sides, and the grandstand and ringside seats were so full that many stood in the aisles. Many prospective ticket purchasers were turned away, in addition to many who had tickets.

Those who were unable to get into the park had their money refunded the following day, and about $1800 was returned. Thus a gate that should have amounted to $30,000 showed a gross of only $16,000, with the fighters, managers and the promoter being the losers.

Had the lighting system not been tampered with and the torrential rain not come on just as the show opened, the Escobar-Morgan affair would have created a record for gate receipts for an outdoor sports event of any kind in Latin-America. Despite all these hazards, the show was a most successful one in all respects, except in the expected gate, and my heartiest congratulations are extended to Benetiz Rexach and his chief aid, Jiminez Secador, for their promotion ability. They did a first-class job.

* * *

THE contest proved beyond doubt that Puerto Rico can and will support a championship boxing match if the seating arrangements are good and the prices are within reach of all. The conditions under which this latest fight was staged prove that the Island needs an indoor arena, in which tampering of wires could be prevented and gate crashing could be eliminated. It behooves the government of Puerto Rico to give to Mr. Rexach the grant of land which he requires and for which he has applied, and on that tract he could build a structure that would aid the winter sports program of Puerto Rico. With competent ushers and good policing of such an arena, the handicaps which were encountered in the last fight would be a thing of the past.

Chief Orbeta of the Island's police force did all that was humanly possible to protect patrons and the promoter, but unfortunately, as is prevalent in all Latin-American countries, the police become helpless once a crowd gathers. They don't know how to handle a throng. They soon lose control of the situation.

Despite the vigilance of the high officers, some unscrupulous police brought in from distant parts of the Island fell down on their chief. They even went to the extent of aiding many patrons to jump the wall.

The wire cutting that caused total darkness for so long a period was done through lack of vigilance on the part of several mounted police who were stationed near the scene of action of the wire-cutters. Several got over the fence, on top of which had been placed broken glass fitted into concrete as a protection against gate crashers, and once in the field, they cut the feed wires and all lights went out. The park and the adjoining territory was placed in total darkness.

IN their escape, they left half a dozen blood-stained handkerchiefs on top of the fence, and for more than fifty yards on the inside of the stone wall, there were blood stains, showing that a number of ruthless gangsters who didn't give a hang about property rights or the lives of men, women and children who packed the arena, worked in concert. That no one was hurt and no riot followed, was due entirely to the good natured sportsmen and women who took the affair as a lark and didn't get scared. The scoundrels who perpetrated that mean trick, and spoiled what otherwise would have been a great show and a big money-maker, got away, but Police Chief Orbeta, if I know my man, will eventually catch up with them. The culprits will get what's coming to them when he corners them.

What was behind the cutting of the electric wires to prevent the fight from going on, I don't know. Nor did anyone else. It might have been planned to injure the reputation of Benitez Rexach, the promoter, the Island's leading contractor, but I doubt that. He knew of no motive.

Some thought it a ruse for some of the Island's disgruntled politicians to get a pot shot at those they don't like, and doing it during the confusion, especially with darkness to protect them.

Whatever the motive—and your guess is as good as mine—it was a dastardly trick that caused a huge loss to the promoter, many minutes of anxiety to the police officials and the government leaders, and might have resulted in serious injury to many had the fight fans not been most orderly and good natured.

* * *

SO much for the black side of the picture. If the culprits thought that their actions would prevent the fight, they were sadly mistaken. Everything went well once a substitute lighting system, with sixteen small bulbs to furnish the light over the ring, was installed.

For the third time, Sixto Escobar was the winner. This time he retained the crown which he won from Harry Jeffra last year, his victim being Kayo Morgan of Stamford and Detroit. Morgan the man who was rated No. 1 by THE RING in its annual ranking of boxers for 1938, failed in his quest for bantam laurels because of the superb form displayed by his conqueror.

Sixto, the champion who was thought to be all through by the majority of fistic experts, put forth even a better battle than he did when he caused Jeffra to lower his colors. The little Idol of Puerto Rico, after a poor start in which Morgan rolled up an advantage of three rounds, fought his way to a sensational victory, taking nine of the remaining twelve rounds, with one even. The champ eased up a bit in the last two sessions when Morgan, in a fiery assault, a desperate finish, brought his flaying fists in from all angles to win the rounds, but in every other canto from the third to the fourteenth, Sixto was magnificent in defense of his laurels.

* * *

THE fight itself was not as sensational as was the Escobar-Jeffra mill, though at intervals it outclassed that contest with beautiful boxing, jabbing and countering. But there also was plenty of heavy body bombardment, in which the chief execution was done by the champion.

With a few minor infractions, for one of which Morgan was warned and another, Escobar, the fight was cleanly fought. Morgan four times complained to the referee that Escobar was fouling by using the rabbit punch, but the official correctly paid no attention to it because the blows were not rabbit punches. They were blows at close range to the ear and neck, both fists pounding away to the side of the head, sometimes for a dozen or more taps at a time. The rabbit punch, as the referee correctly explained, is a short chop to the neck at the side of the ear, and Escobar was not hitting that way.

The usual complaint was made about the use of local officials, but it was finally arranged to abandon the idea of having Benny Leonard act as third man in the ring, and the owner of the Sports

TITLE

Governor Winship examines the belt that THE RING *Publisher, Nat Fleischer, presented to the winner.*

Shop, Pablo Albanese, an excellent Puerto Rican official, was selected for that post. He did a fine job and proved that the Island doesn't have to import outsiders to judge or referee.

I was one of the judges, a post I have occupied in each of the Island's three title contests, and Captain Hargan of the 65th Infantry was selected to act as the other. Our score cards were pretty closely tabbed. I gave Escobar nine rounds, Morgan five, and called one even. Referee Albanese called eight for Escobar, three for Morgan, and four even. Captain Hargan's card showed eight for Escobar, four for Morgan, and three even. Thus there was one round difference in the winner's tally, on all three counts.

There was only one knockdown, and had the canvas not been wet from an intermittent rain that started in the fourth round, and continued, on and off, through the fight, Morgan would have held to his feet. He was caught with a right to the chin in the seventh round and went down, but got up as the count of two was reached.

* * *

SEVERAL times during the middle of the fight, Escobar looked like a sure knockout winner. He had Morgan up against the ropes twice and rocked him with jarring body and jaw blows, but Kayo was as game as they come and came through. A right to the chin and a left to the heart rocked Kayo in the seventh just before he was dropped, but Kayo came back with a whirlwind attack in the eighth to get an even break.

The tenth round was Morgan's worst. He was all in and it didn't seem possible he could survive the heavy body attack of Sixto, but he did. When he got through that session, it seemed apparent that Escobar would not be able to put his man away. In fact, Morgan improved in the last four rounds, even though rights and lefts crashed with fury against his jaw and body.

It was a grand battle, in which victor and vanquished gave all they had and didn't back away from punishment. My score card gave Escobar a total of 160 points to 78 for Morgan. An analysis of the fight showed Escobar a two-to-one victor over his opponent on clean, solid hits. In ring generalship, the points were almost even, but in aggressiveness, Sixto had a wide lead, with the margin on defensive work being in favor of Escobar.

Exciting Scenes Outside Ball Park at World Bantamweight Championship Fight As the Torrential Rain Drenches Fans and the Cutting of Electric Wires Puts Area in Total Darkness—Arena Packed to Suffocation Point But Receipts Suffer Through Gate Crashers—Champion Gains Clear Margin

By NAT FLEISCHER

Morgan's jabs found their mark with regularity as the fight got under way, but in the later rounds, Sixto solved the riddle and made Kayo's right miss its mark quite frequently. Kayo's speed was in evidence in the early rounds, but as the fight progressed, he lost much of that through Sixto's heavy body attack and at times, he even seemed to fight flat-footed.

Six times during the fight Escobar's right-hand smashes turned Morgan around completely and twice he had Kayo groggy against the ropes, but on each occasion, after the minute's rest between rounds, Morgan came out with a fiery attack that placed Sixto on the defensive for a good portion of the round. Then Escobar would open up and it was only because of the heavy damage he did then that he received credit for several sessions.

* * *

MORGAN'S punches lacked steam in the sessions between rounds seven and eleven. He was at the mercy of his opponent, who took full advantage of the situation.

In the eleventh he cut a deep gash over Morgan's right eye and in the next two rounds the wound bled profusely but the referee was told before the fight not to stop it on account of a wound unless extremely dangerous, hence he didn't intercede. Despite the wound, however, Morgan fought back viciously and made a heap of friends. Especially did he receive the praise of Governor Winship, who spoke highly of his courage and ability.

Morgan's best work was accomplished in the final session, in which he crowded the champion. He cut loose with a volley of blows from the start, but they lacked the necessary steam to do much damage. Escobar was content to retain his big lead. He didn't attempt to retaliate.

In the fifteenth, a right to the chin spun Sixto, and another right to the jaw caused him to jump into a clinch. Morgan's famous hook to the body was worked frequently in that round.

The Kayo Kid also had that same punch working effectively in the fourteenth round, another that I gave to Morgan. His cleverness in that round aided him to carry off the honors, in my opinion.

A right to the eye in the fourth swelled Sixto's right optic. It turned to a deep blue the next morning.

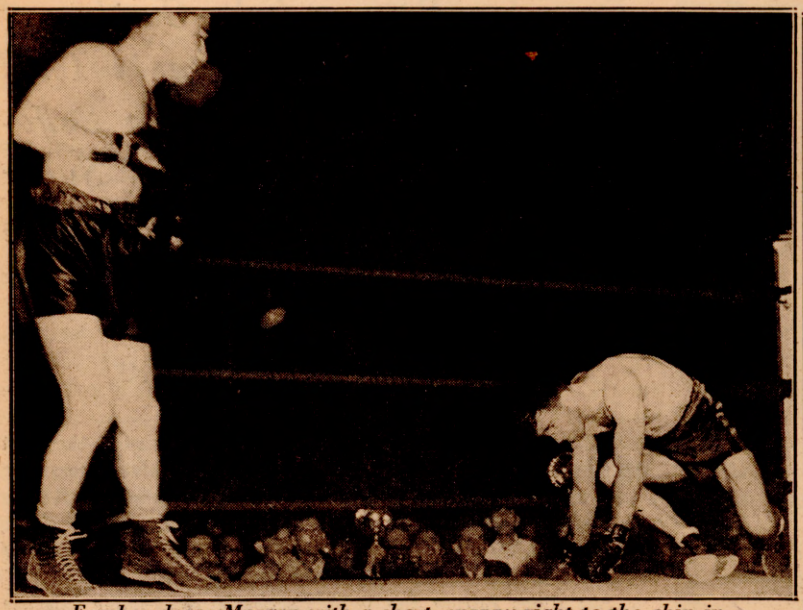
As for Morgan, he came out of the fray with a deep cut under the eye, from which the blood flowed freely during the last few rounds. But for that, he was little the worse for the fight.

He gave a fine performance. Unless Escobar can find as tough a challenger for the crown as Morgan, I think it in order to give Kayo another chance.

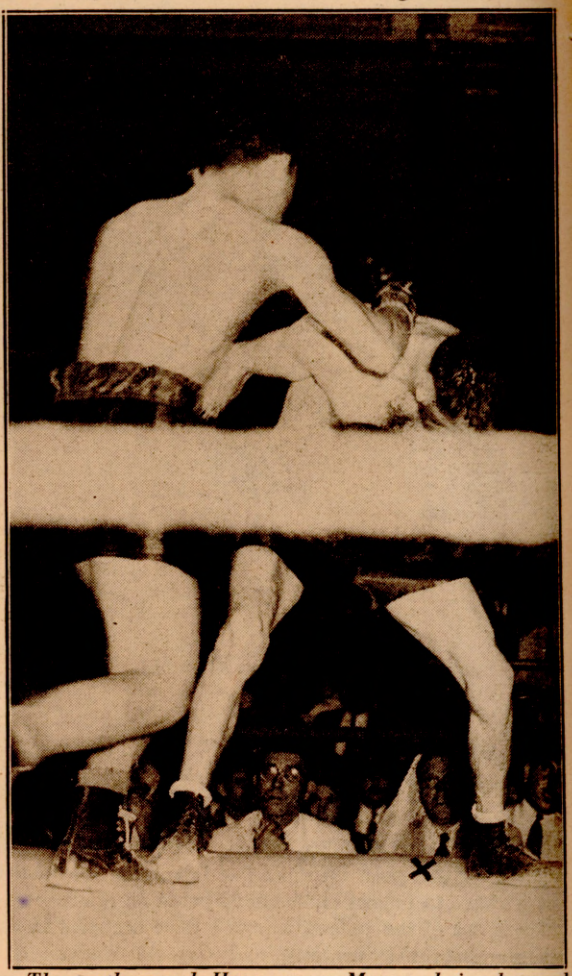
The climatic conditions and the food undoubtedly played their part in his defeat. Like other fighters who have gone to Puerto Rico, they find that they are somewhat handicapped by the food problem, while Sixto, on his home grounds, is a marvel of physical perfection. No matter how Escobar might fight in the States, no matter how often he might be beaten, when he gets to Puerto Rico it is a horse of another color. He is at his best.

He rates every inch the champion. He fights like a demon and tears away at a mile-a-minute clip.

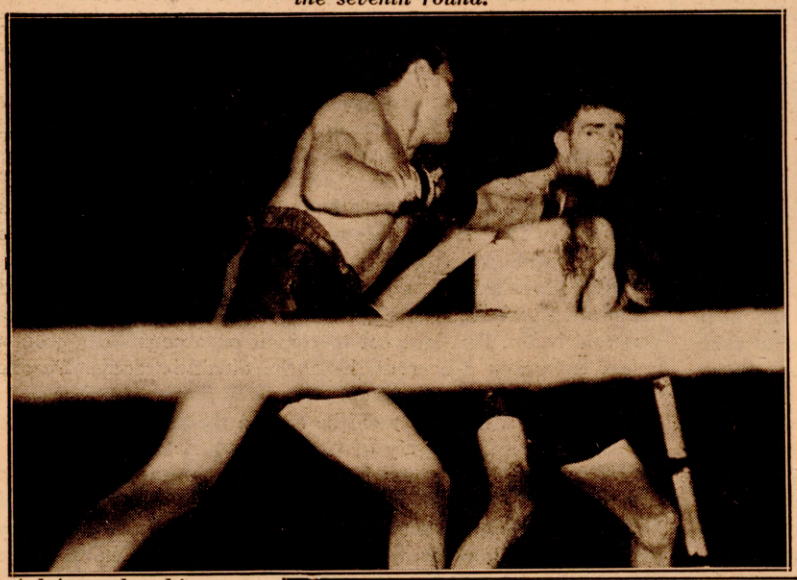
When Sixto Avenged Defeat



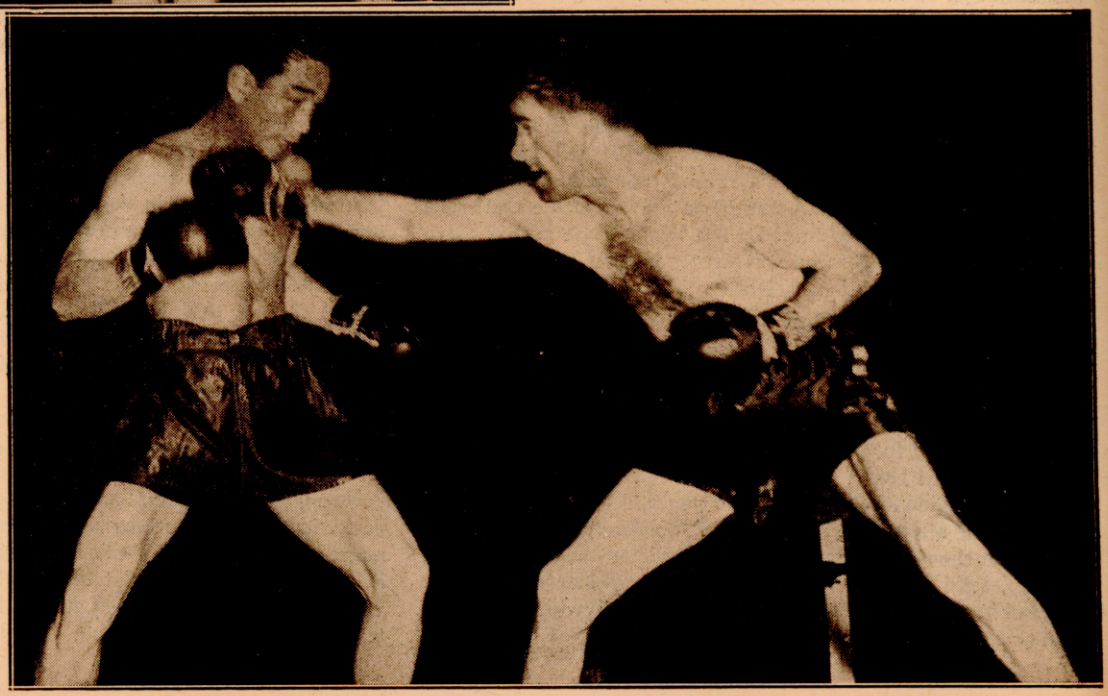
Escobar drops Morgan with a short, snappy right to the chin in the seventh round.



The tenth round. Here we see Morgan being battered in Sixto's corner. It looked like a sure knockout for the champion, but a heavy downpour that started in the middle of the round, revived Morgan. Note The Ring *Editor (X), a judge, with cloth over his head to protect him from the rain.*

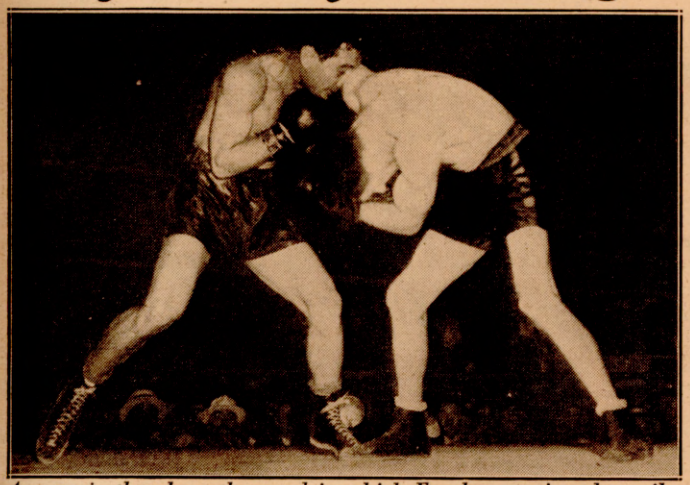


A left to the chin sent Morgan spinning around the ring in the ninth round.

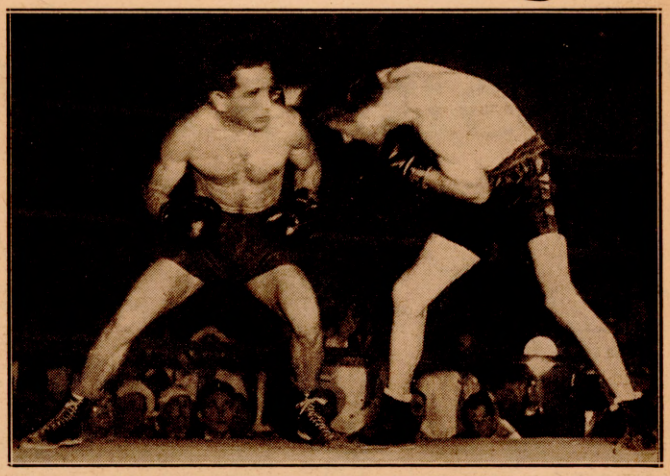


Morgan gets over a straight right to Sixto's chest in the first round, which Kayo took by a good margin.

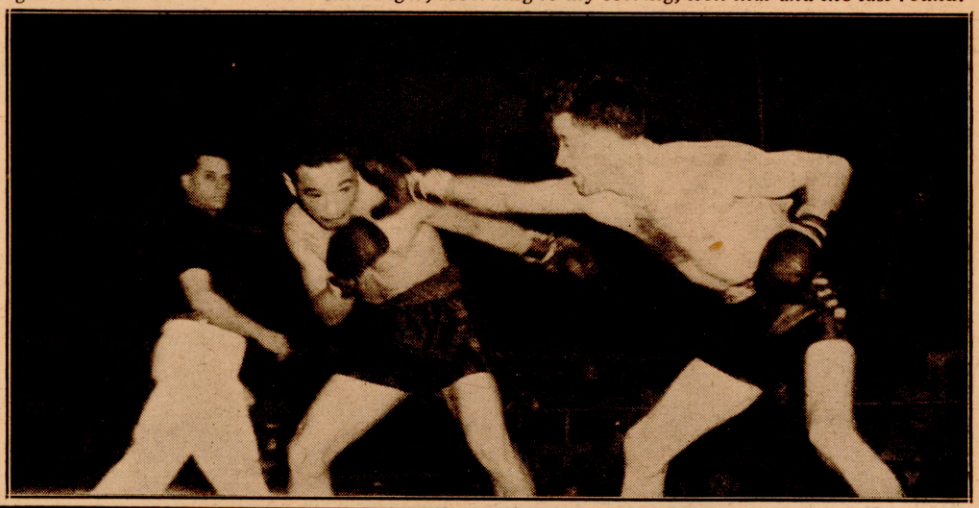
By Defeating K. O. Morgan



A scene in the eleventh round in which Escobar continued to pile up points when Morgan tired.



Morgan rallies in fourteenth round when Escobar eased up. The challenger, according to my scoring, won that and the last round.



Morgan attempts to halt Escobar's rush with open glove. This photo was taken in the eighth round.

The champion receives his fifth belt. Boxing Commissioner Maldanado gives Sixto THE RING *award, his third from this magazine. It was a happy Sixto who left the ring.*

BRITISH GET CHANCE TO SEE HOMICIDE HANK

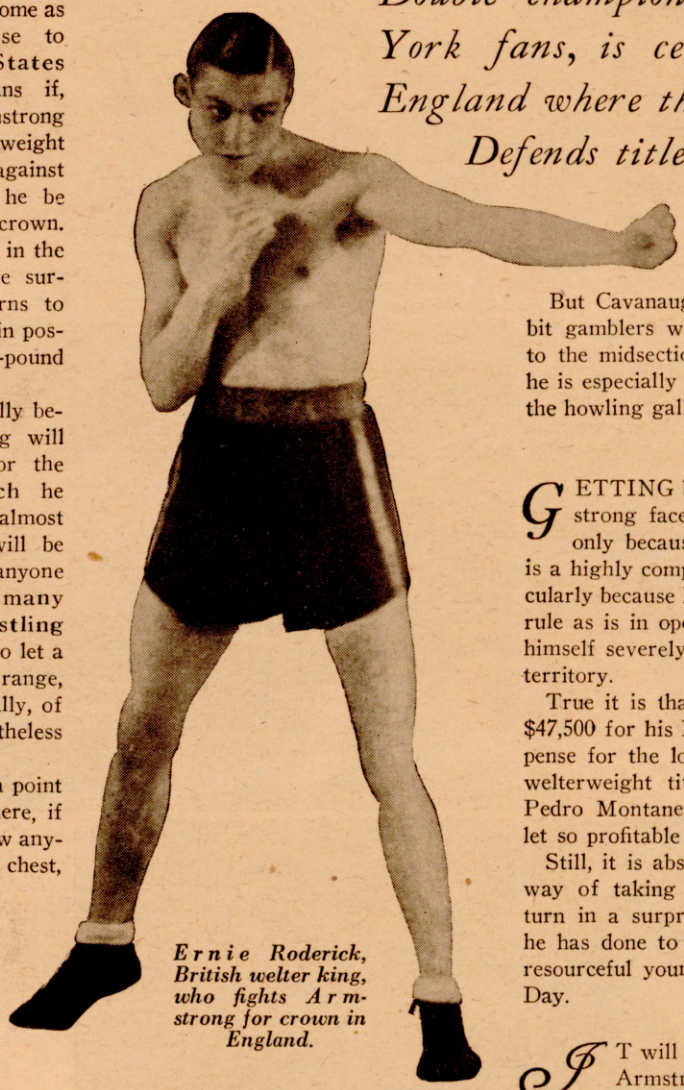
Double champion, repeatedly booed by New York fans, is certain of royal reception in England where they appreciate a good fighter. Defends title against Ernie Roderick.

By HARRY MARKSON

IT should come as no surprise to United States boxing fans if, when Henry Armstrong defends his welterweight title in England against Ernie Roderick, he be deprived of his crown. Indeed, it will be in the nature of a huge surprise if he returns to this country still in possession of the 147-pound division diadem.

If, as is generally believed, Armstrong will be disqualified for the first low punch he throws, then it is almost a certainty he will be disqualified. For anyone who hurls as many punches as Hustling Henry, is bound to let a few fly out of range, quite unintentionally, of course, but nevertheless illegally.

It has reached a point in New York where, if Henry lands a blow anywhere below the chest, the spectators immediately set up a howl of "Foul." This tendency was particularly noticeable in Armstrong's recent welterweight title defense against Davey Day, of Chicago, at Madison Square Garden.



Ernie Roderick, British welter king, who fights Armstrong for crown in England.

* * *

HOMICIDE HANK suffered many an anxious moment in that contest and he was a mighty pleased gladiator when Day finally collapsed from exhaustion after two minutes and 40 seconds of fighting in the twelfth round of a scheduled fifteen-round encounter. But what troubled Henry more, perhaps, that Day's amazingly strong stand, even more than the cut he suffered over his left eye in the eighth round, was the attitude of the audience, which clamored for Hank's disqualification every time Armstrong landed a body blow. The fans kept up a continuous booing because the referee, Billy Cavanaugh, refused to warn Henry or penalize him for his alleged infractions of the rules.

We use the word alleged advisedly. For the fans were, in the opinion of this writer, grossly unfair. Of the many of hundreds of punches which Armstrong tossed at Day, this observer (sitting in the second row of the working press) saw only two which landed just below the belt line. And on each of these occasions, Referee Cavanaugh took the round away from Armstrong.

But Cavanaugh correctly refused to be stampeded by the two-bit gamblers who booed every time Armstrong drove a wallop to the midsection. Cavanaugh did an expert job all around and he is especially to be praised for the manner in which he ignored the howling galleryites and called his shots as he saw them.

* * *

GETTING back to the trip to England, however, there Armstrong faces a distinct threat to his title. This is true not only because Roderick, knockout winner over Jake Kilrain, is a highly competent performer in his own right, but more particularly because British boxing is not conducted under a "No Foul" rule as is in operation in New York and Henry is likely to find himself severely penalized the moment he lands a blow in illegal territory.

True it is that Armstrong is guaranteed the imposing sum of $47,500 for his London title defense and that will be some recompense for the loss of his crown. But there are several lucrative welterweight title matches waiting for Henry in the States—Pedro Montanez, for one, and Armstrong does not propose to let so profitable a match as that one get away from him.

Still, it is absurd to worry about Henry Armstrong. He has a way of taking care of himself quite adequately. And he may turn in a surprise in England by vanquishing Roderick just as he has done to the last 45 opponents to face him. He is a most resourceful young man, as he proved in brilliant fashion against Day.

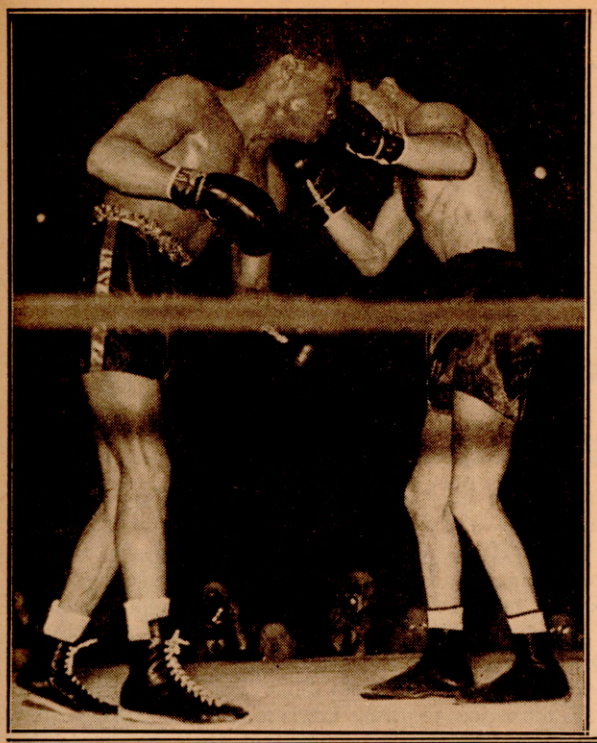
* * *

IT will be recalled that in the eighth round of that match, Armstrong received a cut in the fold of the left eyelid. During the minute's rest period following the round, Henry's seconds did what they could to stem the flow of blood. But ten seconds after the next stanza started, Day popped a jab to the injured eye, the wound reopened and blood oozed down over Henry's face. It was at this point that Armstrong gave further evidence as to why he must be accepted as one of the greatest fighters of the present day.

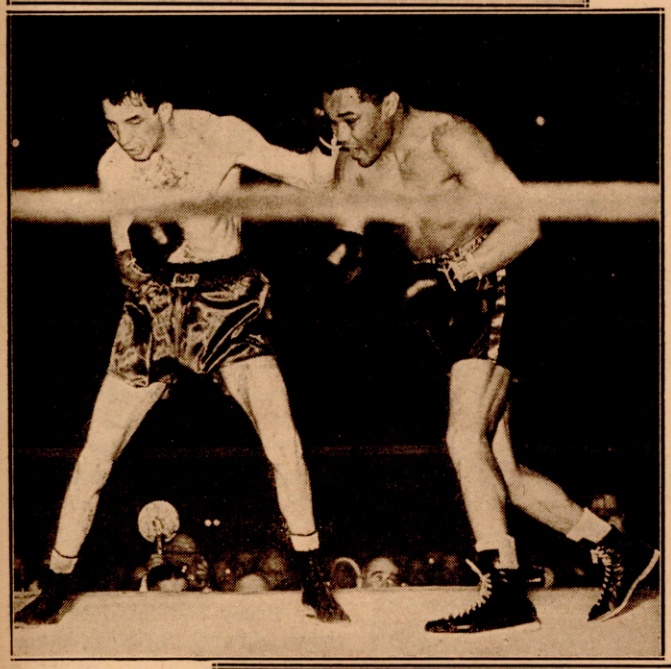
Heretofore, boxing fans had known Armstrong as a buzz-saw type of fighter, one who charges in incessantly, gets as close as he can to his opponent, then leans on his foe as he rips away with his gloves. It has been a highly effective system, peculiarly adopted to Armstrong's amazing energy and endurance. Invariably his victories have come not so much from his potent punching power but because his opponents seldom could keep up the pace he set. None of his opponents could match him in durability. None could withstand his tireless infighting.

But Armstrong proved in the Day fight that he is considerably more than just a tireless infighter. Determined that Day would get no more opportunities to concentrate on Henry's injured eye, the champion completely altered his style of attack and demonstrated an altogether new offensive. *(Continued on page 38)*

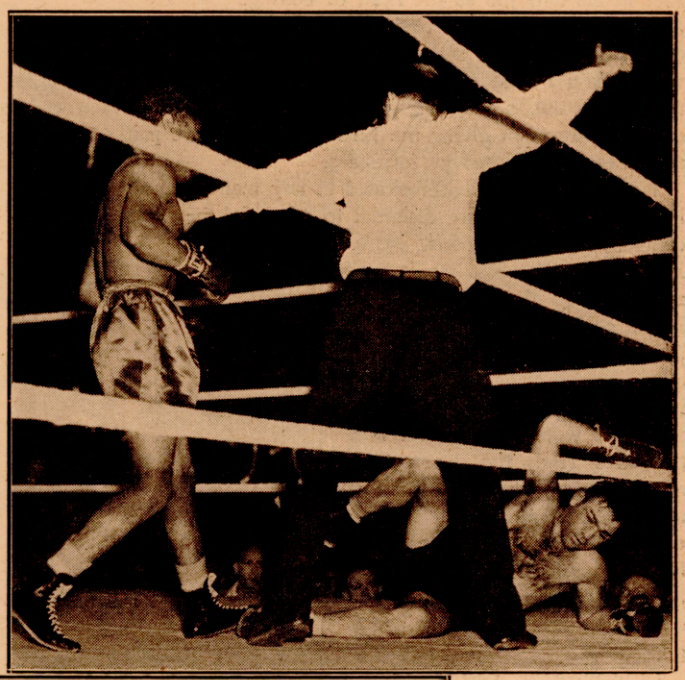
As Henry Retained Crown



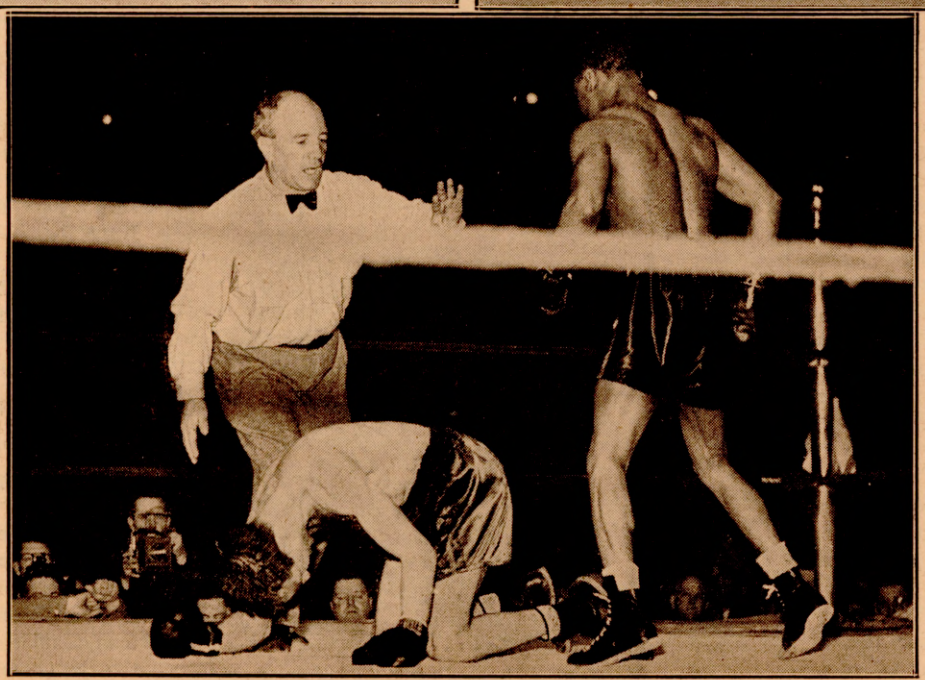
Davey Day landed numerous short punches to Armstrong's head and it was blows like the kind pictured above that ripped open the champion's left eye in the eighth round.



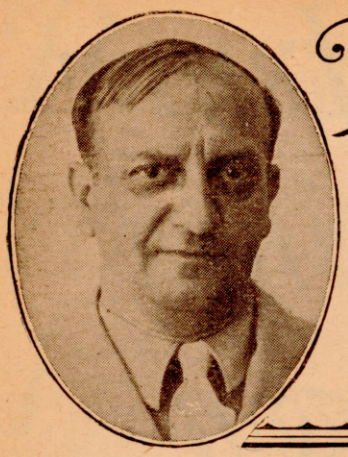
Day tried to keep Armstrong off with a long left and succeeded, for a short while. But Henry soon started getting under most of them to pound away at Day's body.



A scene in the Armstrong-Lew Feldman welterweight championship fight in St. Louis in which Homicide Hank knocked out his challenger in 2:12 of the first round.



The end came after 2:49 of the 12th round. Henry sank a vicious right into Day's ribs. But it wasn't so much the force of that one blow that dropped Day. Rather it was the cumulative effect of hundreds of punches. Referee Bill Cavanaugh signalled the end as soon as Day toppled. He did not bother to count.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Michigan Acted Wisely on John Henry Lewis
Puerto Rico's Boxing Rules Best in the World
Sen. Barbour's Stand on Film Law Commended

THE action of the Michigan State Boxing Commission in refusing to sanction the proposed bout between John Henry Lewis and Dave Clark, is to be commended. It proved that the new Commissioner has "guts." In turning down the world light-heavyweight king because he refused to submit to an eye examination by a specialist after commission doctors had declared that the title-holder had exceptionally poor vision, Commissioner Hettche started on the right foot in his new job as the head of boxing.

His interest in the sport apparently is more than mere monetary consideration. By his action, he showed that no longer will those who seek a license for a bout in his state be permitted to ply their trade unless they are physically fit to carry out their end of the program in giving the fans what they have paid to see—an honest-to-goodness performance.

When a fighter is incapacitated in any manner he cannot give his best. Keen eyes are essential to good fighting, and if as the commission's physicians, Drs. Donovan and Tomsu, say is correct, namely that John Henry Lewis could not detect the number of fingers held up with a hand only eighteen inches from his eye, in the interests of John Henry's future, it would be best for him to retire from the sport. Too many boxers are going through the streets blind because of lack of proper supervision over them by commissions. The Michigan State Board, through its live-wire chairman, has done boxing a good turn.

Unfortunately, Gus Greenlee, manager of Lewis, refuses to see the light. His declaration that John Henry's eyesight is no different now than it was five years ago, is insufficient protection for his charge. He is going to take Lewis to England where he figures he can get a good price for having Lewis risk his crown against Len Harvey. Of course it is a foregone conclusion that with poor eyesight, Lewis will lose his title, but he may also have his eyes injured beyond repair. Is the risk worth the dough?

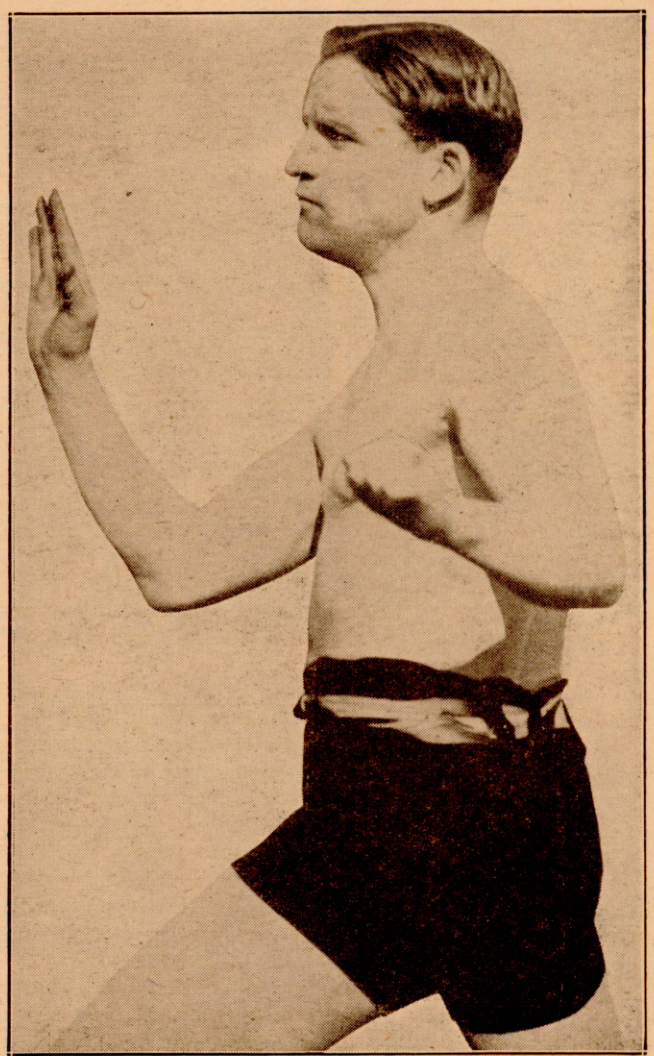
* * *

LEWIS was a great fighter while his fighting days were with him. As a student of boxing, there have been few better than John Henry. I hate to see such a fine fellow, with years still ahead of him, take the chances he is going to against a sharp-shooter like Len Harvey. Lewis took down a good purse when he was stopped by Joe Louis and I'm sure that he is not financially embarrassed. He should submit to a special examination by an eye specialist for his own good before going any further with his boxing career. If such examination proves him unfit, he should be banned from further competition and should hang up his gloves.

The charge of the Michigan State Board and its medical advisors is too serious to permit Lewis to continue his ring career.

As for John Roxborough, manager of Dave Clark, claiming the world title, that is ridiculous. If Lewis retires, the champion without further eliminations, is Melio Bettina. He won the final of an elimination from Tiger Fox, the outstanding challenger, but of course, if Lewis declines to retire and loses to Harvey, that would make Harvey the world title-holder.

* * *



Owen Moran as he looked when in his prime.

IN the latest report in ratings by the National Boxing Association, the suggestion is made that a bout between Little Dado and Peter Kane or Jackie Jurich and Peter Kane, should be made to decide the holder of the world flyweight title. I see no reason for such an arrangement. Peter Kane won the world flyweight title when he beat Jurich in England after Jurich had been beaten in an over-the-weight match by Benny Lynch after Benny had failed to make the weight at the weighing-in-time in what was advertised as a titular bout. Kane, by right of succession, has the title.

Of course a bout with Dado would be an excellent contest and would help the division, but to declare that only by accepting such a fight and winning it, could Kane become champion, is not according to Hoyle. Jurich stopped his persistent challenger, Small Montana in the 7th round, but in turn, a week later, was knocked out by Manuel Oritz in the same round.

* * *

RECENTLY, as readers of this publication know, I went to Puerto Rico to act as a judge in a world bantamweight championship fight for the third consecutive year, and the day before the fight, Chairman Maldanado handed prospective judges and referees for the

Bob Pastor, whose defeat of Tiger Warrington, Canadian heavy king; Al McCoy, New England champ, and Maurice Strickland, South African title-holder, makes him an outstanding challenger for Joe Louis' crown. He deserves better consideration than is being given to him.

fight a printed set of rules adopted for that titular contest. The rules were so concise and thorough, that in my opinion, they should be adopted by every boxing commission in the world and become part and parcel of the National Boxing Association Rules.

The part that interested me most, was that which referred to the weighing-in of the fighters. For the first time in the history of boxing under commission rules, a legalized body in charge of the sport came out flat-footed for the loss of the crown by the title holder if he failed to make the weight after being given several chances to reduce should he be overweight, and the crowning of the challenger if he was able to make the weight.

That is exactly in conformity with my stand in the Lynch-Jurich fight in which I declared that the fighters having gone on the scales and Lynch having failed to make the championship limit, the title automatically became the property of Jurich who had met all weight requirements. Here is the rule under which Morgan and Escobar fought:

(a) "In the event either fighter fails to make the required championship weight of 118 pounds or less, the Commission shall grant such contestant two hours within which to make the weight. If at the end of that time he still is unable to make the weight, the Commission, with the sanction of the rival fighter's manager, shall grant an extra hour.

"If at that time the fighter still fails to make the weight, the commission shall be empowered to fine him $1000 and the contest shall then be staged as a non-championship affair. The fighter who failed to make the weight, shall, in addition, be suspended for one year and the New York State Commission and the National Boxing Association shall be asked by the Puerto Rican Commission to concur in such suspension.

(b) If the fighter who fails to make the weight is the champion, he shall forfeit his title in addition to being suspended for one year and fined $1000 and the title he held shall be deemed won by the challenger who made the weight.

"Such forfeiture of title, however, and the designation of the challenger as the new champion, shall be made only if the contestants have each weighed in at the time and the place designated for such by the Puerto Rican Boxing Commission. In the event the fight is called off prior to such weighing in, for any reason whatsoever, then the championship shall remain with the present title holder."

* * *

THIS is a rule worthy of adoption by all commissions. It penalizes a champion as it should, and gives the challenger, who has paid strict attention to his training, his just reward. I am for it 100 per cent.

My congratulations to the Puerto Rican Commission for its foresight and for its stand on behalf of fair play. Considering that Sixto Escobar is the bantam champion who was defending his title on his home grounds, the commission showed an abundance of "guts" in declaring that it would take the title from Sixto, its champion, if he failed to make the weight and would hand it over to the challenger, K. O. Morgan.

Yet we hear such ridiculous talk as not being able to get a square deal in Puerto Rico! Sportsmanship is pretty high in Puerto Rico, boys. Make no mistake about that.

* * *

ANOTHER rule that meets my hearty approval and should be adopted in all states where the no-foul rule is in use, is the following:

"If a fighter is warned three times or more for low hitting or other fouling and has had at least three rounds taken from him as a penalty, then the referee shall have the right to stop the contest and award the bout to his opponent on the grounds of repeated violations of the rules by the one penalized and refusal to heed the command of the referee to stop fouling. In such case, the fighter so penalized shall have his purse held up pending an official commission investigation.

Such a rule will put an end to the cries of those who are opposed to the no-foul rule on the grounds that it enables a fighter who sees himself on the verge of defeat to so weaken his opponent by repeated violations, that eventually he wins despite the fact that many rounds are taken from him.

By adopting the rule used by the Puerto Rican Commission for the Escobar-Morgan battle, a fighter can be tossed out of the ring for repeated fouling, yet the decision is given against him not as a loss on a foul, which in reality it is, but for repeated violations of rules and failure to obey the commands of the third man in the ring. That's an excellent rule and should be universally adopted in places where no-foul rules are in effect.

* * *

PROTECTING a champion who doesn't need to be protected, is rather an oddity in boxing, yet such is the situation with Joe Louis. Here is one of the greatest title holders among the heavyweights in many moons, who is matched with an old man and a beer guzzler who doesn't belong in the same ring with him, while an honest-to-goodness fighter, a young man who has done everything asked of him in the fight game, is set aside to make room for easier marks. The fellow to whom I refer is Bob Pastor, New York State champion, who by all lines of fair play has earned the right to a title match but has been denied it because of an error he made three years ago when he refused to stand in the path of Joe's fist to be jolted out of the picture.

It has been a most costly error. However, admitting that it was a faux pas on his part not to fight during the ten rounds he was in the ring with Louis, the fact remains that he has made up for that deficiency by taking on the cream of the heavyweight talent and has battled his way to the front rank with much to spare.

Galento got the title match because *(Continued on page 39)*

BAER, SERIOUS, TRAINS HARD FOR NOVA BATTLE

ONE day last summer we thought the heat had got Joe Louis. It was just before his second bout with Schmeling. He was taking time out from his training to talk about challengers. "Baer," said Joe, "is the bes' of the lot."

"Better than Schmeling?" we parried, remembering how the two men compared when they fought Louis.

"Sho he is. Why—Ah'd rather fight Smellin' twice than Baer once."

This left us hanging on the ropes. Why would he rather meet the man who had knocked him out than the fighter who had sunk on one knee before him, shaking a lop-sided well-bumped noggin when the referee wanted to know whether the fight was going any further?

"Baer's got a dangerous punch in both han's," Joe explained patiently, "Smellin's only got the one han'."

When we were in Schmeling's camp, watching the well-conditioned German spar, Joe's reasoning didn't seem to make sense. Schmeling looked to be in perfect shape. The last time anyone had seen Baer fight, the Californian had slipped way back.

But Joe knew better than we how the two men really ranked. With a ferocious attack he battered Schmeling all over the ring and destroyed any illusion that the German could handle him.

Since then, Joe has seen Nova and Galento rise to the top ranks; he has gone to Los Angeles to fight Roper, a contender of local fame. But when he got to Southern California his story was the same as the summer before:

"Max Baer is the bes' of the challengers."

* * *

ON the theory that Joe knows what he is talking about, we decided it would be worthwhile to find out what Baer was doing.

There had been a strange and mysterious silence since the leather-lunged Livermore boy licked Farr. Of course, beating the Welshman was no unique feat; but Baer had trained for that bout, and trained hard. That was unique. Some said it was the first time in his life. He was back in fighting shape.

But what had he done since? Why did you hear nothing about him, see no pictures? Had he slipped off into the country to work and harden his muscles? Was he training, in secret?

His manager, Ancil Hoffman, stopped by the other day and answered these questions. In a way, it was a come down to our expectations. The answer was "No."

"It would have been the best thing for him," conceded Hoffman, who is very candid, for a manager. "He didn't do it, though. When we got back from the Farr fight and went out to my ranch, the ranch house burned down and we had to move into Sacramento. Say—that was some fire!

"The place burned so fast that we didn't get a thing out. Max had eighty suits of clothes there—twenty in the closets and about sixty packed in boxes because there wasn't enough room for them anywhere else. They all burned up. All he had left was a pair of jeans and a shirt that he had on.

"I had a big collection of fight photos hung around the walls of the sun porch. Some of them couldn't be replaced. And while I was outside, trying to put out the flames with a hose, I could look in through the windows and see these photos curling up and dropping to the floor.

"About that time a wall collapsed on top of the hose and broke it off at the hydrant. There was a high wind and the house burned up so fast we couldn't save a thing."

WELL—there was the story, then; house had burned down, Max had moved into town, hadn't trained. But it turned out from Hoffman's next remark that this was not the whole scenario.

"There certainly has been a change in Max since his marriage," Ancil explained. "And it hasn't been merely temporary. He trained hard for Farr, and he's kept in good shape since, cutting out nearly all the smoking and drinking. He weighs only 216 now—and that's not far from fighting weight. He worked out three times a week in a Sacramento gym, and played dozens of rounds of golf. When I think back a year or two, to the days when Max never kept in shape and never did any serious training, I think it's a kind of a miracle.

"Max will be in fine shape for his fight with Nova, and although it will be a tough fight, I think he will win it."

We could understand that. Baer, a California heavyweight, had risen to the heights and then flopped—a failure that was his own fault. Then along came another California heavyweight—Nova—and at the first signs of promise, Californians began to turn to him and spurn Baer. In fact, lots of them wanted—and want—him to lick Max. Nova has been raised in an atmosphere of *"There's* ONE guy you've got to lick!"

Since he has always thought he could lick Baer, and never hesitated to say so, a bitterness has grown up between the two camps that promises a slam-bang fight.

If Max needed a real reason to get in shape, there it is.

Furthermore, Max has taken a good deal of criticism that was so overdone it was vicious. He couldn't be human and not long to lash back, some way.

* * *

SO, perhaps Louis is right, and Baer *is* the best of the challengers.

It was hard to keep Ancil talking about Max because he had just seen Buddy lay away Los Angeles' Chuck Crowell in a round, and he couldn't help thinking that a change had come over Max's little brother, too.

"Buddy never worked," Ancil explained. "Max did. He carried car wheels in a foundry, worked as a butcher, worked on a ranch. It was hard work and he got very strong.

"But Buddy was the pet of the family, and they didn't want him to do any of that. Consequently, when he grew up bigger than Max, he was soft. Fat. The flesh hung on his back in rolls. He did no roadwork, and not much hard training.

"In the month or two before he fought Crowell, though, he changed his mind. He went on the road regularly. His weight plummeted from 260 to 230. At that figure, he isn't fat. Just big. His punch gained power.

"He hits harder than Max. In that fight with Crowell—who, you remember, went ten rounds with Barlund, though he lost the decision—Buddy dropped the Los Angeles boy three times. I thought the referee would stop it. But he didn't. He waved to Buddy to go on punching.

"Buddy socked his man just once. Crowell was knocked flat on his back. Blood trickled from his nose and mouth—even his eyes. The boy didn't move. They couldn't wake him up. The crowd stood around, in silence, just like they did the night Frankie Campbell died. I was scared. I thought:

" 'What if there should be another ring death charged against the Baer family?' "

Hoffman shook his head. "It was a great relief when Crowell came to. I never thought for a time that another serious accident had occurred."

By

BOB EDGREN, JR.

HEARING one manager speak of Crowell in connection with a near-tragedy reminded us that Paul Damski, manager of Gunnar Barlund, had told us another such story after the Finn had beaten Crowell.

"What a man that Crowell is!" he said, eyes glowing like embers. "I wish I had him! The boy has everything a champion should have—he is six feet five, weighs two-twenty; and he's only twenty years old! He is strong, smart, fast. But before he goes much farther, he will be ruined, I think.

"Such a boy ought not to be fighting experienced men like Barlund. They should be building him up slowly, carefully; letting him learn. What's the use of rushing a young fellow like that into the ring with men who are near the top? There's plenty of time—five years before he reaches his prime—and then—who knows? He might be knocking everybody out.

"But he won't. He'll be fighting men that are too good for him, who will give him beatings there is no need for him to take."

How prophetic those words were. And how much more prophetic they would have been had Fate played the cards a little differently and Crowell, the blood slowly strickling down his face, had not awakened from that last punch of Buddy Baer's.

* * *

BUT let's tune out the heart-tugs and sad music. Tell the professor to play something snappy to introduce a story about old Bob Fitzsimmons which we just heard from a man who was a kid in Plainfield, N. J., when Ruby Robert had a gym just outside of town.

Fitz was getting pretty old when he settled in the little village of Dunellen, the next stop past Plainfield on the commuters' train out of New York. He had a gym where local fans gathered to watch him put on the gloves with husky fellows from the neighborhood.

In the yard was a big lion that had been given to him, which he kept on a leash. The leash slid along a rather feeble wire stretched between buildings so the lion could walk back and forth. Leo was tame—where Fitzsimmons was concerned—and at times the two could be seen rolling over and over on the ground in a wrestling match. But everybody else was leery of the beast.

The lion had one failing: he loved beer. The thought of drinking a stein of the foaming stuff was enough to start poor old Leo's mouth watering.

One day a husky Irish cop by the name of Jack Payne came over to box with Fitz. No one else was there. Fitz, in his rough horseplay, began to knock Payne's head back with some jarring left jabs, and the Irishman got mad. He tore into Fitz for all he was worth. What actually happened only the two men knew. But after Payne had returned to the police station in Plainfield the story got around that he had floored the former champion. Soon it was being said that he had knocked Fitzsimmons out.

Whether Payne really gave the story out, no one knew, but the papers and the sportsmen of Plainfield certainly got quick wind of the happenings at the gymnasium.

The serious Max Baer, drawn by Edgren recently when Max started training in California.

OF course it didn't take this story long to get back to old Bob. He went down to the local newspaper office and said:

"Boys—you've probably heard the rumors that are going around, and I thought maybe you'd like to come out to the gym this afternoon, because Payne will be there and there may be some fun."

You can imagine the reporters didn't need to be invited twice. When afternoon came, they were all at the ringside.

Fitz welcomed them heartily, and the big cop, who was unaware that anything unusual was going on, was glad to have a crowd watching.

Then the sparring started. Fitz circled around and jabbed and moved in and out until he had the Irishman standing just the way he wanted him, when *crack!* he drove in a sharp punch to the jaw. The policeman's eyes turned glassy. He folded up gently and sank to the floor, where he lay peacefully, face to the ceiling.

Fitz walked out into the yard and brought in the lion. As the beast stood sniffing, Fitz stepped over to a table in the corner where there was a mug of beer waiting, picked up the mug and emptied its contents over the face of the unconscious Payne.

The lion wasted no time leaping through the ropes and greedily lapping up the beer. As his rough tongue pulled and scraped, the Irishman awoke. For a moment he stared up into the lion's face. Then, with a bellow, he leapt to his feet and went right out through the window. He was so big that 'tis said he took the sash with him.

Yea—old Bob has his own way of dealing with rumors.

Fitz often remarked thereafter that no one took any more liberties with him. He didn't cherish such rumors being spread and saw to it that no one ever did it again.

"What For That Fat Little Man Call Me a Bum?"

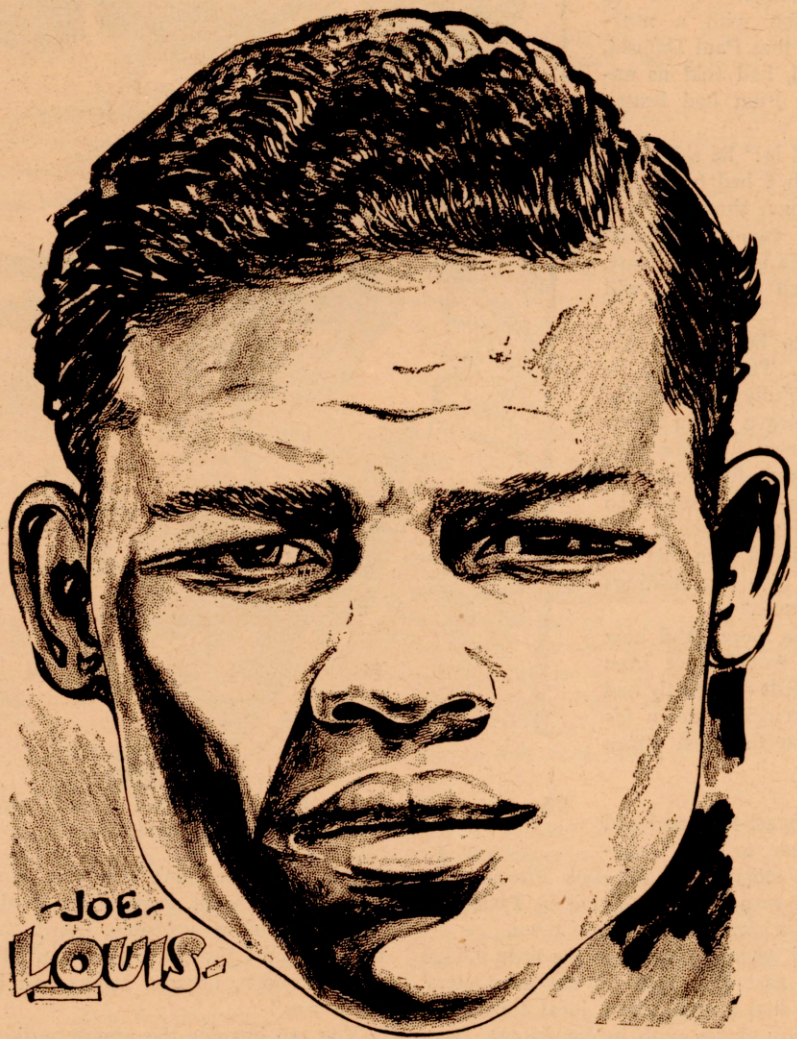
THE RING'S Globe Trotter brings you the news and the oddities of the game. To be sure, there are many oddities. For example, Tony Galento. The sport seems to have a yen for the odd rather than the mechanically perfect. That appears to explain the Galento situation.

The writer has just returned to New York from a swing through the South and into Texas and Oklahoma. He found there—not keen enthusiasm over Joe Louis as the heavyweight champion, but laughing speculation over Two-Ton Tony, and the hope that he would be able to make a real contest of his match with Louis in New York.

"Wouldn't it be funny if this fat-belly knocked Joe loose from the title!" sums up the conversation we heard on the subject.

Not that anybody really felt Galento could beat Louis, or even give the champion a respectable contest.

But in boxing, the sentiment of the public usually is with the underdog. That is especially true in this time, when the country—yes, the whole world—is so full of underdogs. And then, there is another vital factor.



Joe Louis, angered by Galento's reference to the champ as a bum, demanded that his managers get Two-Ton Tony as an opponent. That's why the match was made.

Louis is a fine fighter. It may be that after he has finished, his name will be set down among the great champions. But right now he is not what you could call a popular titleholder. He does nothing to make himself popular. He trains, he fights, he goes back into his shell, and then there is another match, and the newsreels show Joe doing something unspectacular, saying next to nothing, and not looking especially clever or alert while saying it.

The Black-Roxborough combination has not sold Joe Louis to the American public as a colorful fighter, as a dramatic champion, as a man loaded with human interest. This failure traces to the type of material with which they have to work.

* * *

LET us go back a way. John Lawrence Sullivan. A great fighter, but perhaps a greater figure than he deserved to be rated. Why? Because he had something out of the ring. John L. drank a lot. But he always was doing something. He always was moving among the people.

"Set them up for the house!" shouted Sullivan, and the populace went wild. He went around the country meeting all comers, he was close to the people, he did some "acting" on the stage, he always was making stories for the lads of the press.

Then came Jim Corbett. A smiling figure, a boon to the sport, a gentleman, a scholar, a bank clerk with gloves on. He was clever, skilled in handling not only fighters but the public. He was sure of himself, a suave man, an easy talker—a fine actor, too. He, truly, was a colorful champion.

After Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons. The one-time blacksmith with the solar plexus punch. Ruby Robert. His actions, his speech, his love of fun and practical jokes—yes, and his tremendous hitting power, especially considering his freak build below the waist—yes, put him down among the drama guys.

Jim Jeffries, the Boilermaker, and his crouch. Well, here the situation begins to break down a little. Jeff was a great fighter, in a plodding sort of way, but he was not a really colorful champion until, in the sere and the yellow, he entered the ring with Jack Johnson in Reno. Then the drama slopped over, and Jim went down in the books as a Hollow Shell.

* * *

JACK JOHNSON. With the great smile. With the great defensive skill. With his goings on in this country, his forced shipment to countries abroad, his dashing about in bizarre cars, the Galveston roustabout, the talk of many continents. Yes, Jack was colorful.

Then Jess Willard. No, not colorful, at all, except for his size.

After Jess the human interest angle took a tremendous jump. Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, became the champion of the world. Dempsey, who had hopped freights, who had been a harvest hand, a miner—king of them all.

From the start, Dempsey made himself a dramatic, colorful fighter. The picture into which he went hurtling with his victory over Willard in Toledo in 1919 was conducive to the development of a great figure, if only he had the personality to

Tony's Beer-Hoisting Picture and Louis' Question Made Galento Match for World's Heavyweight Championship

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

help. Jack had all of that. Tex Rickard, a great promoter, and the era of easy money and million dollar gates assisted nobly.

Dempsey, Gene Tunney, the Marine who was to marry an heiress—colorful, certainly. Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling—well, not so hot. Carnera—colorful because of his size. Max Baer had the grandest chance of all, but he did not like to fight.

And so on we came to Jim Braddock, who sent the drama of the heavyweight championship skyrocketing. The man who had been a janitor, the man who had gone on relief, rose to the pinnacle. One of the greatest stories in the history of the ring.

Then Joe Louis. Joe slept, he read the funnies, then he knocked out somebody, and the cycle was started all over again. Sleep, the funnies, the phonograph—and a fight and sleep once more.

* * *

IN the Louis-Galento match there is a multiplicity of interesting angles. For example, Joe's real hate of the Two-Ton guy. Galento, eager to develop publicity, urged on by one of the cleverest buildup organizations in the history of the ring, derided himself, but dragged Louis and all the other fighters into his derision. Said Louis:

"What for that fat little man want to call me a bum?"

That was one of the most valuable sentences in all the annals of pugilism. It set up a personal angle, which is a very rare thing in the ring today.

We of a skeptical age do not know how much of that personal antagonism of the old days really was on the level. Corbett's offer to fight Fitz in the bar at Green's Hotel in Philadelphia; Sullivan's whippersnapper vendetta with Corbett, and some of those other vendettas of the long ago read fine, but we sometimes think they were products of the early ballyhoo factory.

But in the Louis-Galento situation there is animus. Not on the part of Galento. We doubt if he could harbor real animus against anybody, as he is one of the zaniest of the ring zanies—a cap-and-bells guy wandered into the squared circle, a court jester, whose very appearance is a laugh. Certainly nobody will set up Tony as a model for the 1939 Gladiator. He is fat and pudgy, his language is fun and frolic and he will do anything to get publicity.

Only recently there was shown around the country a newsreel in which Galento dressed as a Spanish caballero. He strummed a gee-tar; he even went so far as to attempt to sing. The newsreel was funny. It helped along the buildup, the question:

"Can this bird really fight?"

* * *

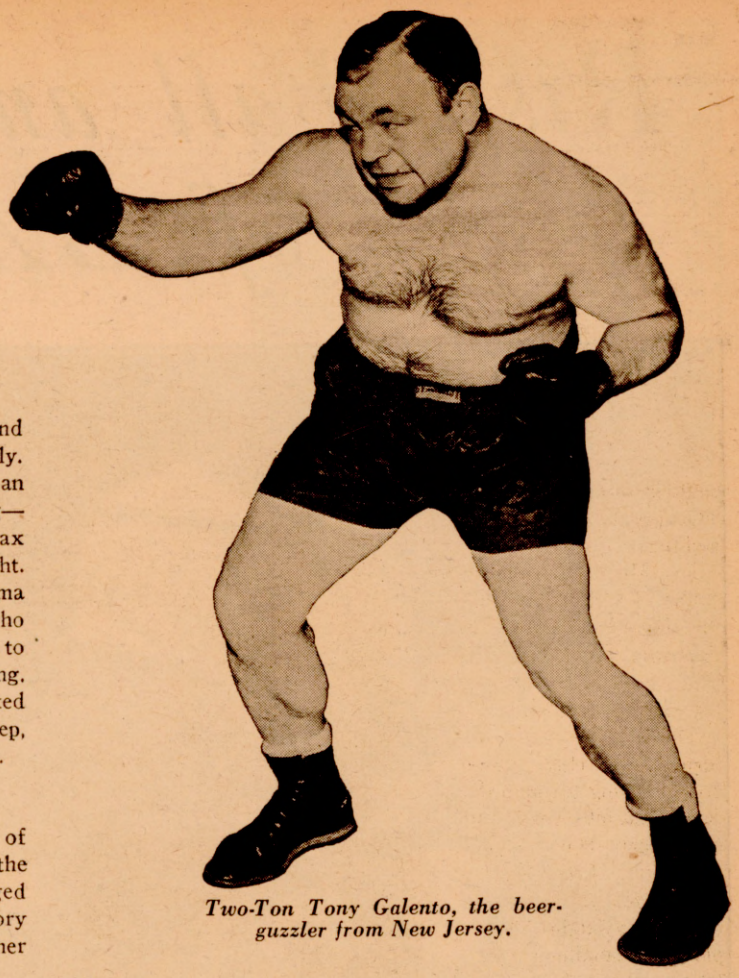
THE rise of Galento from nothing at all to a match for the world's heavyweight championship has many elements which are even more dramatic, certainly more incredible, than those which stood out in the development of Jim Braddock into Baer's successor.

Galento himself admits he is no great fighter. But he insists on painting every other heavyweight with the same brush.

Two-Ton Tony is no recent development. He has been in and out of the ring for the last twelve years.

Jack Dempsey had him, and could not see any material with which to work even in a picture which begged for human interest in the heavyweight class. Jack laughs at the whole thing, and, of course, derides the idea that Galento can fight.

"Galento goes around telling folks that I threw him over be-



Two-Ton Tony Galento, the beer-guzzler from New Jersey.

cause he would not sell my whisky," chuckles Dempsey. "Well, that's plain bunk. I just could not see in Galento what other people appear to have discovered in him."

But—Jack still insists Galento is no scrapper. But millions of people think he is a fighter. They say he never has been knocked unconscious, that he is strong as a bull, can take it and dish it out. Behind it all is the human appeal, though. Human appeal rather than the appeal of a true fighter.

Galento got started as a bad fighter. He became a bouncer in a Newark place. He went back to fighting, then he retired. Galento could see little in himself, others saw less. But then clever men got hold of the Italian. Clever men. They saw a world steeped in worry and trouble seeking something or some one for a big laugh. They saw folks tired of the humdrum and the commonplace. They saw Galento—and got an idea.

* * *

YOU will recollect how Galento broke into the New York papers. Pictures showing the fat man hoisting big steins of beer in his café in Newark.

Two-Ton became the merry Falstaff of the boxing ring. Managing editors saw those beer hoistings. They asked, "Whoinell is this bird?" Thy called in their sports editors and asked, "How come we did not think of this first?"

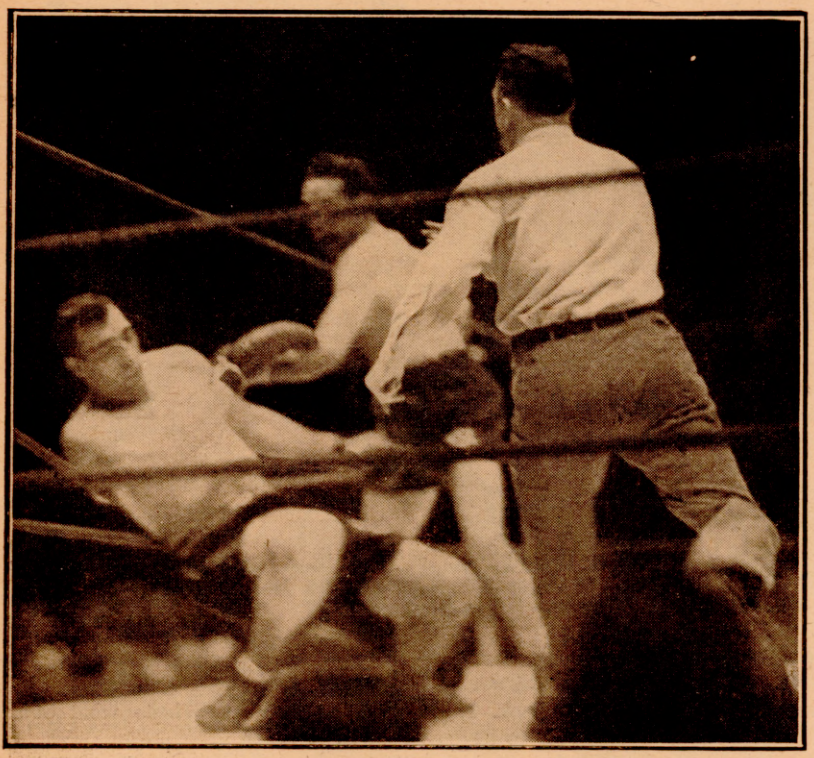
Said the S.E.: "Why, Mr. Gimfuss, this guy is a stumblebum. He can't fight a lick. It's all a gag."

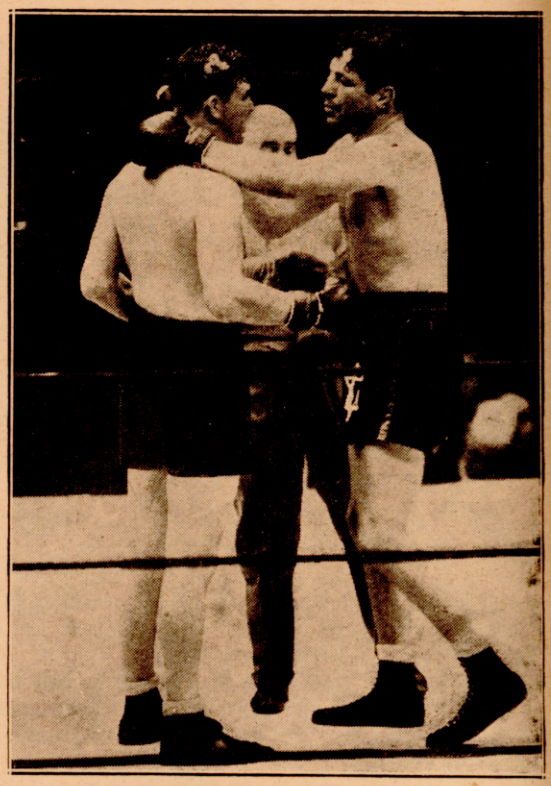
Said the M.E.: "It may be a gag, but it's good stuff. Think up some variation of this, and send over a cameraman."

The cameramen flocked to Galento's place. So did the public. Business boomed. The clever men behind Tony developed their idea as they went along. Success came faster, bigger, than they ever had dreamed.

Into the situation pranced the nimble and adroit brain of Harry Mendel, whose part in the buildup has been ignored. Harry is a clever man who once was a sports writer in Newark. He became the aide of John Chapman, the mahout of the bike riding business. Harry handled fights from time to time, ran scraps in the old Velodrome in Newark. *(Continued on page 38)*

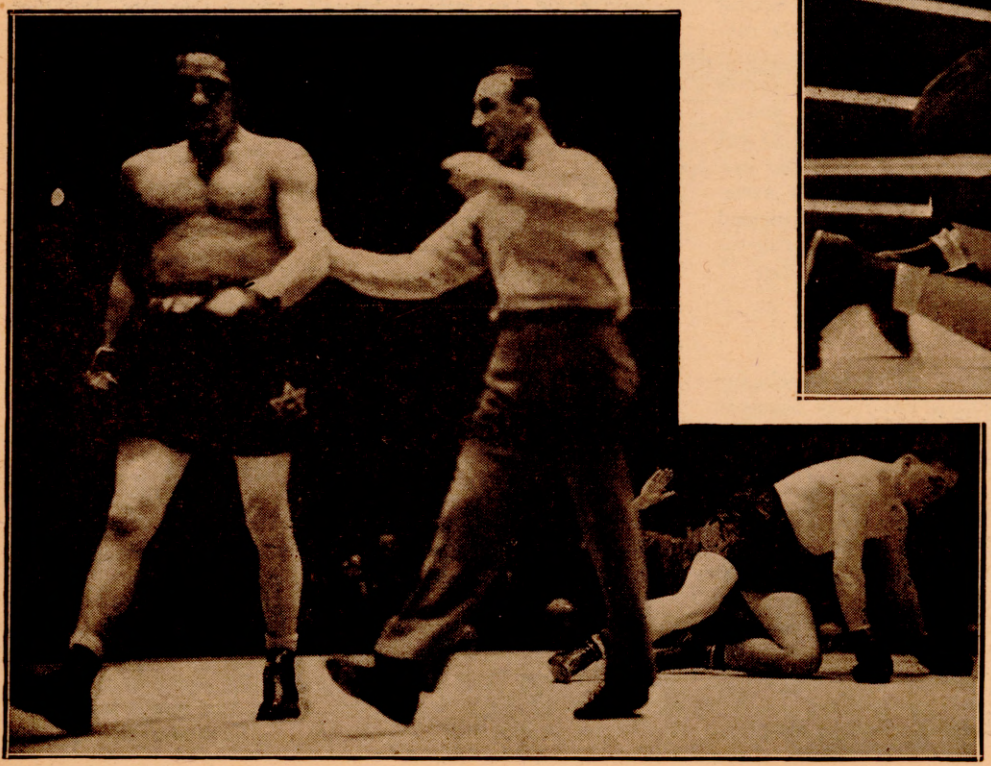
Rise, Fall and Comeback of BAER

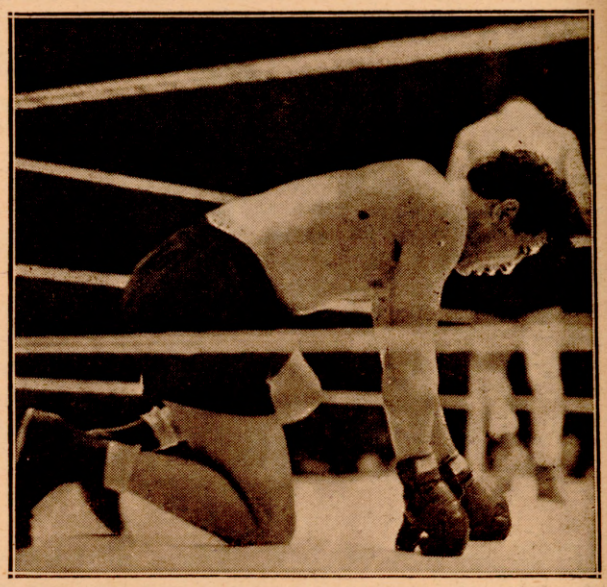




Top row (left)—A scene in the Baer-Carnera battle in which Max won the heavyweight crown.

(Right)—The crest of the Braddock career—congratulations by Baer at the close of the fight in which Jim won title from Livermore Max.

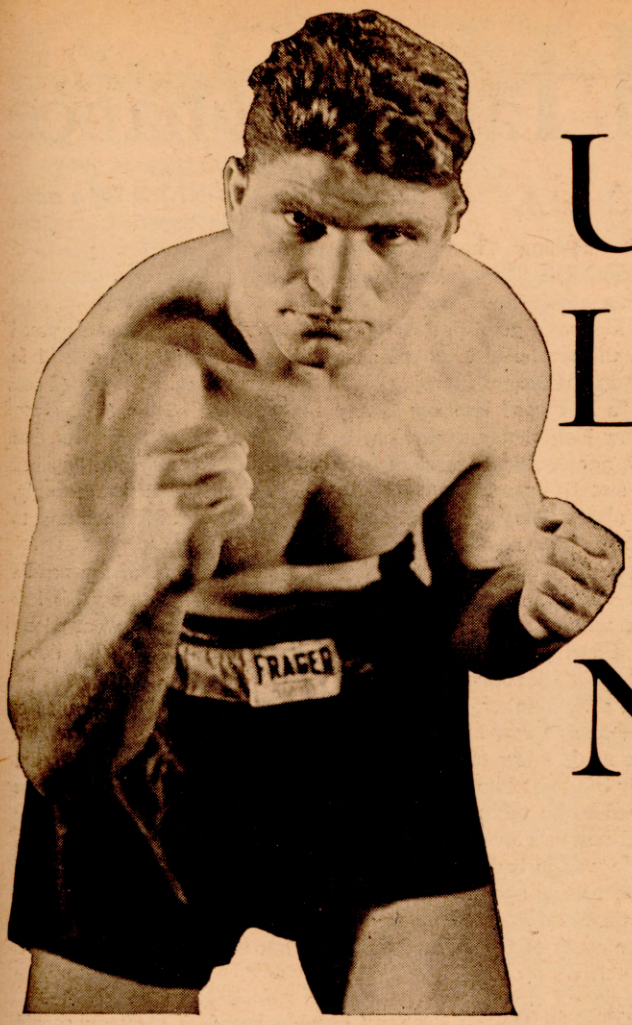




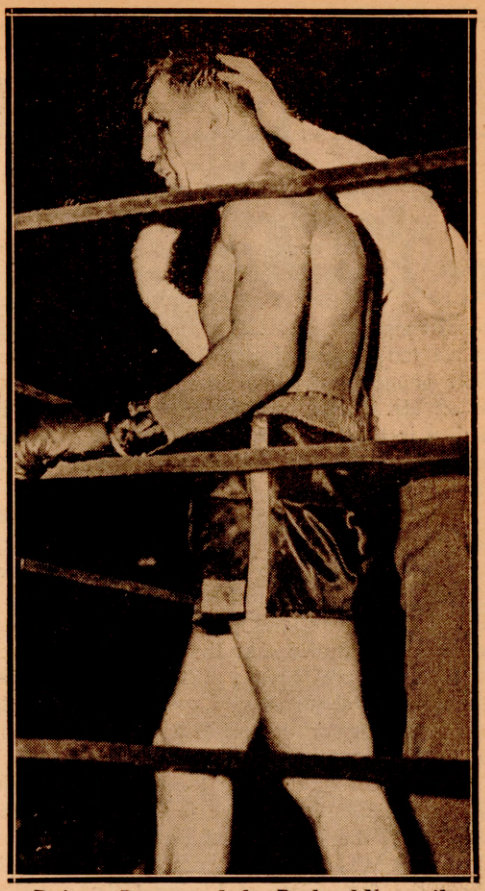
Above—Max taking a count in the battle with Joe Louis in which Baer was knocked out in fourth round.

(Left)—Baer being sent to neutral corner after he floored Tommy Farr in third round of comeback battle in New York. Farr was dropped three times.

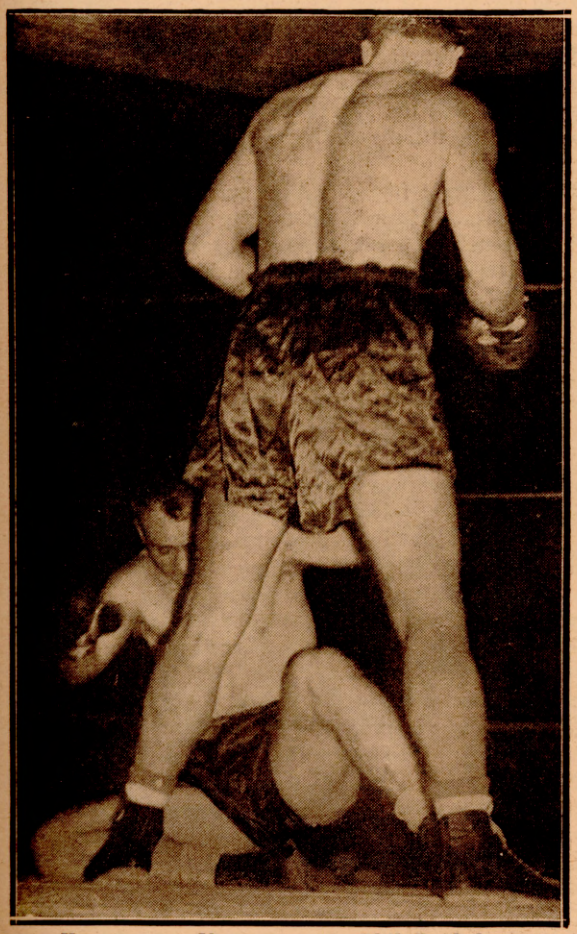
Up *the* Ladder *with* Nova



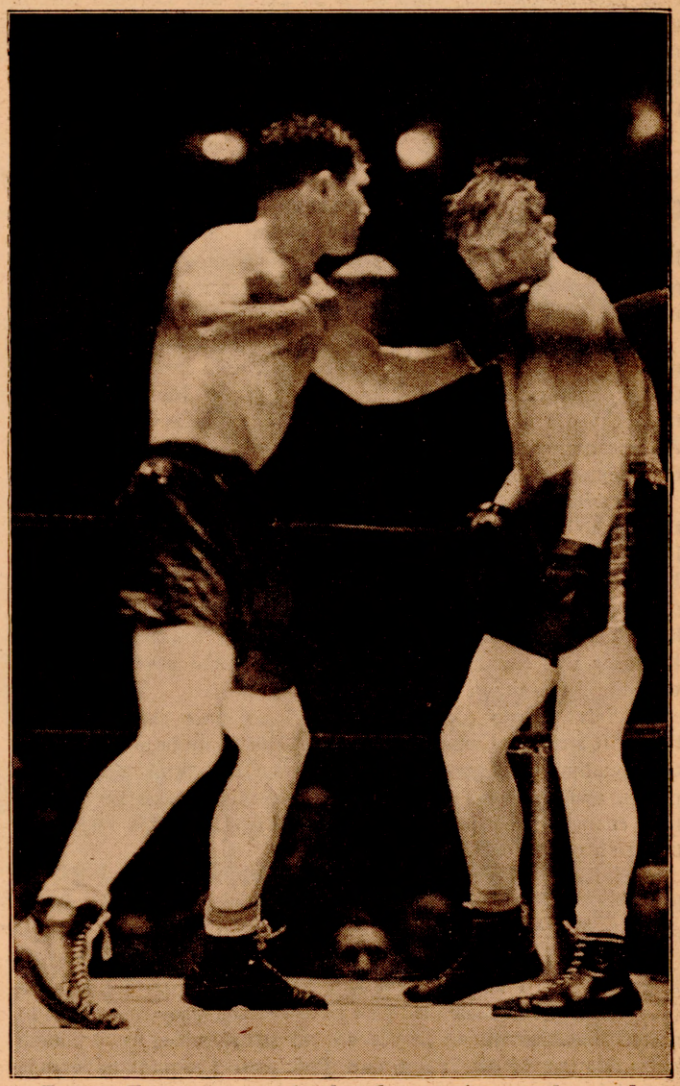
Lou Nova, the California Adonis.



Referee Donovan halts Barlund-Nova tilt.



Here we see Nova stopping Phil Brubaker.



Tommy Farr on verge of a knockout in fourteenth round.

Puncher Always Has a Chance

By TED CARROLL

SOME years ago in a signed article, Gene Tunney, retired undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, made a surprising statement in the course of his treatise on the ring game and its ramifications. A punch, proclaimed the learned Gene, is the best defense! This statement is not too amazing by itself, but coming from a master of the finer points of the pugilistic art, it was a real eyebrow lifter. What Mr. Tunney obviously meant, was that the possessor of a wallop inspired a respect in his opponent that caused said opponent to withhold his attack, through fear of being nailed by a finishing blow.

Tunney's declaration is brought back to mind by the recent announcement of the signing of Louis and Galento for a title match this coming June. While there is a general disposition throughout the world to laugh off the animated beer barrel from Orange, New Jersey, as a dangerous threat to the Brown Bomber, it cannot be denied that the colorful Italian can punch. Much has been said and written of Tony's lack of any kind of defense, but it might do the critics some good to ponder over the wise words of Tunney regarding a punch as a defense mechanism in boxing.

Few boxers in the ring today have less claim to mastery of the intricacies of defensive boxing than Galento, but still and all, here is the Jersey Jumbo matched to meet the champion of the world. What Leroy Haynes and Lorenzo Pack have forgotten about the fine points of boxing Galento will never know, but they paid off on Tony both times as Leroy and Lorenzo wound up on the canvas. Some of Galento's recent bouts have been regarded with mixed emotions by many, but last summer before he was floored by Kid Pneumonia, the moon-faced mauler really possessed a punch—and how!

* * *

IF by the time June rolls around, Galento has regained that robust riotousness that was his prior to his illness, and all the steam of last summer is back in that left hook, he must be given some kind of a chance against even so great a fighter as Joe Louis. Why? Because it has been proven many times in the past that a man with a punch has a chance.

Galento is crude, but no cruder than Firpo. Louis is great, but no greater than Dempsey, and if ever a man missed a world's title by an eyelash, the old Wild Bull of the Pampas was the man. Some still stoutly declare that the shaggy maned South American didn't miss it at all but actually won the world's crown that September night in 1923.

Ever since that memorable evening, there have been speculations as to what would have happened had a manager and handler like wily old Leo P. Flynn, shouting Joe Jacobs, or cagy Jack Kearns been behind the Argentinian rather than the non-English speaking nonentities that the frugal Firpo retained to represent him. The bout might have possibly ended ten seconds after Dempsey was catapulted out of the ring by the lumbering Luis, with the Argentinian champion of the world.

On form, Firpo could be conceded no more chance against the swift striking Dempsey than Two Ton Tony is given against the equally lightning-like Louis, but the old Wild Bull had a punch, and that was almost enough. It might have been more than enough had penny-pinching Luis Angel seen his way clear to hire a competent American advisor.

This is probably the most eloquent example in recent ring history of the danger that pure and simple punching power alone presents in the prize ring to even the greatest of fighters. Dempsey was as close to defeat as it is possible for a man to be, when Firpo knocked him out of the ring after being floored himself a couple of times in their primitive struggle. Dempsey came back to flatten the Argentinian in the second round, aided by a liberal interpretation of the rules, but Jack had one narrow escape that night.

BENNY LEONARD had a somewhat similar experience against hard smashing Charley White. White was almost purely a puncher. The Chicagoan possessed one of the hardest left hooks in ring annals and made trouble for every good fighter he ever met. He was a good fighter in other respects, but not to be classed with the masterful Leonard as an all-around performer. Still in their East Chicago fight back in 1920, White landed his left hook and "a la Firpo" knocked Benny Leonard out of the ring.

How long Benny stayed out is still a matter of argument, but great fighter that he was, he caught up with Charley and knocked him out. In connection with this one Leonard talks interestingly, and also discloses his keen ring generalship and quickness to capitalize on a rival's slightest error.

"I noticed," says Benny, "after I got the fog out of my noodle after tumbling out of the ring, that White never threw his left hook without slightly raising his left foot first. I went along with Charley for a couple of rounds after being knocked down until the ninth round.

"A slow thinker, White must have thought I was tiring for in the ninth I saw his left foot raise off the canvas just a bit, and as he made this movement I threw as hard a right as I ever did in my life, beat him to the punch, and down he went. The referee seemed to be taking his time counting and White got up before the count was over.

"He was in bad shape, and I wrapped him up another pill and he went down again. I took no chances on the referee's arithmetic this time and counted along with him and raised my own hand at the count of ten. White was slow but could he punch!"

* * *

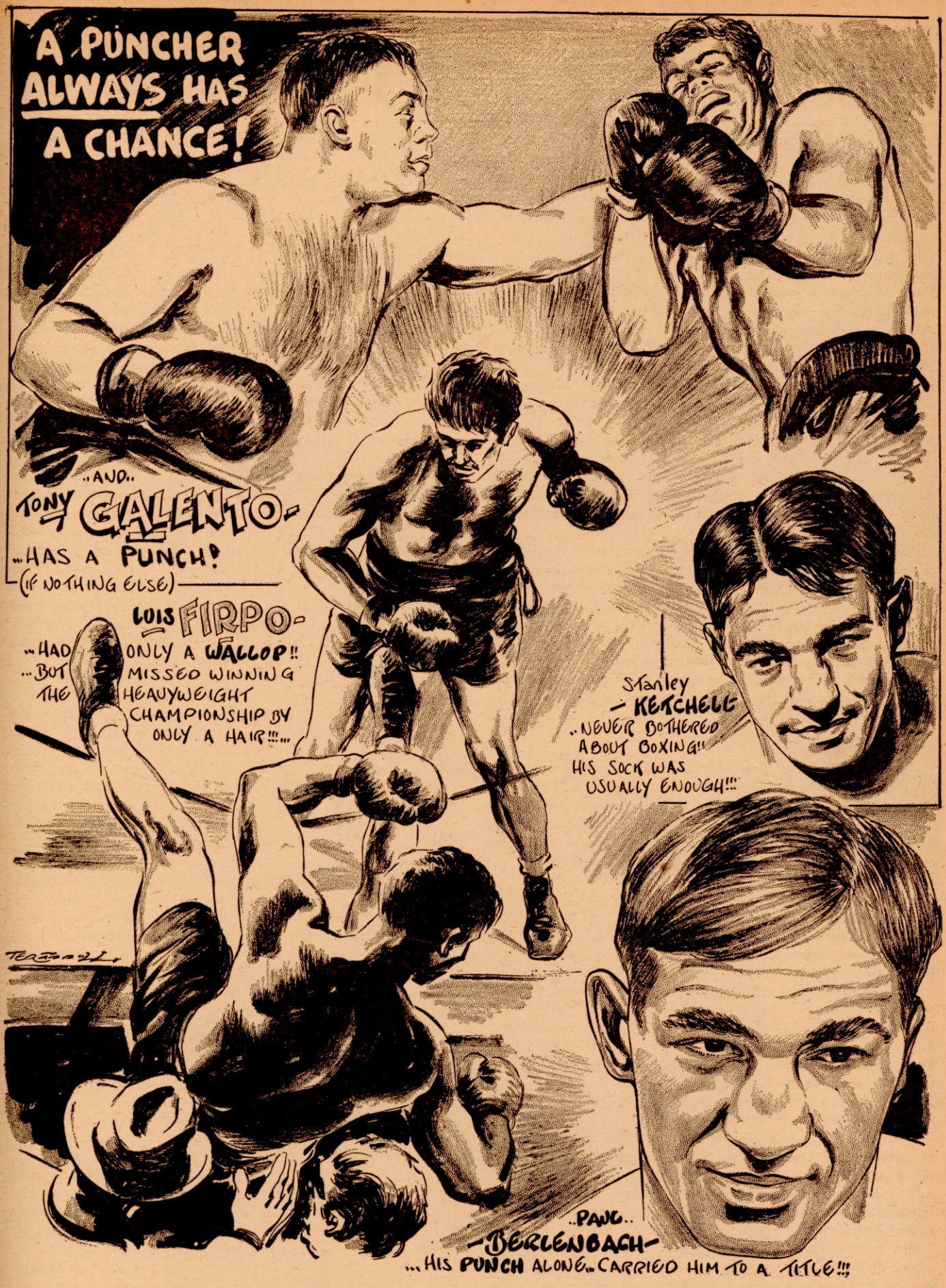
JOE LOUIS and his very capable board of strategy should be the last to make little of Galento or any other hitter's chance in the light of past developments. Schmeling was, if possible, a shorter ender than Galento will be in his first meeting with Joe in 1936. But the aging German could still punch and the rest is history. The public, Mike Jacobs, and Louis and his mentors all forgot that the Black Uhlan was a hitter and discounted his chances, thereby setting the stage for one of the greatest ring upsets.

No prize fighter went further with a punch and punch alone, than Paul Berlenbach, former light-heavyweight champion of the world. Although a powerful man physically, the Astoria Assassin was not punch-proof himself, and his boxing skill was that of a muscle-bound wrestler, as he began his athletic career as a grappler.

The plodding German could really lay them in though, his left hook to the body was a numbing blow that seemed to paralyze his opponents and render them helpless. Berlenbach couldn't box himself, but he knew the formula for the clever fellows. When he met Young Stribling in 1926 in New York, the skillful Southerner was highly favored to relieve him of his light-heavyweight laurels. The New Yorker solved the problem of the tricky feinting Stribling simply and effectively by pounding the Georgia boy's arms until he could hardly raise them, with his deadening left-handed blows, and winning the decision handily.

Stribling wasn't the only above the average boxer who found the Astorian's punch too much for him. Another victim of Berlenbach's crude punching prowess was young Jimmy Slattery. One of the most beautiful boxers of that or any other day, the stylish Buffalonian made plodding Paul look like the reformed wrestler he was for nine rounds of their fight on September 11, 1925, in New York City. Drifting about the ring like a moonbeam on the surface of a lake, arms dangling at his side, his every move a symphony of muscular action, Slattery's boxing was like a dream come true.

All Berlenbach had to offer against the slim Irish lad's dazzling repertoire of ring tricks and finesse was a punch, but that was all he needed as the willowy boy from Buffalo's old First Ward



wilted under his numbing blows and succumbed to an eleventh round knockout.

Paul Berlenbach—there was a hitter!

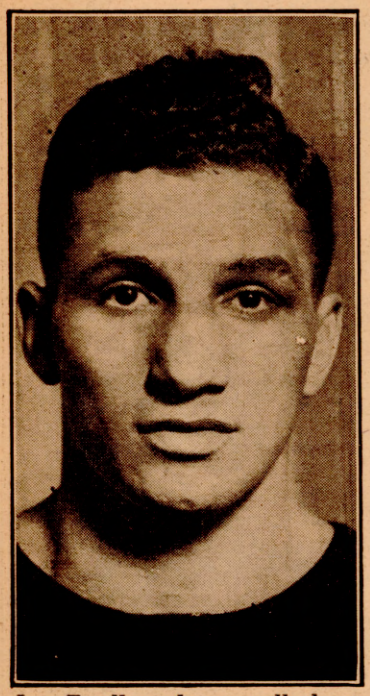
All he had was a wallop, but it brought him great fame, a fortune and a title.

NOT only does a puncher always have a chance; he has a chance up to the last minute! Whereby a boxer must have time to work his tricks and amass the points that give him a victory total, the man with the punch can be hopelessly behind but still snatch victory *(Continued on page 44)*

A Champion Talks

Benny Leonard Tells How He Manoeuvred Lew Tendler Out of a Title—Divulges Other Secrets in the Art of Ring Jabbering

By THE RING EDITOR



Lew Tendler, who was talked out of a knockout by Leonard.

BENNY LEONARD, always a brisk figure in the ring, is an equally brisk figure at dinner parties. He gets as big a kick out of story telling as he did out of his job as a leather swinger. Some months ago, Leonard was invited to a Philadelphia sports dinner and sitting on the dais with him was his old ring rival, Lew Tendler. You all know the story of how Tendler was gypped out of a world championship by Benny's glib tongue. Tendler, like Benny, has become quite an after dinner talker, and as things turned out, Lew spoke about Leonard and Benny spoke about Lew, much to the amusement of the gathering.

Tendler got a great reception when he remarked that the only thing he had against Leonard was that when he hit Benny on the button in their fight at the Yankee Stadium for the lightweight title, and the blow landed with such force that Leonard's knees sagged, Benny told Lew a bedtime story and cheated Tendler out of a knockout and title.

A few weeks ago when I called Benny to my office to inform him that the managers of Kayo Morgan and Sixto Escobar had accepted him as third man in the ring for the world bantamweight championship fight at San Juan, Puerto Rico, I remarked to Leonard that he would have to attend a luncheon in his honor when he arrived at San Juan and that he would have to say a few words. Unfortunately for Benny and the Puerto Rico fight fans, when I got to San Juan, they insisted on the cancellation of Leonard's trip. They said they would not accept any but a native referee, so Benny didn't get to the Island. But let's get back to Leonard's story.

"What should I talk about?" asked Benny.

"Do you want to hear what I really said to Tendler when I talked him out of a knockout?" he asked me.

"I've heard so many versions, Benny, that it would be a pleasure to get the real lowdown," I replied.

* * *

"I'LL tell you, Nat, just what I said. There have been lots of stories printed about that incident, but this is the only one that's absolutely true. He nailed me right on the chin—and boy, how Lew could punch! My head went swimming. My knees buckled under me. I was ready to drop. I saw stars and with the little thinking I could do, I said to myself, 'Benny, you're hurt. You're going to get knocked out. Say something to him.'

"So I looked at Lew, and nonchalantly, though I could hardly say the words, I remarked: 'That was a peach of a punch, Lew. But if you want to get fresh, I can get fresh, too.'

"Lew looked at me in astonishment. He didn't know what to make of it, and pulling his right hand off my shoulder, went like that with his hand, meaning for me to shut up. I repeated the statement and this time he replied:

" 'Aw shut up. Come on and fight.'

"He stopped hitting me, gave me an opportunity to regain my senses, and I tell you, it was a life-saver to me. It sounds silly when I tell the story now but it wasn't the least bit silly when it happened.

"Maybe you wonder why, when I was hurt, my first thought was that I must say something to Tendler. That's because I always talked in the ring. It was something I had learned from my great manager, Billy Gibson. Billy will tell you that in every fight I had under his management, I was the one who did the talking once the bout got under way.

"I always had something to say even if it was only to repeat the instructions from the referee when we were called to the center of the ring. Why? Just psychology. Fighting is far different from any other sport. In hockey, baseball, football or any other sport, you have the support of your teammates. But as Jimmy Walker so often has said, in boxing you go it alone. You face only one opponent, your rival, and you sink or swim on your own resources.

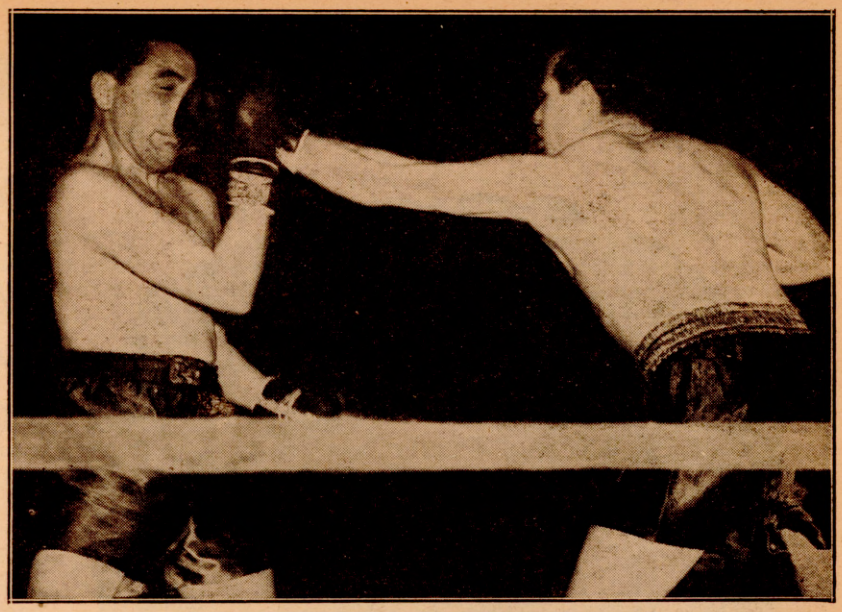
Benny Leonard, a master in the art of ring jabbering.

* * *

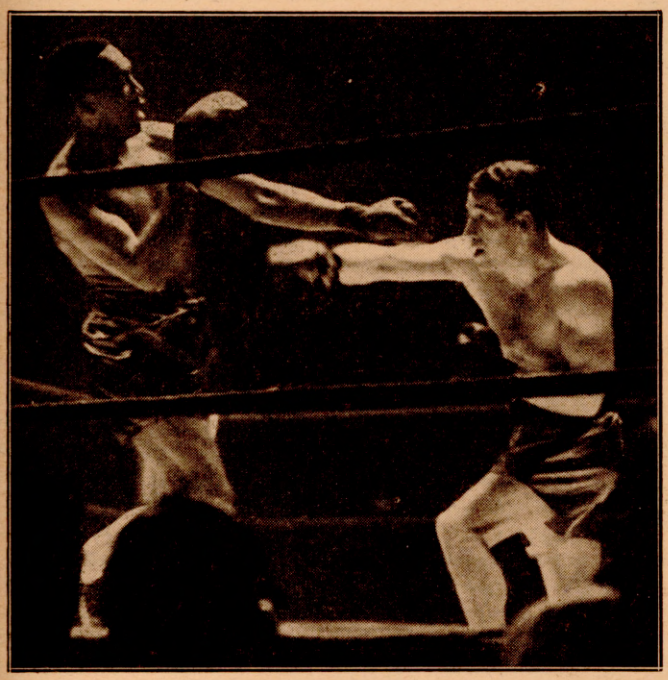
"JACK SHARKEY once said that the loneliest feeling in the world went over you when your seconds left the ring after the instructions were given and you found yourself looking across the patch of canvas to the other fellow's corner, and he was right, I assure you. Whether you're preliminary boy or a champion—that goes. I have been both and I tell you that you are keyed up to

(Continued on page 44)

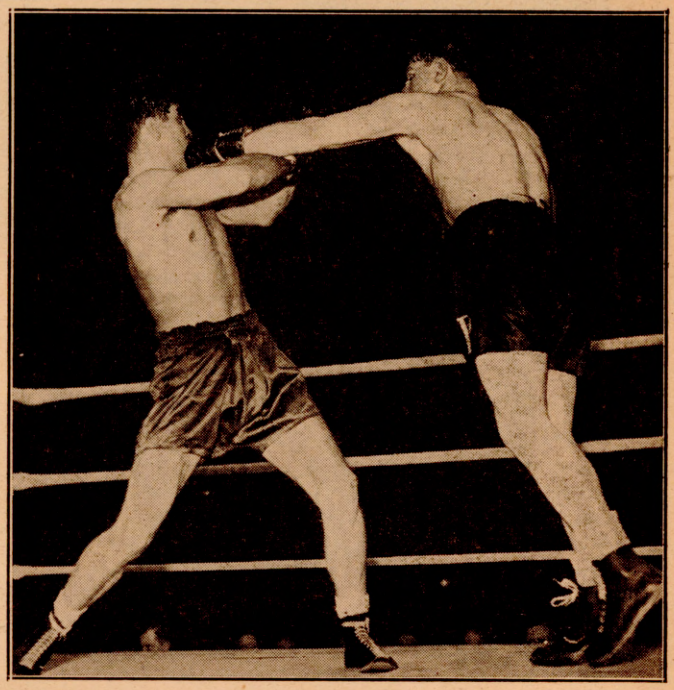
Snapped in Recent Fights



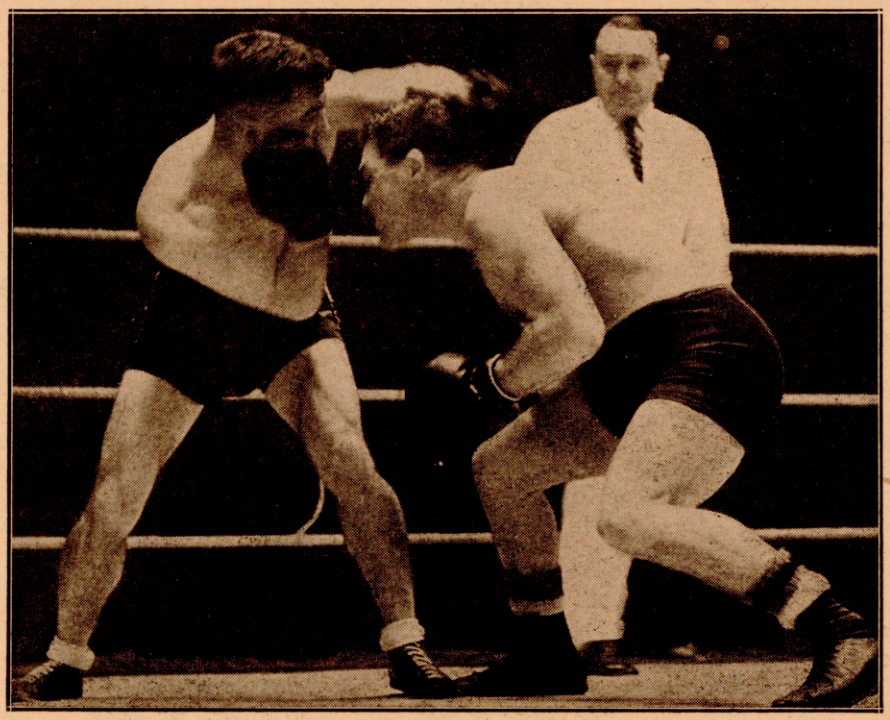
A scene in the bout between Irish Eddie Brink of Scranton, Pa. (left) and Tony Canzoneri at the New York Hippodrome, in which Brink temporarily halted Tony's comeback by gaining the decision. Here we see Tony crashing his left to Brink's nose.



Len Harvey, short with a right as he tries to get to Larry Gains, whom he stopped in the thirteenth in their bout for the British Empire heavyweight crown. Gains was unable to continue because of severe damage to his eye.



Bob Pastor crashes a left to the mouth of Maurice Strickland, whom he beat in ten rounds in their tilt in Chicago. Thus Pastor continued his quest for a title shot with Joe Louis.

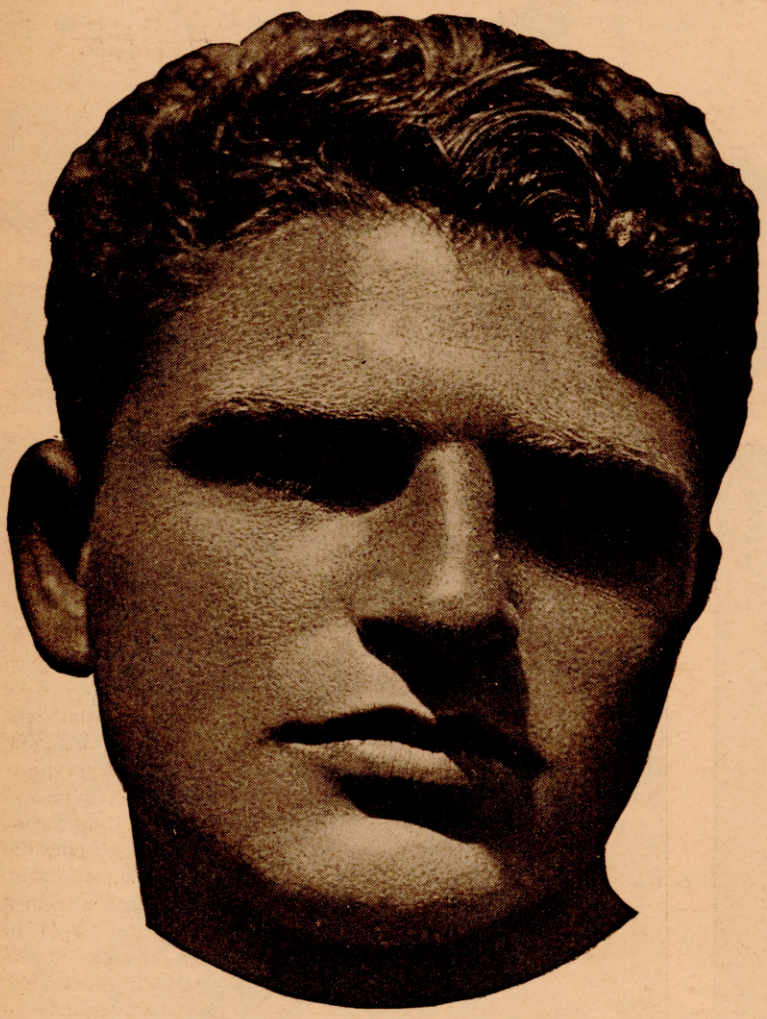


Lou Brouillard of Worcester, Mass. (right) seeking an opening in his fight with Edouard Tenet, middleweight champion of France. They fought in Paris and the decision was a draw. Later Brouillard dropped a decision to Antoine Christoforidis.

Heavyweights Under

Nova-Baer Fight to Open Mike Jacobs' Outdoor Season — Seven Championships Arranged for the Summer Months — Should Be Big Aid to Father Knickerbocker's Exposition

By THE SPORTSMAN



The youthful looking face of Livermore Max's opponent in New York's first big outdoor fight, Lou Nova.

THE big boxing outdoor season opens this year, as it usually does, with the heavyweights under the spotlight. Which is natural enough, when you come to think of it. After all, as the old saying went—"All roads lead to Rome"—so it is in the pugilistic calendar, "All roads lead to the goal of the world's heavyweight championship."

Well, the lineup of big gladiators with that end in view looks pretty good. Somebody has got to be developed to meet the reigning monarch, Joe Louis. Galento has been selected as his next opponent, but after Galento—and the general opinion is that Mr. Galento won't last long before the champion, there remain the climbers-up to the challenging broadcast, and these deserve consideration.

Setting aside the numerous heavies who would like to take a chance on even a loser's end with Louis, two contestants stand forth in bold relief. These are Lou Nova, a husky youth from Alameda, California, and Max Baer. This pair introduce the outdoor season of boxing when they meet at the Madison Square Garden Bowl on June 1. The winner gets a shot at the victor in the Louis-Galento match.

* * *

NOW let it be distinctly understood that the coming boxing season differs from any that has gone before because it is inevitably a part, and an exceedingly prominent part, of the visitors' lure for 1939. The World's Fair enhances the box-office value of all fights staged during that period, which will bring sightseers from all quarters of the globe to little old New York.

Never has there been a time in Manhattan's history when it was so necessary for boxing promoters to do their utmost to provide ring entertainment of a high class type. Every boxing attraction must be "according to Hoyle," with no chance left for the knockers to start a hammer campaign. Not only Mike Jacobs, the acknowledged king of promoters, realizes the truth of this blunt statement.

The smaller fry in the fistic show business must also hit the high-water mark of entertainment if they intend to make good as fistic impresarios.

Now as regards that Galento-Louis match which Jacobs has arranged—all but the date and meeting place, one frequently hears derisive murmurs from fight fans who figure that Galento is not a lamb, but a fat hog led to the sacrifice that will have all the breath knocked out of its swollen carcass just as soon as the "Brown Bomber" is ready to explode a couple of his hand-grenades in the immediate vicinity of the Galento jaw or stomach.

We won't argue about that! What leaves no room for argument is the cold fact that Galento, due to conditions over which Jacobs, or anyone else, has no positive control, stands out today as an A-1 box office attraction!

* * *

YOU ask why this singular slugger from the State of New Jersey should slip into the front rank and actually get a chance to fight the holder of the world's heavyweight title for the crown when there are much better fighters waiting.

That's easy to explain. Galento is one fighter who was pushed into the forefront of the pugilistic picture by public clamor. Add to that a ballyhoo such as old Doc Kearns inflated when he was Jack Dempsey's manager, and Tex Rickard was bossing the promoter field, and you have the answer!

It would be futile to mention Dempsey and Galento in the same breath as real scrappers. There is as great a gulf fixed between the two as between Heaven and Hades. But that isn't the point. The real issue lies in the fact that latter-day conditions have boomed Galento to such an extent that he's there, whether you like it or not, as a tremendous box office asset.

Do you think for a moment that Mike Jacobs doesn't feel that Joe Louis will drop the animated beer-keg from the wilds of New Jersey whenever the champion thinks the fun has gone far enough? If you do, you don't know Jacobs.

But Mike Jacobs isn't worrying about the accuracy of fistic prophecy. It's the box office pull that interests him, and that's his business. Who can blame him?

Check up on that Louis-Galento match, and what do you find? If Jacobs brings it off outside of New York, it is no exaggeration to say that it will net him at least $300,000. If he brings the

World's Fair Spotlight

men together in New York, the indications are that the match will gross close to $650,000.

That's no financial dream, either. Louis is one of the greatest drawing cards that fistic history knows. Put him against a man with a wallop, and that's something everybody knows is a Galento characteristic, and the short-enders will go wild trying to get their bets down on the white man.

* * *

SO much for the champion's next title defense. Let's take a look at what Jacobs is figuring on as a developing scrap to furnish forth a victor who will be fit to pit against the winner of the Louis-Galento joust.

On May 25, as previously stated, Lou Nova and Max Baer are the outstanding heavies whose fifteen-round collision at the Madison Square Garden Bowl is expected to provide a worthy opponent for Louis, or Galento, as the case may be.

Mike Jacobs could not have made a better selection to usher in the period of open-air pugilistic performances. Here we have a veteran, who was once a world's champion, lost his title, and has emerged from the chaos of defeat in a successful comeback; pitted against a youth who won his fistic spurs by stopping Gunnar Barlund, and winning decisively from England's heavyweight champion, Tommy Farr.

Despite Baer's knockout by Joe Louis, don't make the mistake of thinking that there aren't a lot of ring patrons who believe in Max today. Baer, inside or out of the ring, was ever colorful. In fact, it would probably have been better for him had his personality been less magnetic. He was, so to speak, a "spoiled child of fortune!" He liked Broadway night life.

* * *

NO visiting fighter ever made the tremendous hit that Max did in the East when he came here and whipped Max Schmeling in 1933, following up with a technical kayo victory the following year over Primo Carnera, which netted him the world's heavyweight championship.

Tex Rickard was wont to assert that a really crack Jewish heavyweight would be worth his weight in gold to a New York promoter, and he was right, although such a gift from the gods never came to Tex. Max wasn't altogether Jewish, but the Hebrew strain predominated in him, and that was enough to make him pretty nearly the sort of box office asset that Tex had in mind.

He was colorful in the extreme, eccentric, given to play-boy antics, the darling of the Broadway and Hollywood ladies, and a familiar and welcome figure under the bright lights everywhere. He could hit like a trip-hammer, was much given to clowning in the ring, and take him from any angle, scored as a thrill-producer de luxe in the pugilistic world.

He "went up like a rocket and down like the stick." Luxurious living, constant flitting along the primrose path of pleasure finally played havoc with him physically. He lost his championship title to James J. Braddock on a fifteen-round decision, and was later kayoed by Joe Louis in four rounds in 1935.

He retired, made a comeback in 1936, won several bouts of no particular importance, and lost a decision to Tommy Farr, the British champion, in twelve rounds in 1937. The general impression was that the "playboy" was through as a top-notch attraction. But on March 11, 1938, he surprised the fistic experts by turning the tables on Farr and giving the Briton a very thorough shellacking at Madison Square Garden in fifteen rounds.

* * *

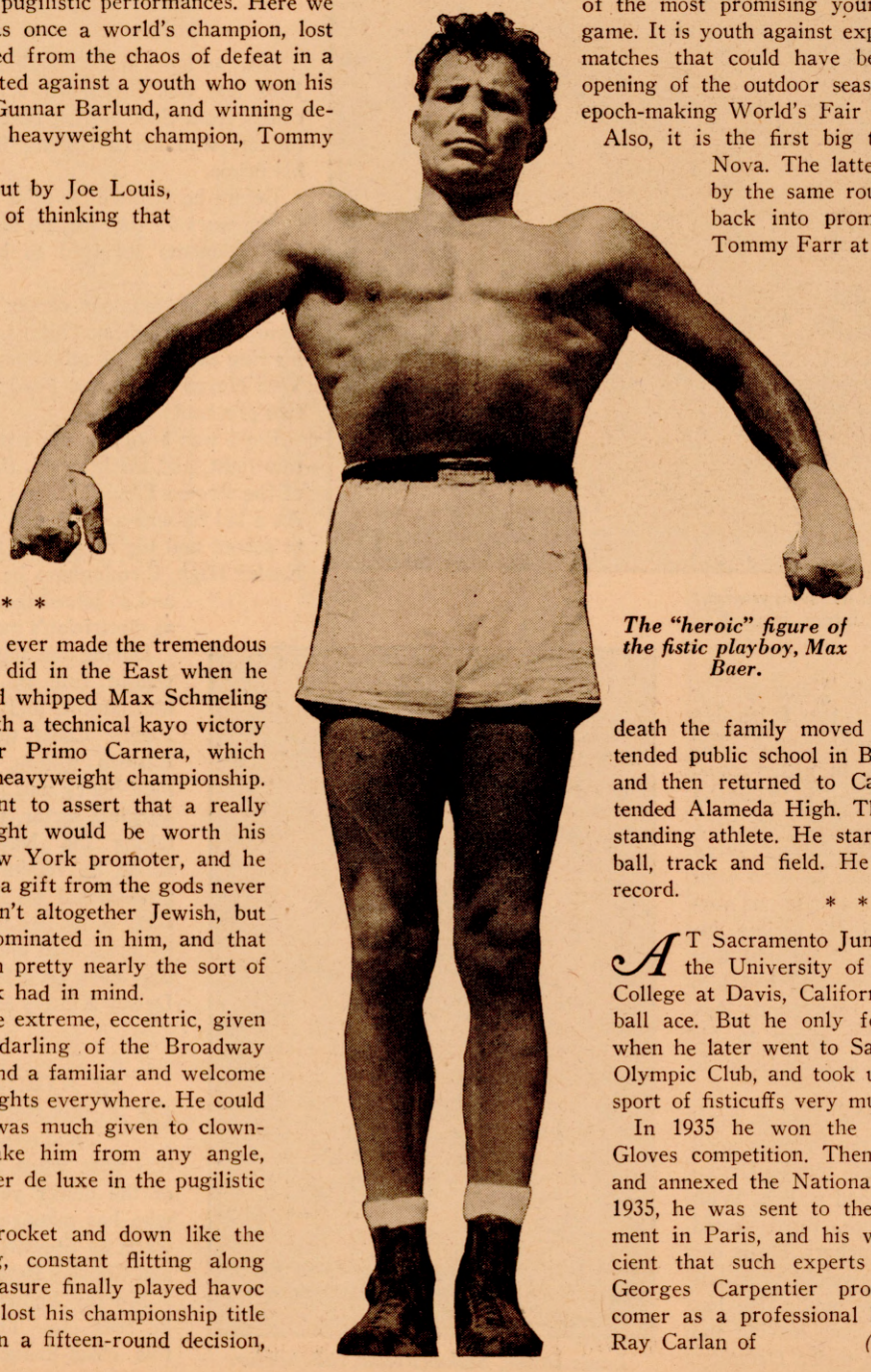
THE old maxim—"they never come back"—was completely reversed on this occasion. Baer fought quite up to his old colorful form and regained much of his vanished prestige, to such an extent indeed that Jacobs immediately placed him under contract, and the coming match with Lou Nova is the reward of the rejuvenated Max Baer.

This bout is of peculiar interest in that it brings together a veteran apparently recovered from his retrograde slant, and one of the most promising young heavyweights in the game. It is youth against experience, one of the best matches that could have been made to mark the opening of the outdoor season at a time when the epoch-making World's Fair will be in full swing.

Also, it is the first big test to be given young Nova. The latter got into the spotlight by the same route which brought Baer back into prominence—a victory over Tommy Farr at the Garden on the night of December 16, 1938.

Nova had previously established himself as a heavyweight contender by stopping the tough Gunnar Barlund, who then seemed to be going places, in seven rounds. He is twenty-three years old, scales 202 pounds in trained condition, and is six feet, two inches in height.

He was born in Los Angeles on March 16, 1915. After his father's death the family moved to New York. He attended public school in Brooklyn for three years and then returned to California, where he attended Alameda High. There he became an outstanding athlete. He starred in football, basketball, track and field. He set a javelin-throwing record.



The "heroic" figure of the fistic playboy, Max Baer.

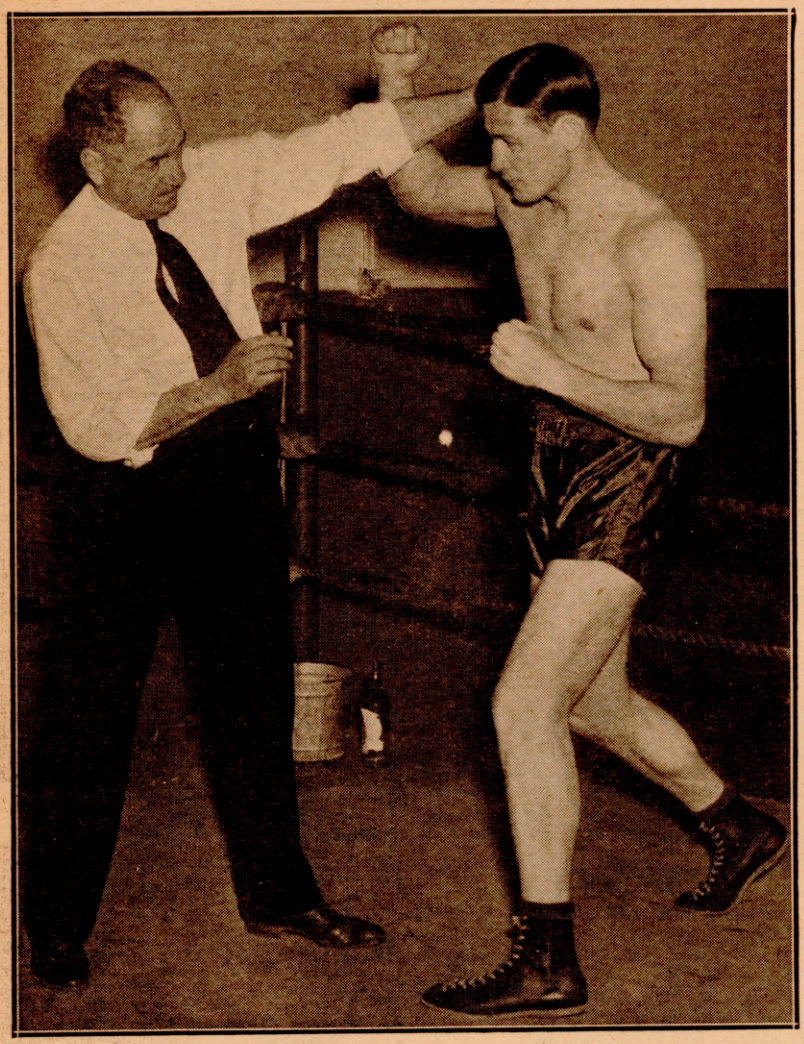
* * *

AT Sacramento Junior College and later at the University of California Agricultural College at Davis, California, he rated as a football ace. But he only found his true vocation when he later went to San Francisco, joined the Olympic Club, and took up boxing. He liked the sport of fisticuffs very much.

In 1935 he won the San Francisco Golden Gloves competition. Then he went to St. Louis and annexed the National A.A.U. title. In July, 1935, he was sent to the International Tournament in Paris, and his work there was so efficient that such experts as Jeff Dickson and Georges Carpentier pronounced him a sure-comer as a professional heavyweight possibility. Ray Carlan of

(Continued on page 43)

NEW FACES



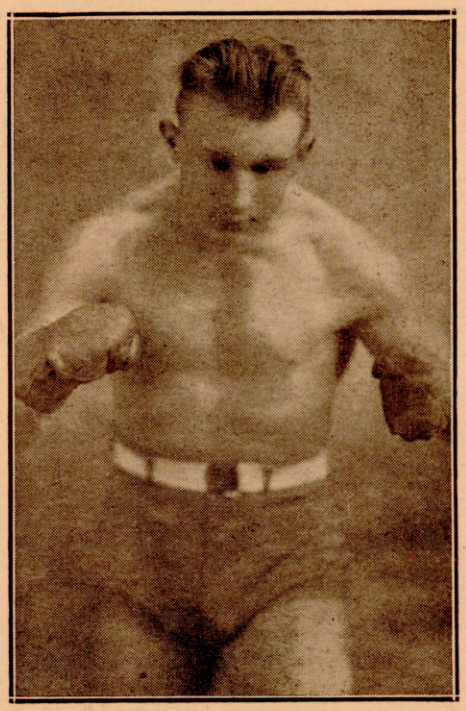
Floyd Gibbons, Columbus heavyweight (right), taking some pointers from Kid McCoy.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Have Come Up During the Past Year and Should Do Well In 1939—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS

WHEN Jack Dempsey recently trotted out his big Alabama heavyweight, Wild Bill Boyd, in a ten-round scrap with Jim Robinson in Madison Square Garden, the spectators were very much impressed with the former Navy champion, even though the decision went against him. Boyd lost a two-to-one verdict, but the majority of the scribes, including THE RING Editor, thought that Boyd had gained the honors. I had him winning by a margin of two rounds. Apparently the verdict was given to his opponent because of a late rally he made in the last two rounds.

Boyd is a crude boy, who requires much experience, but he can take it, has a good weave that has been taught him by Dempsey, and has a pretty good wallop. With another year's experience, Boyd should figure among the top-notchers. He is one of about ten good heavyweight prospects now parading before the public. He has had about forty fights since leaving the Navy, but only a dozen under Dempsey.



Louis Dalke, Saskatchewan title-holder.

He was born in Birmingham, Alabama, on May 16, 1914, and was christened William Harold Boyd. He comes from Scotch-Irish parents. He is a hard, tough fighter, who keeps coming in as did his mentor in his prime.

Before he finished his stint in the Navy, Boyd went to the wars 79 times as an amateur and only eight of his opponents survived to hear the ringing of the final gong.

During his amateur career Boyd lost but two decisions, his first fight and later to Bob Nestell. He started his ring career in Birmingham amateurs. Boyd stopped Wee Hayes in one and Ford Smith in two in his first two pro bouts.

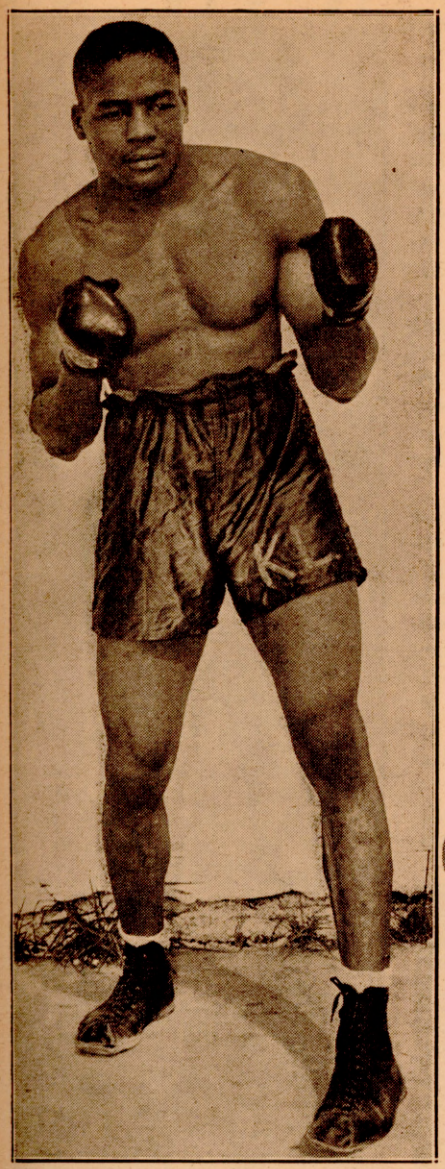
Boyd was born not far from where Joe Louis first saw light, and on May 16, three days after the birth of the Brown Bomber. He is two inches over six feet. As a lad he was a track and field and swimming star at school and high school. After his graduation from Ensley High, Birmingham, he decided to see the world, and so joined the Navy. He rose to rating as electrician's mate in the U. S. S. Idaho.

During the interim he won the heavyweight title in the Pacific Northwest tournament, and soon after acquired the Pacific Coast title. He then moved to Eastern waters, and after copping the light-heavy and heavyweight titles of the Virginia sector, topped his fine record by taking the Navy heavyweight crown, which he retained for two years. As a professional he has engaged in close to forty bouts, in a large percentage of which he has scored knockouts. Some of his victims have been Ford Smith, Bob Nestell, Dewey Kimrey and Buck Everett.

* * *

INTRODUCING Marv Wason, six feet three inches, 175 pounds, and nineteen years of age. Wason was wise when he went under the wing of the clever veteran, Murray McLean, who has managed such well-known stalwarts as Stewart McLean, Mike Mandell and Charley Retzlaff.

Murray knows a good prospect when he sees one. That's why he picked up this clean-living youngster who has a



Larry Kid Lovett, heavyweight from West Palm Beach.

pro debut as a middleweight in a St. Paul ring. He surprised by whipping the tough, hard-hitting Johnny Dobbins of Minneapolis in a four-rounder. To prove it wasn't a fluke, he repeated over Dobbins in four.

Wason's next assignment was to meet the hard-punching undefeated Minneapolis Irishman, Jimmy Collins, in a six-rounder at Minneapolis. After five rounds of milling, Wason was declared winner by a foul. Wason now holds the honor of being the only pro that boasts a decision over Collins.

Wason was matched with Dick Kemp in Minneapolis, and again he triumphed, this time by a T.K.O. in the fourth. Marvin met the tough and experienced Forey Wampler at La Crosse and held him to a draw in six fast rounds. He then proceeded to trim Cliff Coons in four at Minneapolis.

In each bout, Wason continued to improve. In a rematch in St. Paul, Wason pounded out a close six-round decision over Forey Wampler, and again trounced Cliff Coons in six at Superior. Brought along slowly, as all McLean boys are, Wason was given time to improve, grow, and gain confidence. Wason T.K.O.'ed Lloyd Victor in two and Eddie "Kid" Reynolds in four in Minneapolis, and knocked out Dutch Benning in two at St. Paul.

He came into the spotlight when he shellacked Forey Wampler in six at St. Paul. Marv floored Wampler time and again, but couldn't put over a kayo, but his margin of victory was by the burning desire to become a successful pugilist.

As an amateur, Wason went to the post 27 times and suffered only four setbacks. Because of his clever boxing and splendid form and record, Marv was persuaded to turn professional, which he did.

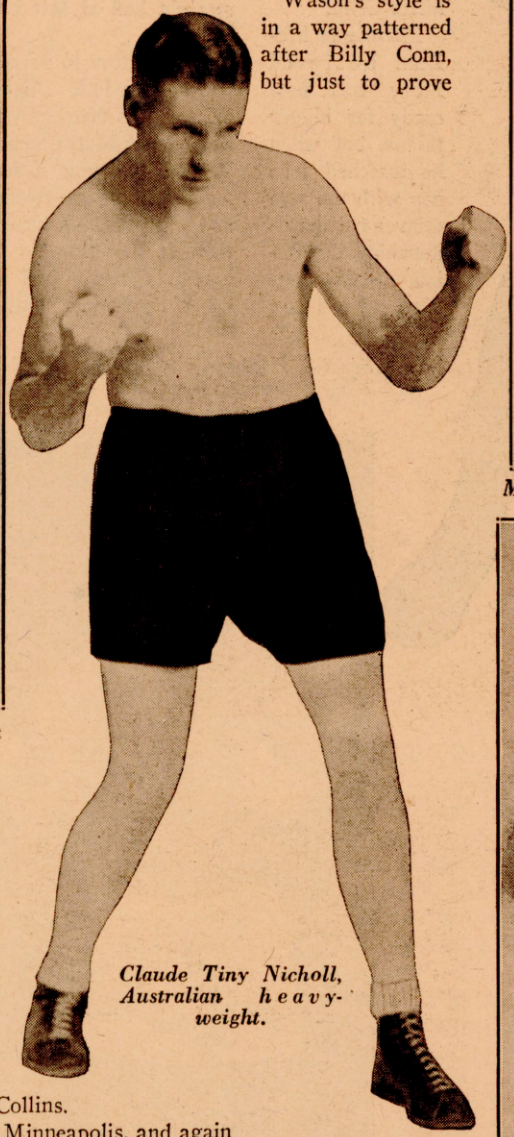
Marv made his proverbial country mile.

When one is thrown into the limelight, criticism often follows praise. Scribes who viewed Wason praised his excellent form, ring smartness, speed and cleverness, and his marvelous jabbing left.

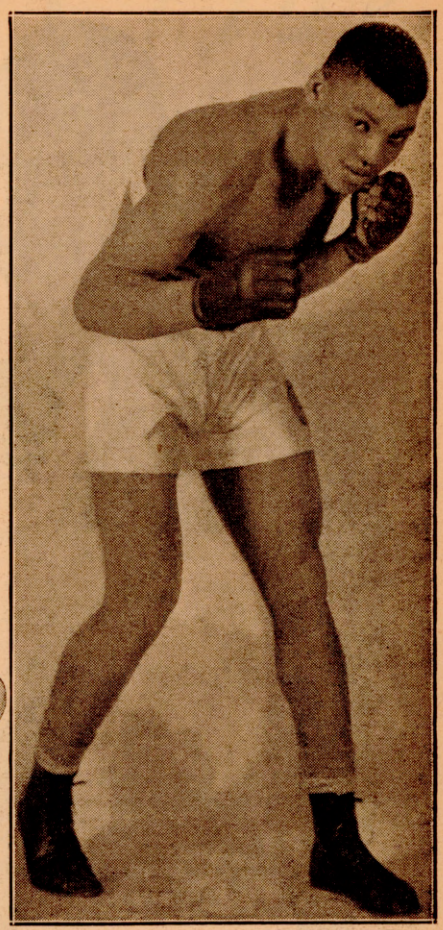
"BUT, he hasn't any punch," they all said.

Wason's style is in a way patterned after Billy Conn, but just to prove he did pack a punch, Wason ripped into his old rival, Forey Wampler, at La Crosse and this time, he scored a kayo in the fifth.

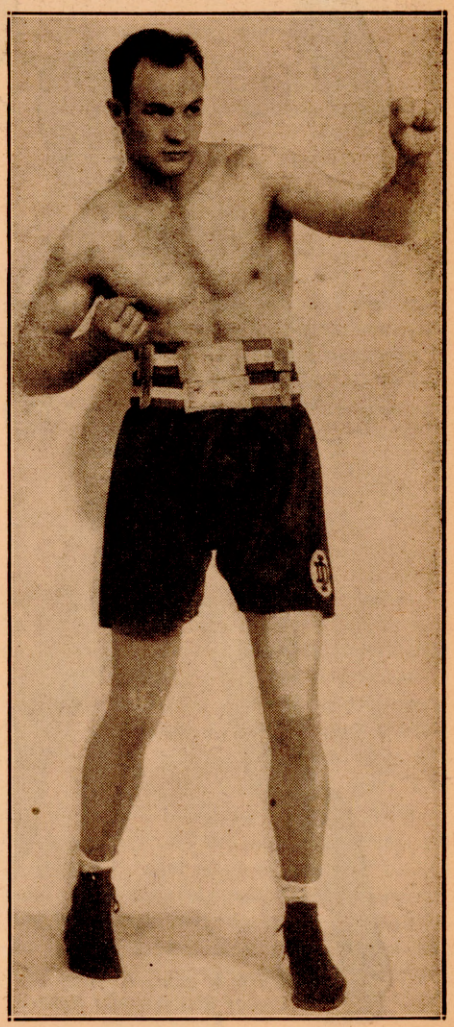
Although outweighed, Wason kayoed Kid Miller



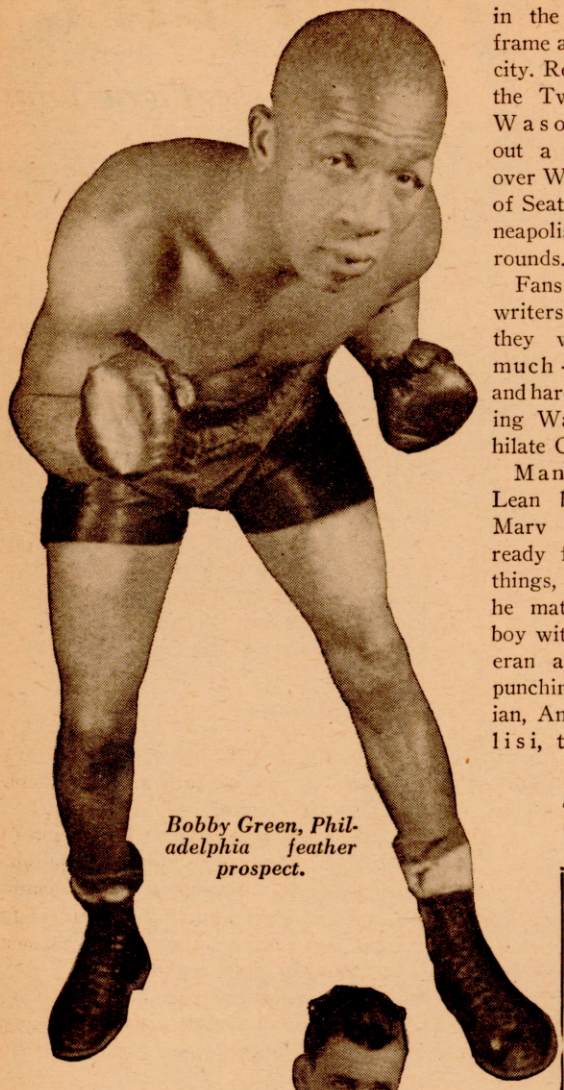
Claude Tiny Nicholl, Australian heavyweight.



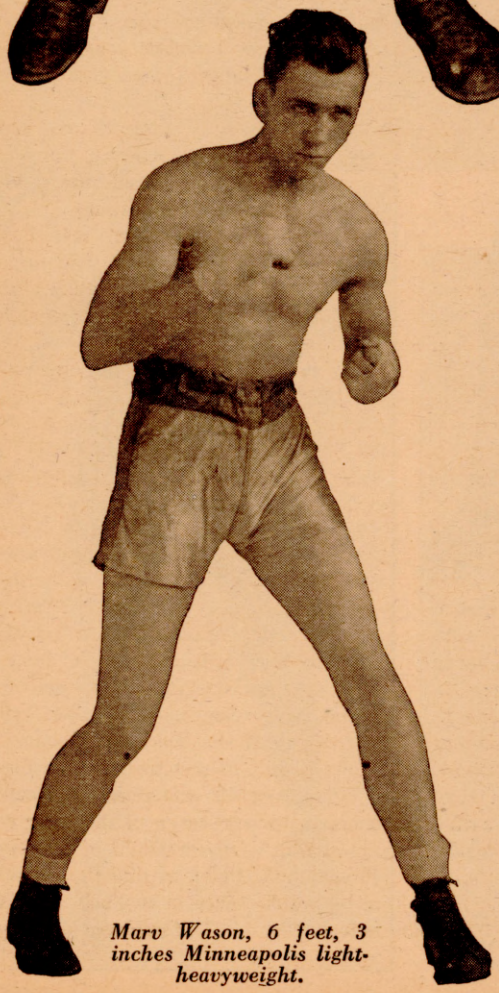
Milton Shivers, threat in middleweight field.



Wild Bill Boyd, Jack Dempsey's protege.



Bobby Green, Philadelphia feather prospect.



Marv Wason, 6 feet, 3 inches Minneapolis light-heavyweight.

in the second frame at the same city. Returning to the Twin Cities, Wason blasted out a kayo win over Walter Cobb of Seattle at Minneapolis in two rounds.

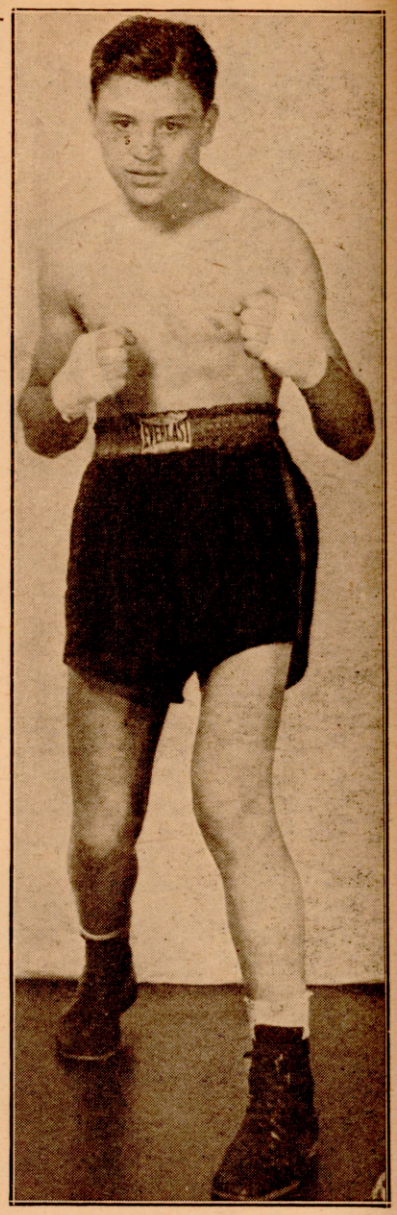
Fans and sports writers blinked as they watched a much-improved and harder-punching Wason annihilate Cobb.

Manager McLean believed Marv was now ready for bigger things, but when he matched his boy with the veteran and hard-punching Duluthian, Angelo Puglisi, the fans thought McLean had overmatched his protege.

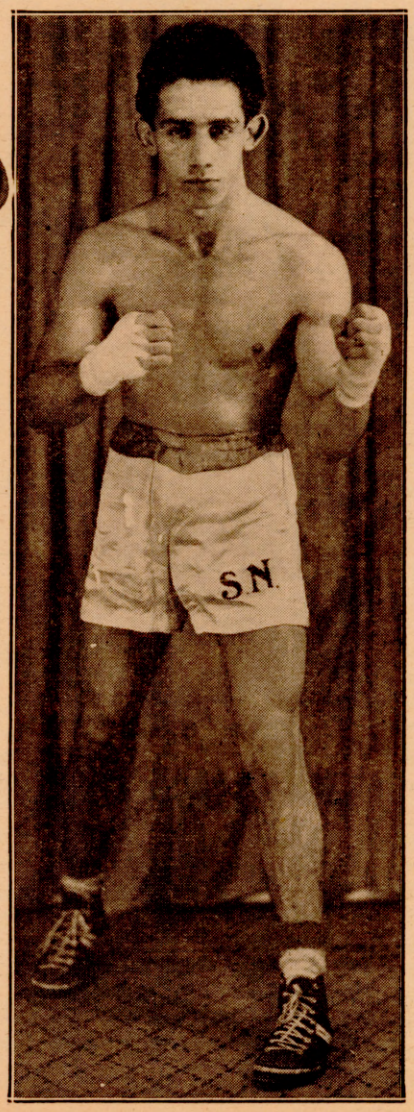
Puglisi, who had just returned from a successful eastern campaign, where he engaged in encounters with Walter Woods, John Lasinski, and Tony Celli, stung Wason in the early rounds and walked away with the decision in a close sixer. Wason's string of fifteen straight had at last been broken!

In an effort to force a rematch with Puglisi, Wason was matched with the veteran Matt Camerie. Wason was now a full-fledged light-heavyweight and was punching heavier than at any time in his career. Camerie had too much experience, and as a result, handed Wason his second straight defeat, although the bout was close.

Angelo Rodano, Connecticut featherweight.



Sergio Napoles, formerly Guarina Kid, a Cuban flyweight, who looks promising.



Wason wasn't discouraged, however, as he packed up and struck out for Milwaukee. There he scored an impressive two-round kayo over Pete Atkins of Chicago. Ward Braby, Cream City manager, was so impressed by Wason's performance that he offered to purchase Marv's contract from McLean. Wason made a big hit in Milwaukee, and will probably show more regularly there from now on.

Back to Minneapolis, Wason gave away ten pounds to the wild-swinging, 185-pound Wild Bill Hasselstrom and flattened Wild Bill in the second. By the time this gets to press, Wason will have probably reversed those two blemishes on his record and gone on to whip better boys.

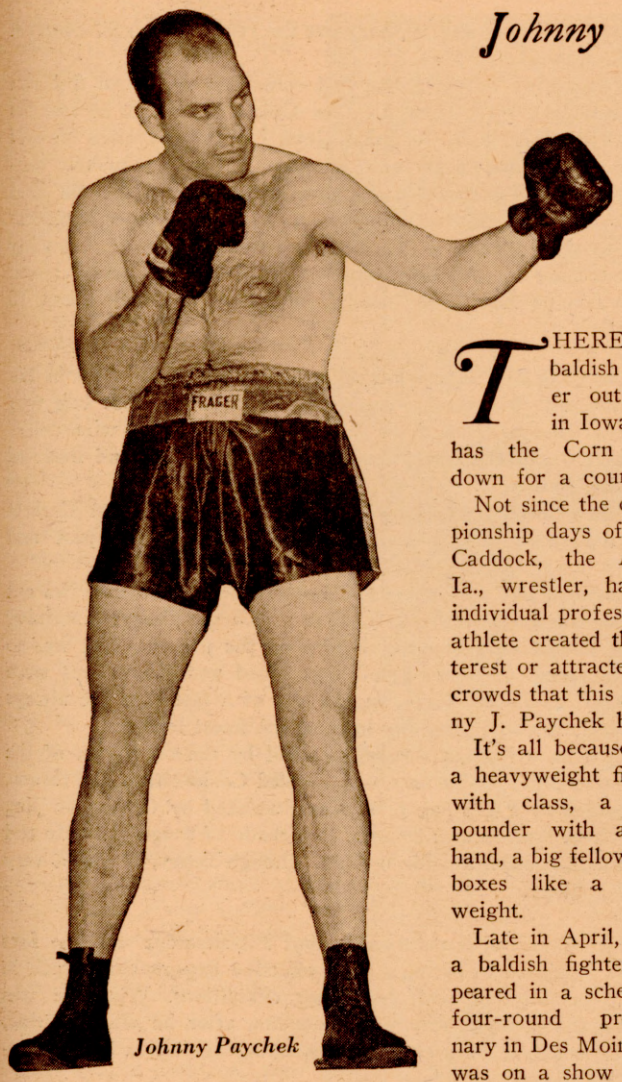
Wason is a smart, clever, fast and polished boxer and a fair puncher. Marv's manager, Murray McLean, believes his *(Continued on page 42)*

Corn Belt's Pride

Johnny Paychek Is His Name and the Fight Fans Go Goofy Over Him

By SEC TAYLOR

(Sports Editor of Des Moines Register)



Johnny Paychek

THERE'S a baldish fighter out here in Iowa who has the Corn Belt down for a count.

Not since the championship days of Earl Caddock, the Anita, Ia., wrestler, has an individual professional athlete created the interest or attracted the crowds that this Johnny J. Paychek has.

It's all because he's a heavyweight fighter with class, a 190-pounder with a left hand, a big fellow who boxes like a lightweight.

Late in April, 1938, a baldish fighter appeared in a scheduled four-round preliminary in Des Moines. It was on a show headlined by Barney Ross, then the welterweight champion. It started as just another preliminary scrap.

One of the fighter's was introduced as Johnny J. Paychek, a Des Moines bellboy; the other was Max Steele of Ottumwa, Ia., who had been seen in many a bout in this vicinity.

But no sooner had the fight started than the spectators quit yawning. That there Paychek boy immediately showed he could box. It was apparent that he knew his lessons and that he'd done something besides carry ice cubes to hotel patrons.

In the second round he found an opening, landed his right and scored a knockout over his 203-pound opponent. He weighed 172 that night.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY there was wonderment expressed that a boxer of Paychek's apparent ability should be a bellboy at Hotel Chamberlain. The sports writers began making inquiries.

In the meantime Paychek was matched in a semi-final bout against Red Mullie of Sioux City, Ia. Again he scored a two-round knockout.

By this time word had come back from Chicago. Johnny J. Paychek was in reality Johnny Pacek, winner of the Chicago Golden Gloves in 1935 and a professional fighter, who had a record of nine professional fights on the Pacific Coast. On June 30, in his ninth professional fight, he had been beaten in the sixth round by Art Lasky in Los Angeles.

The referee had stopped the fight because of Paychek's cut eye. Paychek then retired, disgusted with professional boxing. Lasky also was badly cut and the punches he received from Paychek coupled with those that had come his way in former scraps caused him to lose his sight, or a part of it. He, too, retired and did not fight again until a few weeks ago when he met Nathan Mann.

Paychek, who had been out of condition and underweight when he appeared in his first Des Moines bout, gradually picked up weight with proper training and food. His timing improved. Naturally it was off, following a layoff of almost two years.

Since that April appearance, he has won eighteen consecutive fights, twelve of them by knockouts. Eight of the latter came successively and among them were Red Bruce, the former Pittsburgher Negro and Al Ettore, the Philadelphian.

Paychek now weighs between 190 and 192 pounds—a gain of 20 pounds in ten months, and none of it's fat, either. He's just eating and living regularly.

* * *

BECAUSE he is partially bald he has the appearance of a man 29 or 30 years of age, but he can produce indisputable evidence that he was only 24 last August.

Following his knockout of Red Mulie he stopped Ray Mann of Sioux City, Ia., in three rounds. Next came two decision victories, one of eight rounds, over Mike Klomp, a clumsy southpaw, of Lime Springs, Ia., but a toughy, who is always in condition and who can punch and also take it. The other was over Bernie Bowman, a big Chicagoan, in eight rounds.

Al Globe, a lighter and faster opponent from El Paso, Tex., lasted just five rounds, but the best Paychek could do against the veteran Canadian, Charley Belanger, was a decisive ten-round decision.

It was not until he met Art Oliver, Chicago Negro, that the Des Moines bellboy completely regained his timing. Oliver is a fast, clever boxer and a cutie, but Paychek outsparred him in 10 rounds and almost had him out in the last frame.

That was something because Oliver, until he met Paychek later on, had never been on the deck, although he had met Max Baer, outpointing the latter in six rounds in an exhibition, Otis Thomas, Max Marek and several other prominent heavyweights.

King Levinsky, essaying a comeback, was polished off in two rounds; Ed Wills in two; Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., heavyweight, whose chief claim to fame is that he floored Joe Louis five times in an amateur bout, in two; Red Bruce in four; Russ Wasser of Minneapolis in five; Salvatore Rugierello in two; Johnny Nelson, the Syracuse, N. Y., Negro, in two; and Al Ettore in six.

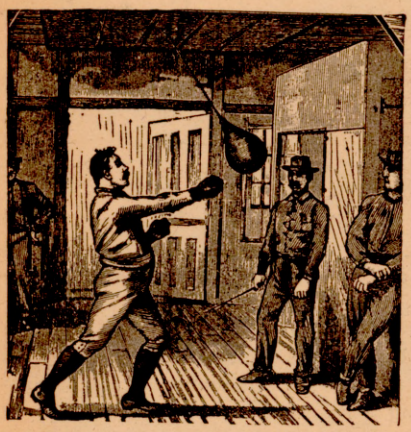
* * *

ALL of these fighters were sorry sights long before the bouts ended, for Paychek is a cruel cutter with his ever busy left hand. He closes eyes, hangs doorknobs on them, splits lips, cheeks and noses; slashes and bruises with a jab that is stiff enough to send heads back and water flying from damp hair.

Ettore, Nelson, Rugierello and Wasser looked like some one had used a butcher's cleaver on them. Ettore, in addition, had two artificial teeth and three real teeth to which the denture was anchored, knocked from his mouth to the resin of the floor.

Following the Ettore fight, Paychek was rematched with Art Oliver in Omaha and although he won seven of the eight rounds handily, he lost one round in which Oliver caught him on the jaw with a left hook and floored him. Prior to this the rabid Iowa fans did not know how he would react in a pinch, for he had never been hit solidly before. *(Continued on page 41)*

If Punching Bags



Here is an artist's training camp drawing of the Mighty John L. Sullivan punching the heavy bag suspended from the ceiling. It is this buckram sand and sawdust filled bag that is in the possession of The Ring *Editor.*

AMONG the many relics of the roped arena that comprise the sport collection of The Ring Magazine museum, the eyes of visitors are constantly attracted by the punching bags of ancient and modern vintage that hang suspended from the ceiling. Each bears a white lettering denoting its origin, the name of the champion who used it in preparation for battle.

The mighty John L. Sullivan, first of the world's Queensberry heavyweight kings; the super-scientific, nimble James J. Corbett, who dethroned him; the lanky, terrific-hitting Fitzsimmons, whose solar plexus wallop brought disaster to "Pompadour Jim" Jeffries, conqueror of Fitz; Jack Johnson, first colored man to win the blue ribbon of the ring, and so down along the line to Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey—all figure in the list of these trophies.

Among the lighter divisions are represented Terry McGovern, George Dixon, Joe Walcott, Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb, Freddy Welsh, Packey McFarland, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, and other warriors who earned lasting fame in the history of fistiana.

Mute witnesses of the pugilistic past, what tales those old bags could narrate if they could only speak!

They no longer resound to the rapid-fire tattoo once beaten upon their leathern sides by the accurate-shooting fists of the champions, but gazing upon them, it requires no great effort of the imagination to visualize the personalities of the staunch fighting-men whose memories the relics awaken.

They are of different shapes, sizes and weights, for the respective champions varied widely in their tastes as regarded the use of these invaluable aids in training, and were in the habit of having them made according to their liking.

* * *

WHEN Sullivan was in his glory there was no buoyant punching bag of the type that later became popular. John L. worked on a heavy canvas bag, filled with sand and weighing about thirty pounds. Instead of being shaped like the heavy bags of today, Sullivan's bag, which occupies a prominent place in The Ring Magazine collection, was shaped somewhat like a pear, tapering about eighteen inches long and one foot wide. It is about four times the length of the average and is of the sandbag variety.

The Sullivan bag was invented by the late William Muldoon. It was used by the latter in his Purchase, N. Y., training quarters to help him get John L. into condition for the battle under London Prize Ring rules in which the champion successfully defended his title against Jake Kilrain.

Incidentally, that particular bag, if magically endowed with speech, could tell some queer yarns about that episode in Sullivan's career. For Muldoon, as every student of the game knows, had his hands full keeping his refractory charge at the daily training grind, and preventing him from breaking out into convivial sprees, and the training quarters more than once were the scene of roaring rows between John and the great wrestler, which occasionally resulted in actual combat.

Muldoon, however, held his own on these lively occasions. He was probably the only man living who did not fear John L. in the least, and was thus able to carry out the remarkably stiff contract he had undertaken.

The bounding punching bag had come into use when Sullivan was training for the battle of New Orleans in which he lost his crown. But there is no record of John L. having availed himself of the then comparatively new invention. He was peculiarly conservative in his methods, and preferred to stick to the old sand bag to which he was accustomed. As a direct slugger, Sullivan liked to pound away at a solidly resisting object; a bouncing sphere did not appeal to him. That's why he used this heavy canvas bag which he filled with sawdust and sand to weigh about 30 pounds.

* * *

JIM CORBETT, on the other hand, was up-to-date in his time with his gymnasium equipment, and the fast bag was just what he wanted for the development of his wizard-like speed. It was oval-shaped, about one foot in length, and made of very fine leather.

As an exhibition bag-puncher, there is no doubt that Corbett held the speed record among all the big fellows, past and present.

It sounded like a machine-gun tattoo when Gentleman Jim cut loose on the flying leather. He never used a sand bag, maintaining that it slowed up a boxer. His idea on the use of a bag was to develop speed. He maintained that speed and sharp eyes were developed to a high degree by the use of a fast bag. He always had specially made punching bags of the finest leather.

Let's take a look at the bag marked by the cognomen of the inimitable Bob Fitzsimmons, who toppled Corbett from the throne. In appearance Fitz's bag resembles that used by Gentleman Jim, except that it was much heavier. It is made of tough calf-skin and was much rounder on the bottom. Though heavy, it was a very lively bouncer.

* * *

IT is worth mentioning that Fitzsimmons was the first pugilist to spring a very effective bag-punching trick in connection with his stage exhibitions. When he was touring the country, meeting all-comers, after he won the title, Bob invariably gave a short bag-punching exhibition before donning the gloves for a bout.

In this he cut loose with an occasional swing that made the bag boom like a miniature cannon, and still further impressed onlookers with what they considered an example of the tremendous hitting powers for which he was famous. They were still more impressed when Fitz wound up the exhibition by hitting the bag a wallop that broke its cord and sent the sphere hurtling into the air and down among the audience.

Bob had figured out this trick himself, by striking the bag from a certain angle, and none of his imitators was ever able to accomplish it with the dexterity displayed by the freckled slugger.

On more than one occasion some artful dodger in the audience caught the flying bag and made a swift exit, taking it along as a souvenir. The theatre ushers had orders

The old style training gloves with fingerless padding and a wide protective flap on the back. These gloves will be on view at the New York World's Fair.

COULD TALK

By A. D. PHILLIPS

to watch for these too ardent collectors, but with all their caution they were often fooled, for a dyed-in-the-wool Fitzsimmons fan was willing to run any sort of a chance to gather in one of those bags.

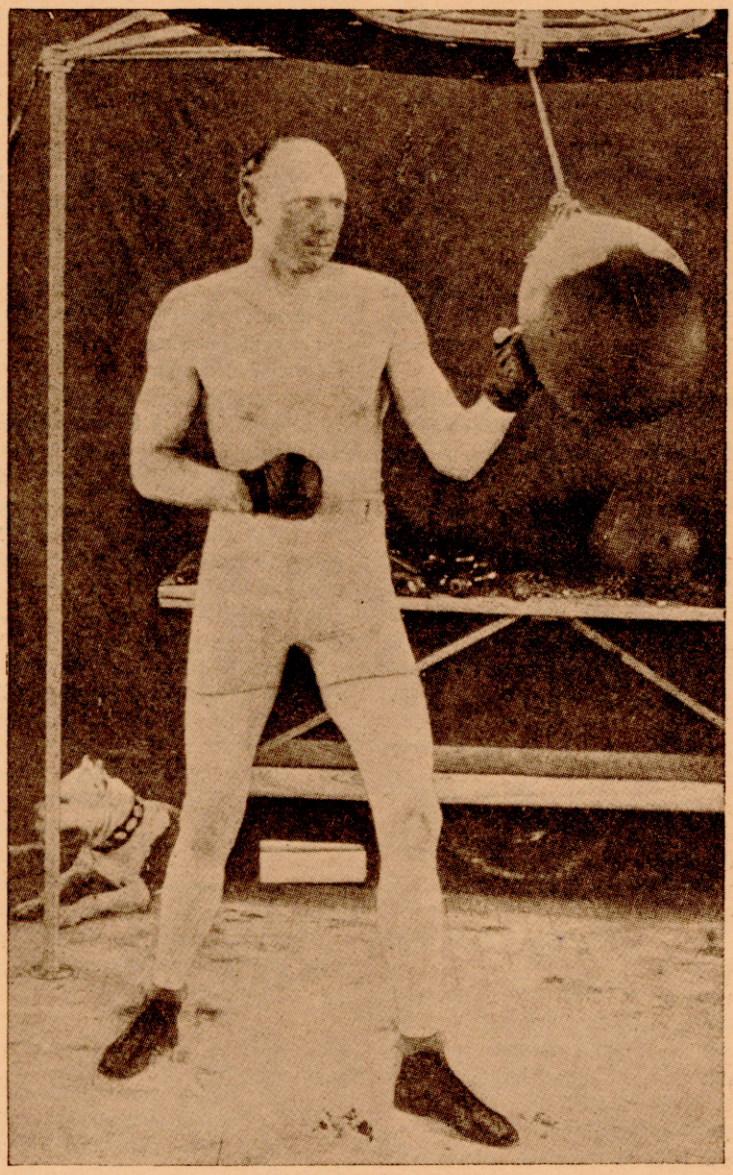
One night at a Chicago theatre, when Fitz wound up his exhibition as usual, the runaway bag sped across the footlights and hit a woman spectator smack in the face. She was knocked out of her seat by the impact, and her husband threatened a lawsuit against the theatre proprietor and the champion. The matter was settled out of court. But thereafter Fitzsimmons cut the stunt out of his stage work, not caring to run any future risk of a suit for damages.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES preferred an even heavier type of bag than Fitzsimmons. Jack Johnson's specimen bag, unlike the pear-shaped model, is more of an oval shape, is made of exceptionally heavy leather, and has a strong rebound when struck.

Willard, like Jeffries, liked a very heavy bag.

Jack Dempsey's bag, made of pigskin, is light, of the regulation size of the present era, has an extraordinarily quick rebound, and is ideal for fast work. That, of course, is typical of the Manassa Mauler, whose attack was always along the lightning-flying-fists line.



Bob Fitzsimmons, a master at bag punching, tuning up before going on the stage. The bag he is seen punching is on exhibition in THE RING *headquarters and will be seen at the New York World's Fair.*

Harry Greb used a bag that resembled a ball—almost round. Made of light leather, it was designed for speed. It enabled Harry to develop his favorite style of milling—hitting from all angles, and Greb seldom missed. He connected with punches from all sides.

On examining Stanley Ketchel's bag, the seeker after knowledge will observe that it is unusually big and heavy. Ketchel's one idea was to develop the great hitting power with which Dame Nature had provided him. Consequently he used a bag of greater poundage than those most frequently used by heavyweights. It is the heaviest in the collection.

* * *

AMONG the lighter divisions, we find that in the early stages of his career Terry McGovern used the old style British bag, which had a bottom and top cord connecting it with the floor and ceiling. After George Dixon brought the new bag, resembling that in vogue today, into use, McGovern discarded the one which is now on exhibition in THE RING Magazine Sport Museum, and utilized the one-cord sphere, without any floor connection.

Lightweight Champion Freddy Welsh's bag is about half the width of the average fast-punching bag of today. Freddy used a small bag because he wanted to concentrate on one spot, being a swift sharpshooter, accurate hitter, and feeling that by using a small, narrow bag, he could gauge his "distance" shots to a nicety.

Packey McFarland's bag is much about the same size as that pertaining to Freddy Welsh, but, instead of having it inflated, he used a bag that weighed three pounds—filled with leather—solid, on the same principle as the present-day sandbag.

McFarland's idea was to accustom himself to striking rapidly at one special spot. This, he believed, enabled him not only to gain his objective in reaching a target, but because of the three pounds weight-resistance, he also developed muscle and power behind his punch.

Packey also used a striking bag of vici kid, about the same weight that Benny Leonard used. This was his speed developer and eye sharpener.

* * *

LIGHTWEIGHT Champion Benny Leonard's bag is small, oval-shaped, constructed of fine leather, and very fast. It is just the sort of bag one would expect Leonard to be partial to, when one recollects the quick, two-handed attack he developed in the ring. He was all for speed in his training sessions. He liked a light bag.

Benny's great rival, Johnny Dundee, who became featherweight champion, and only missed being boss of the lightweights because Leonard was just a shade too good for him, is represented by a small-sized, speedy bag, which again is illustrative of the former owner's fast fighting style.

The fast striking bags of today are made of vici kid, with a very rapid rebound. The best are made of kangaroo leather, and if you take a look, you'll see that pattern was used by such fast sharpshooters as Gene Tunney, Jack Delaney and Jack Sharkey, among others.

The "heavy bags" are round on both bottom and top, and are filled with leather remnants, padding, sawdust and sand. They weigh about from 30 to 40 pounds for the smaller boys, and from 40 to 60 for the bigger and heavier fighters.

We have left mention of George Dixon to the last, although comment has already been made to the effect that Terry McGovern took a tip from the great little colored boxer by changing from the old-style English bag to the more modern kind.

In 1890, Dixon and his manager, Tom O'Rourke, went to London, England, where Dixon fought and whipped Nunc Wallace in eighteen rounds for the world's *(Continued on page 40)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

J. D. of Marquette, Mich., certainly did land a telling blow right between Mr. Charles Lucas' teeth. Mr. Lucas may know his fighters in Australia, but to try to know about these American boys, well, it's just too big a bite for him to satisfactorily chew up.

Mr. Lucas must have been misinformed by some American crackpots about Henry Armstrong and Joe Louis, else he purposely belittled them because he knew they were too high class and out of his reach to take to Australia to show their wares. Ranking Armstrong in fourth place in the welterweight class and third in the lightweight division, classes in which Armstrong is king, and putting Ceferino Garcia at the top of the class, shows how prejudiced Mr. Lucas is. Otherwise, he must be a very poor judge of fighters.

The result of the Garcia-Armstrong fight must have been a shock to Mr. Lucas. If Armstrong isn't one of the greatest fighters of ALL TIME, then I do not know a left jab from a right cross. In that Garcia fight, Armstrong proved that he can take it and dish it right back, pronto! In the twelfth round, Garcia landed his best punch. It shook little Henry to his toes. What would nine out of every ten fighters have done under the same circumstances?

They would have gone on the defensive, put a six-day cyclist to shame, or made Jess Owens look like a flat tire, or put on one of Mr. Bruin the Bear's pet holds, the bear-hug. Did little Henry do any of these? He did just the opposite. He shook off that punch and tore right back into his fifteen-pound heavier opponent and had Garcia looking for places at the bell.

In the Ambers fight, Armstrong proved his real courage, swallowing all that blood from his split lip, so that the referee or Ambers wouldn't see that he was bleeding so badly. At the end of the bout, he was so dizzy and sick from that blood diet that he didn't know where he was going or what he was doing. The M.D. had to pump the blood from his stomach before anything else could be done.

Make no mistake, "Homicide Hank" will live through the ages, a name to remember as time passes, Mr. Lucas. I'm a booster for the old-timers, but I must draw the curtain on them and give Henry Armstrong the stage. The charge of the Light Brigade—that's our little mighty mite, "Homicide Hank."

Why this truly great little fighter is booed, can be for but two reasons. One, because some fans hate to see him so successful. They want to see how he looks nailed to the canvas or battered from ropes to ropes into a bloody pulp. The other is that it just proves what nuts most of us boxing bugs really are. There are those who would boo Armstrong even if he was facing Fred Apostoli.

I don't believe there is a fighter in Australia who could beat Armstrong in a ten-round bout, from a 160 pounds down. What fighter have you, Mr. Lucas, other than Ron Richards, to equal our Negro star?

Come on, you fans who continually boo this truly great fighter, give him a cheer next time out instead of that nasty boo! Some day you'll feel proud when you tell your children and grandchildren you saw "Homicide Hank" put David and Jack the Giant Killer to shame with his deeds. Deeds which he accomplished with just his leather encased fists, stamina and courage.

Some night little Henry is going down to defeat, as all great fighters do. I hope I may not be present when it comes, and I know many of you who are just wishing and waiting for that night, wanting to see it—you won't be so happy when you finally do see it come to pass. I was one of those fickle fans who wanted to see Dempsey and Mickey Walker get a good beating, but when it happened, I felt bitter toward myself when I tried to understand my reason for wanting to see these two great fighters whipped.

JOHN BRUEN, JR.,
Goshen, N. Y.

[Well said, Mr. Bruen. I thoroughly agree with you. From the hundreds of letters I received from Australia, even Mr. Lucas' own people ridiculed his choices in his rating and his statement in-re Louis and Armstrong.—Editor's Note]

* * *

I ENCLOSE you check for $4.50, for which please send me "Black Dynamite" as per order slip. I have been a reader of your magazine for many years. I am an old-time fight fan, going back into the days when we had the "fly by night" fights and we had the worst law in the United States in Illinois. In those days we used to have to go out and ride all night, pitch a ring in the corner of some fence and pull the fight off about daybreak in the morning.

I remember very well riding over to North Judson, Indiana, by train and going into a little old opera house, pitching a ring, and then a couple of clay-eating constables came up and undertook to stop us. We had that celebrated character with us, Mike McDonald, who took these constables in a little old dingy dressing room and when they came out they were satisfied that there wasn't going to be any fight. I remember vividly of leaving Sycamore one cold night, riding north to Belevidere. Everything was all ready and the sheriff came on an order from the governor and drove us out.

We stopped in a little town of Gilbert and went up over an elevator and pulled the fight off. Sycamore, by the way, was quite a fight town, home of Johnny Thompson, Dixie Sims. Here also Billy Papke started. But enough of this old-time history. I can commend your efforts all these years for bringing boxing up to a high standard. Now we can go and get a very comfortable seat at the ringside without any fear of anything; order is kept.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Many happy returns of the year to you and your excellent staff, who give your readers such enjoyment.

DANIEL C. CLIFFE,
Sycamore, Ill.

* * *

I HAVE not missed a copy of THE RING for years and have usually agreed with your answers to the many letters from all parts of the world, letters that you print and comment on. But one letter, that from Mr. John Burger in British East Africa, excited my interest and I was a little disappointed in the brief comment you tacked to the end of his communication.

Mr. Burger thinks the American public should have a better type of fighter held up for an ideal than John L. Sullivan. For one so far away from America, Mr. Burger has an excellent line on the life and characteristics of the late John L., and I believe he has something in that statement.

As a small boy, I recall Sullivan's visit to our town, Wilmington, Delaware, and if I recall, he was not exactly what one would consider a pleasant sight. In fact, his whole attitude was one of conceit and bluster and his bellicose balancing a chip on his shoulder, hoping some local wight might start something so he could demonstrate his destructive punch, will always spoil the idea I had generated in my boyish mind of his greatness.

In fact, I am inclined to the opinion—and it is, I find, shared by many more decent American fans—that the mantle of an ideal American fighter should rest upon the shoulders of a boxer of the type of Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey or even our own present-day Joe Louis. All three of these men are modest and unassuming when out of the ring, and not one of them would be guilty of starting a barroom brawl, or looking for a fight with some corner lounger.

The nearest approach we have today to the Sullivan ego is that bellicose bawler from New Jersey, Tony Galento, and any right-minded boxing fan looks with contempt upon such a loud-mouthed

braggart, who speaks of opponents as "bums." Mr. Galento may be a very great heavyweight prospect, but I am one man who will never believe it, and in spite of the ballyhoo and build-up, insist that any decent heavyweight would make a monkey out of him in a few rounds.

Anyhow, I like THE RING and enjoy its monthly return to our local newsstand. Once upon a time I pulled on the gloves for a short period as an amateur, and will always be an interested fan. Here's a belated thanks to Mr. Burger for his splendid letter, and best wishes to you and to THE RING. Long may it wave!

CHAS. F. HILDER,
San Jose, California.

* * *

I WOULD like to give my views with regard to the middleweight muddle, which is giving rise to a lot of publicity and controversy. They are as follows:

Gorilla Jones was world's champion. Jones met Thil and lost the crown to the Frenchman. Thil then successfully defended his title (irrespective of how he did it—with particular emphasis on the Brouillard case, when the French journal, *L'Auto*, supported the opinions of the majority of fight fans that the challenger did not get a fair deal) and ruled supreme in the 160-pound class until his retirement.

At that time, THE RING (although this is contrary to the views expressed by you in your editorial in the January, 1939, issue), supported Steele's claim as world's champion (vide Eddie Borden's Rankings, May, 1937, to September, 1938, and your editorial in the May, 1937, issue). It was then that the boxing commissions and/or boards throughout the world organized a world conference which was held in Rome, to prepare a list of world champions to be recognized internationally.

Thil, as the former champion, Steele and Apostoli were recommended for that honor in the 160-pound class, but the claims of Thil and Apostoli were rejected, and Steele was instituted "world's champion."

Steele should have met Apostoli at the 160-pound limit, but he avoided the issue by scaling 161. Therefore, no title was at stake when he suffered a setback at the hands of Apostoli.

Subsequently, he met Hostak, and lost the crown to the Seattle lad. Hostak's claim to world supremacy was GENUINE—even you agreed with this (vide your editorial in the October, 1938, issue, and Eddie Borden's Rankings of that issue and the subsequent issues). In your editorial in the January, 1939, issue, you state:

"THE RING, however, does not recognize Krieger as title-holder. Neither did it give recognition to Hostak nor his predecessor." Rather complicated, Nat! Don't you think so?

Hostak then tackled Krieger in the first defense of his crown, and dropped the decision in favor of the challenger. Solly must, therefore, be recognized as title-holder, in spite of all opinions to the contrary.

If a world conference was not called, then the main point at issue would be the supposed retirement of Thil. It was alleged that the Frenchman had actually retired, and if this were so, then the record books must show—Jones-Thil-Steele-Hostak-Krieger—but, on the other hand, if the statement regarding his retirement was false, then the books must show—Jones-Thil-Apostoli.

You will note that Corbett's name does not follow Apostoli's, although he beat the then champion at San Francisco. This is because the fight was over TEN rounds, and I wish that the sports critics would realize that championships are won and lost over the full distance of FIFTEEN rounds. Boxing law should provide that when a champion fights over the ten-round course against a reputable opponent (maybe to save his title) or against an unknown, if the said champion should be defeated, his title be not taken away from him, but HE MUST ACCOMMODATE HIS CONQUEROR IN HIS NEXT FIGHT OVER THE CHAMPIONSHIP DISTANCE, otherwise his title would be forfeited, and the championship declared vacant.

Getting back to the point, we find that the issues set out above were not involved in view of the decision of the authorities in the Rome conference; the decision which supported Steele's claim, and which, as stated above, would show the gradation as reading: Steele-Hostak-Krieger.

I have a lot of respect for the renowned and dangerous Apostoli, but respect and favoritism shouldn't influence the authorities in making decisions. It must be remembered that "what happened" is more important than "what could have happened," and we mustn't deal in suppositions.

I am in sympathy with the views expressed in your editorial with regard to the featherweight situation. The New York Commissioners believe that they have jurisdiction over all boxing associations throughout the world, and I hand you the bouquet for curbing their so-called "supreme jurisdiction."

Best of luck to THE RING Magazine, the finest boxing paper in the world.

LEON J. SIMON,
Singapore.

* * *

IT'S rather shameful to note from time to time a few articles written in some narrow way in the pages of THE RING by its patrons, expressing what they call their views, and at the same time belittling a man who is today one of the greatest sportsmen in the history of boxing; one who has done more for the game than any of his critics will ever hope to do; one whose fair play has given rise to colored boxers. That man is Joe Louis. I place him at the head of boxing's sportsmen. I take my hat off to him and to the Editor of THE RING.

In the editorial comment recently, the Editor discussed sportsmanship. One could see that patience was displayed by him in its fullest measure to combat the remarks of those who expected the German, Max Schmeling, to score another victory over Joe Louis, and those who took the German's howl for granted that Louis had fouled him when things turned out the other way.

The article, "Joe Louis Compared to Titans of the Past," was very interesting. One has to admire how the old ring followers cling to their belief of the old-timers' superiority over the present-day fighters. Of the various opinions given, I think Messrs. Jimmy Bronson and Eddie Forbes are in every respect the most true and honest.

Sullivan, with all his hitting powers, was knocked out by Corbett when he was considered invincible. Corbett, with his skill and science, was knocked out by Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons, with his shift, was knocked out by Jeffries. Jeffries, with his ruggedness and crouch, was knocked out by Johnson, and Johnson, with his defensive ability, was on several occasions beaten.

In my opinion, Joe Louis would have knocked every champion kicking in the air from Sullivan to Tunney.

R. ELLIOT BAYNES,
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

* * *

IN a recent issue of THE RING, Mr. H. G. Vaugahan-Phillips of London seems to be a bit hot under the collar because THE RING is an admirer of Jack Dempsey. And as for Jack being a great fighter, well, that's beyond your correspondent. He makes no bones about it in his letter, which I will endeavor to answer in defense of Jack.

First, let me tell Mr. Vaugahan-Phillips that Jack Dempsey is a man of sterling character. He was of great fighting qualities in his day, one who did so much for boxing when at his peak that he deserves the admiration not only of THE RING, which so often has been expressed, but of every true sportsman throughout the world.

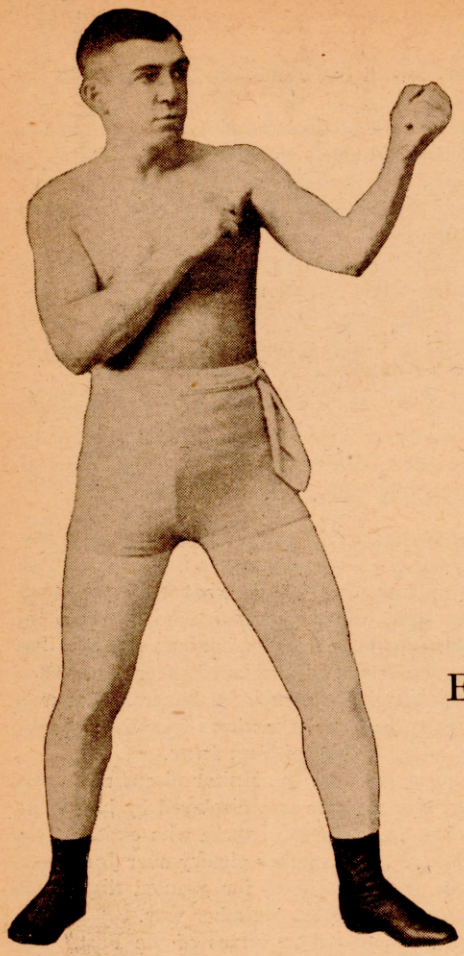
Jack Dempsey—the greatest fighting machine up to Joe Louis, we have ever had. While on the subject, I will give my rating of the ten greatest fighters in their order:

Jack Dempsey, James Jeffries, Robert Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, James Corbett, Peter Jackson, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis, John L. Sullivan.

No doubt I will come in for some abuse for placing John L. No. 10, but there you are. It's just my humble opinion of how the ten best line up. I think Louis is a great fighter, but not as good as the old-timers I have placed above him.

B. L. Cox, Sydney, Australia.

BILLY MYER, "The Streator Cyclone"



Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone.

By TOM EPHREM

BACK in the eighties, or what might be called the Sullivan era, a miniature John L. made havoc in the lightweight ranks with a right-hand punch that spelled "curtains" for many a good man in a class that was then replete with real fighting roosters. This small, but terribly effective bruiser was Billy Myer, known as "The Streator Cyclone."

In addition to his walloping power, Myer was noted for his extraordinary endurance, which was manifested in long gruelling battles with knuckles, skintight and padded gloves, fought to a finish, as was the custom in those strenuous days.

Myer met and defeated the cream of the lightweight crop, which included such high class talent as Andy Bowen, Danny Needham, Harry Gilmore, Jack Hooper, Jimmy Carroll, Paddy Welch, Charley Daly, Jack Gallagher, George Mulvey, and other famous sluggers.

Myer's record shows him as winning over two-thirds of his battles by the kayo route, one draw with Champion Jack McAuliffe, and one decision lost to Stanton Abbott, England's lightweight champion. Only once in his career did he suffer a knockout, and that was at McAuliffe's hands in their second engagement.

* * *

MYER was born on December 23, 1860, in Blackstone, Illinois. He was a carpenter by trade, and twenty years old when he settled down with his family in Streator, where he became initiated into the fighting game.

He first became known to the public when he entered a tournament promoted by Charles E. (Parson) Davies in Streator. The prize was a silver loving-cup, which Myer won decisively, kayoing every man that opposed him.

His first important glove battle was with Paddy Welch, whom he engaged with the two-ounce mitts. Welch, a very scientific performer, could not stand before Myer's fierce rushes. Paddy was counted out after one minute and twenty-eight seconds of milling in the opening round. This was the quickest knockout registered in the Queensberry ring up to that time, and earned for the victor the sobriquet of the "Streator Cyclone," by which he was distinguished to the end of his career.

Following the victory over Welch, the hard-punching lightweight piled up such a long string of knockouts that he attracted the attention of Alf Kennedy, most noted trainer of the day. Kennedy took Billy in charge, and the connection thus formed led to a lasting and unbreakable friendship, as well as business partnership.

Myer is authority for the statement that the toughest battle of his career was with Charley Daly. It was a bare knuckle affair and took place in Woodford, Illinois, on December 28, 1886, and lasted into the thirty-second round, when Myer got home his right with stunning effect, and put his opponent to sleep.

Incidentally, Billy took the length and breadth of a terrific beating before he slipped over the winning punch. As for Daly, he was so badly battered that he retired from active service and never fought again.

* * *

ON October 19, 1887, Myer knocked out Canada's lightweight champion, Harry Gilmore, in five rounds at St. Croix, Wisconsin. The Streator lad won a $1,000 side bet by scoring "first blood" and "first knockdown." On January 19 of the following year, Myer again kayoed Gilmore at Judson, Illinois, this time in one round.

By this time Myer stood out as leading challenger for the lightweight title then held by Jack McAuliffe. After considerable bickering on both sides, arrangements were made for the match to take place at North Judson on February 13, 1889. They met in an old ramshackle building, used mainly as a skating rink, scheduled to go to a finish with two-ounce gloves.

For four and a half hours the lightweights battled fiercely, with seeming victory swinging first to one side and then to the other. Myers was the harder puncher, but McAuliffe's cleverness enabled him to hold off the impetuous Billy. In the sixty-fourth round Referee Mike MacDonald called a halt to hostilities and declared the fight a draw.

It was estimated later that the betting, amounting to over half a million dollars, was the heaviest ever known to be placed on a lightweight contest up to that time. McAuliffe's Eastern backers covered every wager made by the Myer adherents. So popular was Myer in the West that several sporting farmers were known to have mortgaged their homes in order to back the Streator pet to the limit.

It was a very close engagement, McAuliffe always frankly admitted that he had been extremely lucky in escaping a knockout, although, of course, the champion still believed himself to be Myer's master. The Myer backers, however, were not satisfied, and it was a foregone conclusion that the men must meet again in the future.

Myer kept up his winning streak after the McAuliffe draw. He fought anyone and everyone whom he could induce to face him between the ropes. When he ran out of lightweight material, Billy was never averse to giving away poundage, and he even kayoed heavyweights during cross-country tours in which he met all-comers.

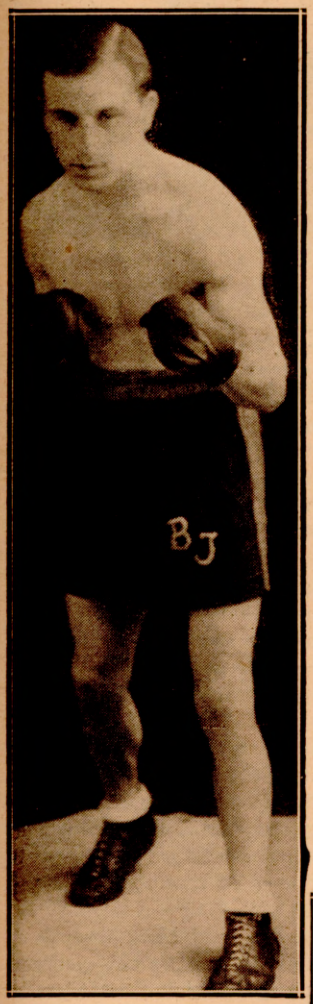
* * *

HIS style of fighting differed widely from generally accepted boxing methods. Myer frequently led with his right, something seldom expected by his opponents. In throwing his right hand, he kept himself in position to follow up effectively with a left hook to the jaw or body. This southpaw strategy, developed to a fine point by Billy, puzzled both scientists and sluggers alike.

A second match with McAuliffe was arranged. It was to be the first of a series of battles scheduled for New Orleans. On September 5, 1892, the lightweight *(Continued on page 41)*

With BRITISH BOXERS

By GEORGE FARMER



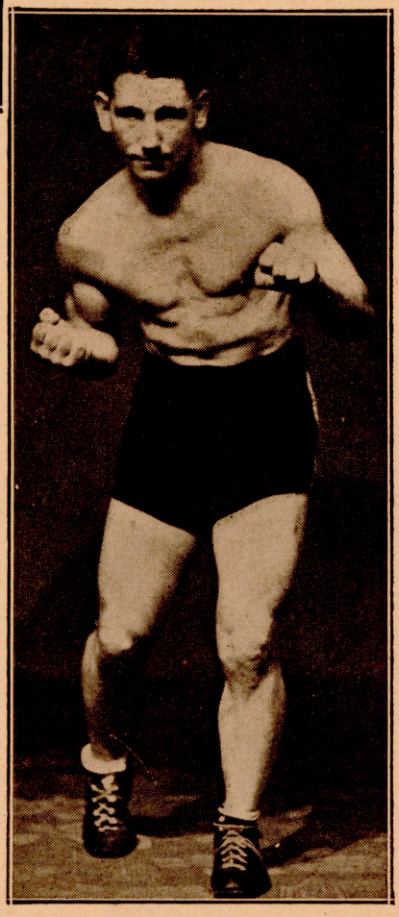
Les Johnson, Hackney flyweight.

WITH the arrival in England of the double world champion, Henry Armstrong, lightweight and welterweight king, things are humming fistically speaking in London and other big cities where boxing clubs are playing to big houses. Armstrong's visit across the Big Pond has brought new life to the sport. Whether he wins or loses in his coming battle for the welterweight crown with our own Ernie Roderick, he will get much credit for the boom in pugilism that always follows in the wake of a world titular contest.

The small clubs are running regular shows and drawing well. New talent is appearing throughout England. The boys in the lighter divisions are the best patronized because they give better performances than the heavyweights and cruiserweights. Among some of the new talent that look like good prospects are Les Johnson, Hugh Cameron, Wally Thornton and Cyril Brookes. These four are only a few out of several dozen lads about whom I shall shortly write, but as time is flying and I must get my copy across, shall use this quartet for this issue.

* * *

LES JOHNSON is a young flyweight from Hackney who is being touted high by his followers. He is a fast boy who shows cleverness and though it is difficult at this writing to state how far he might go, he looms as a good fighter.



Wally Thornton, good club fighter.

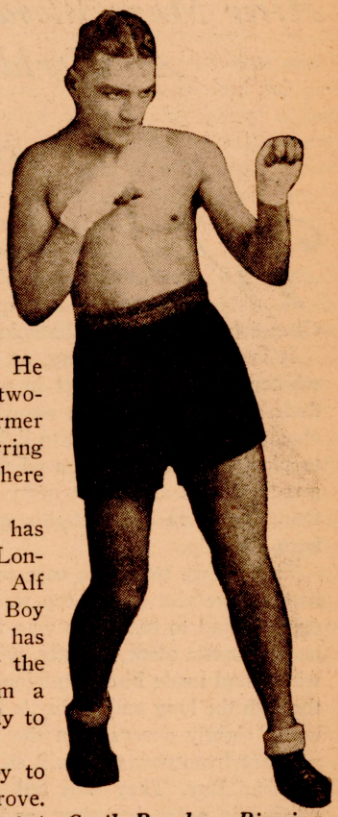
Cameron is being sponsored by the National Sporting Club. He is a flyweight who shows considerable promise. He is fast, a good hitter and can take it. The same may be said about Thornton, who is a good club fighter in a higher division.

* * *

AL LAWLEY of Birmingham, has a good boy in Cyril Brookes, a 19 year old lad who is making headway. He scales about 128 pounds, is a two-fisted battler, a pleasing performer and has engaged in many stirring battles in and around London where he is well liked.

Among the boys whom he has faced, are Harry Kid Silvers of London; Kid Chocolate of Jamaica; Alf Edwards of Birmingham and Boy Bessell. Up to this writing he has not lost a fight and is gaining the experience that should do him a world of good when he is ready to tackle the big fry.

Lawley plans to take the boy to America if he continues to improve. Lawley thinks he has a top-notch lad in the Birmingham scrapper.



Cyril Brookes, Birmingham featherweight.

British managers are requested to send to me, at 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England, photos, records and short biographical sketches of prominent fighters for publication, gratis, in these columns. There is no charge. Get busy now.

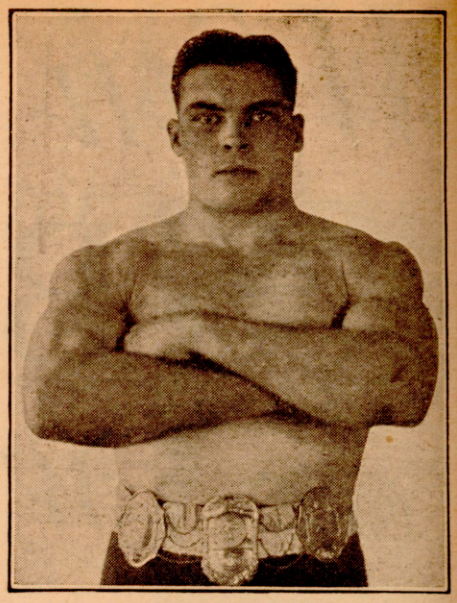
Your boxers deserve such a break in this great international publication.

Hugh Cameron, flyweight, sponsored by the National Sporting Club.

COURAGE *and* TENACITY

That's What Dave Levin Possessed to the Highest Degree in Fighting the Grim Reaper—Today, After Many Blood Transfusions, He Again Looms As World Championship Prospect

By AL MAYER



Dave Levin, the Jamaica Butcher Boy.

WHAT is it that makes a champion tick? Why is it that real champions are made of a clay so different to other mortals? Questions hard to answer, because so many qualities are necessary to make a champion. Some say a champion is born.

It isn't only in the ring, or the mat, or track, or gridiron, or whatever branch of sport in which they may be champion, that their greatest battles are waged. Not infrequently, the heart of a champion only is brought to light by a twist of fate which happens to place him in a position where he is called upon to display his great courage and heart away from the roar of the crowd, free from the glare of spotlights and without benefit of plaudits or hero worship.

This brings us to the case of Dave Levin, wonder boy of the mat, whose rise to the top was meteoric, then through an accident he had to battle his way back to championship form, fighting his battle alone, silently, with courage and tenacity—qualities which had made him champion in the first place and carried him through the long tedious battle back to health and the glory which he so rightly deserves, in the second.

Years from now they will still talk about Dave Levin, Jamaica Butcher Boy. They will tell how he was discovered by Jack Pfeffer in a butcher shop, and how carnation Jack steered him into the world's championship when everyone but Pfeffer thought he was crazy when he was shouting over the house-tops that he had the world's next title-holder. They will talk of Dave—the wrestler—as they will about Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey and other sport immortals.

* * *

HIS rise to the top reads more like fiction than fact. Dave Levin had never wrestled before he was discovered by Pfeffer, neither amateur nor for fun. Taken in tow, he was taught the rudiments of the game by able wrestlers. Dave, after a few months of training, made his debut.

Although "green," his build, strength and aggressiveness at that early stage of his career impressed. There was something definitely out of the ordinary about this boy from Jamaica and mat enthusiasts were quick to recognize it. Dave was wrestling almost nightly following his debut. It was a hard, tough grind, but the embryo wrestler was standing up well. The day began with road work, in the afternoon several hours at the gymnasium, then at night wrestling in some local arena.

For months the grind continued. Dave never complained, but steadily plugged along with the strength of character and will power which later was to serve him in such good stead when called upon to battle for his life.

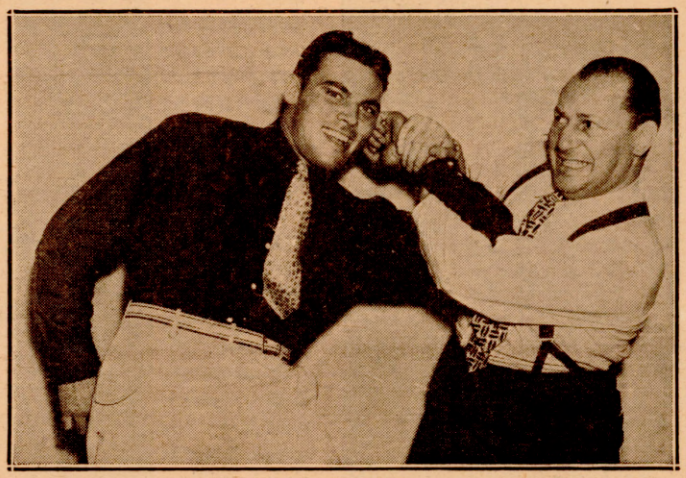
* * *

AT last Dave was sufficiently experienced to take on more seasoned opponents. At this stage he began to electrify fans and surprise his mentors, not excluding Pfeffer himself. The ease with which he disposed of his opponents, who, if not the best, at least were experienced and figured to have little trouble with the young man so recently in the mat business.

In less than two years he swept the field clean through to win the world's title. At the time he was 23 years old—youngest wrestler to win the diadem. If you stop to think that before he could challenge and finally win the title he had to defeat the best in the country, culminating with Ali Baba, twice conqueror of Dick Shikat, you will get a rough idea of the miracle achieved by the Jamaica Butcher Boy.

As world champion, Dave began to take on all comers. He burned the airways flying from one city to another, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He soon was the talk of the country, hailed as the most sensational matman of our times.

To give you a rough idea of what he was doing at this time we will take but one of many similar cases. He flew from Los Angeles to Philadelphia to meet Dean Detton, one of the toughest wrestlers in the country. Arriving in Philadelphia only in time to take a taxi to the Arena, he had a packed house in a frenzy by wrestling the Salt Lake City Mormon for 2 hours and 10 minutes—one of the most thrilling mat battles seen in the history of the Quaker City.



Benny Leonard (right) trying the arm and wristlock on Levin.

* * *

THEN fate played him a scurvy trick. It all started with a small scratch to which Dave paid little attention, then blood poisoning set in and the Jamaica Butcher

(Continued on page 43)

Rasslin' Pickups

By NAT FRANK

PERHAPS Tiger Joe Marsh does believe in blowing his own horn. Maybe he persists in telling all who care to hear that there is no tougher nor rougher wrestler in the game than he. The fact remains that Tiger Joe Marsh, the clubber from Chicago, is ready to back up his statements with records of conquests over the so-called Bad-Men of the bone-bending realm. Those that Marsh hasn't conquered, he hasn't faced yet.

"They just don't want to meet me, that's all," is the way the Windy City wrestler puts it. "There isn't a soul in the grappling realm that has anything on me when it comes to being rough. Yes, I admit that I am Mat Rioteer No. 1. If anyone dares to dispute that claim, just let him come forward and settle that matter of supremacy within the hempen ropes.

"I've been raised in the section of Chicago noted for its tough birds—the kind that attended to their own manners of settling differences. In that part of Chicago, I learned what it meant to battle for everything I wanted. I could keep a newsstand, but I had to prove fistic supremacy over the youngsters who cast covetous eyes at my business. I couldn't shine shoes unless I proved my ability with my fists. I couldn't smash baggage around the railroad station unless my pair of fists stood me in good stead. Yes, I had to fight for everything I wanted. And I will continue to fight.

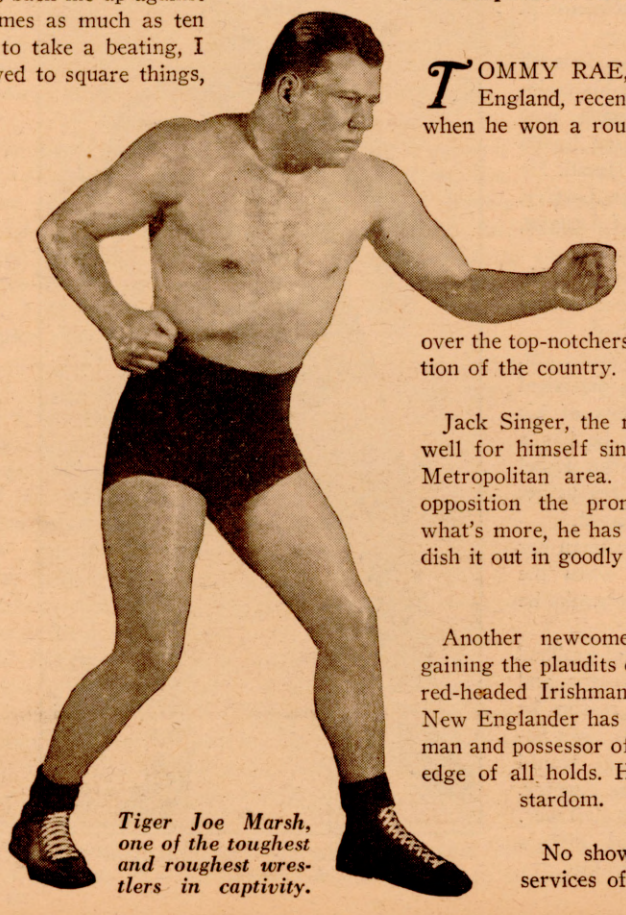
"If a wrestling match ends in a riot, it's not my fault. I am in there to win as quickly as possible. If my rivals can't stand the gaff or the pressure, they have no business being wrestlers. I learned the hard way and now I'm dishing it out the same way. Ever since I've been a child, I knew that you had to battle to keep your place in the sun.

"From the time I left public school, when I was but fifteen years of age, I had to call upon my fists to back me up against kids my own age and young men sometimes as much as ten years older. I never backed up. If I had to take a beating, I didn't go on a crying spree. I simply vowed to square things, and eventually I did.

"I got the idea of becoming a wrestler when I saw how well I handled myself in these rough and tumble encounters. I brushed up on the technique at Kid Howard's gymnasium, where some experienced professional matmen took me in tow and gave me some valuable pointers. At the age of seventeen, I weighed 185 pounds and embarked on a professional mat career. Yes, from the very outset I was a terrorist. I knew nothing else, and with the previous years of experience in the corner fights, I just knew enough to 'keep punching' all the time.

"Yes, I've been in many serious brawls, mat brawls that ended in near fatalities. I've been in lock-ups in various sections of the country for what was termed an excessive use of privileges in the ring. Many times I was placed in a cell for my own safe keeping, according to the police.

"What do people think wrestling is? A sport of sympathy? Not for me. I'm in there to win all the time. Sure, I'm rough and I'm tough. My record proves that. I've beaten practically every bad man in the game. I've beaten practically every leading orthodox wrestler. They all look alike to me. Yes, I'm bragging, but I see where no one cares to do anything about it," concluded the Chicago Tiger.



Tiger Joe Marsh, one of the toughest and roughest wrestlers in captivity.

Marsh, a Jugo-Slav, was born in Chicago, August 25, 1911. He stands 6 feet 1 inch; weighs 222 pounds; uses the stepover toe hold, hammerlock, tackle and other legal holds to show he knows his grips.

To this Jugo-Slav from the Golden Slope goes the rare distinction, if it can be so termed, of having maimed more matmen than any other gripster. He is simply in there for conquest—perpetually slashing away—slugging his way to victory. But out of his ring togs, Koverly is a quiet, unassuming fellow, 6 feet 2 inches, scaling 220 pounds; dressed in the height of fashion and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He spurned a fortune to pose for clothes and gained a fortune as a wrestler to spend on the clothes he was asked to model.

* * *

GEORGE (K. O.) KOVERLY, the Hollywood Howitzer, and undoubtedly one of the most brutal bone-benders in the wrestling profession, has turned down numerous offers to be a model for men's wearing apparel. He spurned chances to pose as a stylist for hats, neckwear, shirts, suits, shoes and even undergarments.

If the public cared to see him, it would be in the ring as a wrestler and not on billboards or in magazines or in trade periodicals.

Koverly has been in the limelight for the last six years. In that time he has built up an international reputation for himself as a wrestler that is ever dangerous—a grappler who pays little heed to the rules and regulations as prescribed by commission code. The very fact that he has become a bruiser of the roughest kind, has added to the receipts at the box offices. He thrives on showmanship. He is one of the ace showmen.

* * *

TOMMY RAE, the blond Adonis from New England, recently made a headliner of himself when he won a round robin wrestling tournament in Camden. Rae wasn't given a ghost of a chance by spectators and critics, but he fooled everyone. Since then he has proved his conquest was no mere flash in the pan, for he has been a consistent winner over the top-notchers performing in the eastern section of the country.

* * *

Jack Singer, the rugged Hebrew, is doing quite well for himself since he started grappling in the Metropolitan area. He has been facing the best opposition the promoters can get for him and what's more, he has proved that he can take it and dish it out in goodly amounts.

* * *

Another newcomer hereabouts who has been gaining the plaudits of the crowds is Otto Brill, the red-headed Irishman from New Hampshire. This New Englander has proved himself a master showman and possessor of more than the average knowledge of all holds. He is about a year away from stardom.

* * *

No show can be complete without the services of *(Continued on page 40)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By STANLEY

WLADEK ZBYSZKO, the crack Polish veteran, who still looks as fit as ever despite his long service and who possesses countless belts, medals, trophies, decorations and the like for his achievements on the mat, prizes most among his collection the only championship belt ever awarded anybody by the New York State Athletic Commission. It was presented him by the late Bill Muldoon of that body. Nobody was ever able to take it from him since the "noblest Roman of them all" gave it to Wladek in token of the world's championship. Never before or since did the New York Commission ever award such a belt to anyone.

Zbyszko says that he is ready to defend that belt against anybody in the game. He is willing to put it into competition through THE RING, against Jack Sherry, Jim Londos, Everett Marshall, Crusher Casey, or any other of the top flight matmen and $5,000 to boot as a side bet.

It was only a short time ago that Zbyszko, who was born in Krakow, Poland, returned to this country after a five years' tour of the world. He says that he never was beaten during that entire time and that among other things he did, was to post five-hundred pounds with the Liverpool Gazette for a bout with Sherry two years ago but the contest was never made. He has been on the trail of Londos but can't get a match with the champ.

Zibby says he hasn't an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. He weighs 245 pounds. He declares that the eminent physician, Dr. Karl Loew of Columbia, recently examined him and declared his heart was one hundred per cent perfect and so was his blood pressure.

Dr. Loew told Zibby that there must be something swell about wrestling when it could produce such men as he is who could stay at the top of such a strenuous sport for so long. He named Hackenschmidt, Gotch, Strangler Lewis, Gama, Poddubny and Gama and Stanislaus Zbyszko as other examples of great physical speciments in the wrestling ranks.

While on his long world tour, Wladek who always includes boxing in his training routine, boxed Erminio Spalla, now a singer in Italy, and knocked out Spalla in three rounds at San Paulo, Brazil. He also trained there with George Godfry, Bertys Perry, now manager of Lenglet, seconded Zibby against Spalla.

On his tour, Zibby wrestled the Jiu Jitsu style in Japan and the Graeco-Roman and other styles in other countries.

When the Spanish civil war broke out, Wladek was just after having deposited $300,000 in Barcelona, the fruits of his trip up to that time. He says he has a personal letter from Franco, the Rebel chief, saying he will help him try to get it now that hostilities have ceased.

Zbyszko says he was in a Pullman car on a railroad near Cordova when the shooting began and that for six weeks he was barricaded in his car.

He avers that he stole out and grabbed a machine gun from some youths and kept everybody at bay. The reason he left all the money in Barcelona, was because he felt sure that Spain would never go to war with any other country. He never dreamed they'd have a civil war. When Barcelona was destroyed, Zibby's money was confiscated by the loyalists.

According to Zibby the French warship L'Adroit carried him safely from Casa Bianca to French Morocco where he met many of the natives, friends of his. He brought wrestling to the edge of the Sahara Desert at the headquarters of the French Legion stationed at Sid Bella-Bez in Algiers.

In Warsaw of his native Poland, he received a welcome not even surpassed by royalty and was presented a beautiful belt there.

"Old age," says the well-read Zbyszko, who can read and speak nine languages, is a cross between immorality and laziness." "Not only did I lose all that money in Spain," says Wladek, "but recently three cottages I owned in Old Orchard, Me., were burned to the ground.

"I don't want to be known as a championship claimant, there are too many of them. I'd rather meet all the self-styled champions whether they are Jack Sherry, John Pesek, Jim Londos, Crusher Casey, Everett Marshall or anybody. I want to win back for wrestling the prestige it once enjoyed. None of the so-called title-holders of today or other days dare meet me. I have plenty of money to back me up and any of them can name the referee. The fans are fed up with hippodrome—let them have real honest-to-goodness bouts like those in the old days."

In that statement, THE RING stands by Wladek Zbyszko.

* * *

THE Golden Terror is the latest matman to add interest to wrestling in the East. Clubs that were drawing next to nothing are now doing well with the Terror as their headliner.

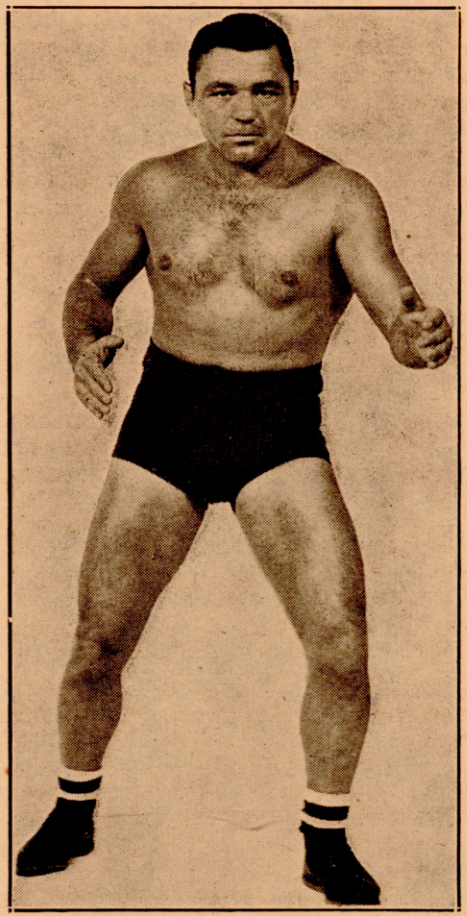
For instance in Wilmington, Del., things got so bad in the grappling line that the sport was temporarily discontinued. However, with the advent of the Terror, that city is now drawing better than it ever did. Camden, N. J. and Newark, N. J., are two other cities that are doing well with the Golden Terror. Before the masked man went to Camden, the gates were as low as three hundred dollars whereas recently the Terror drew three thousand more than that sum. So it has been all along the line, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and other spots that had dropped away down in receipts are now slowly getting back to their best figures.

When the Golden Terror first went to Philly, the in-take had been below the Grand-mark. Against Bronko Nagurski, former heavyweight champion, who lost his crown to Londos last Fall, the receipts were only $7600. Although Londos is now the champion, the Golden Terror has been outdrawing him in the East. He recently held Jimmy to a long draw in Baltimore.

The Terror wears a black hood of cloth over his head, with just the tiniest slits for eyes and it is tied to his body so that no opponent can tear it off. He is completely covered from head to foot with trunks that are of a canary-yellow—and that is why he was named the Golden Terror.

He stands over six feet and weighs over three hundred pounds. He has lost several bouts recently through disqualifications.

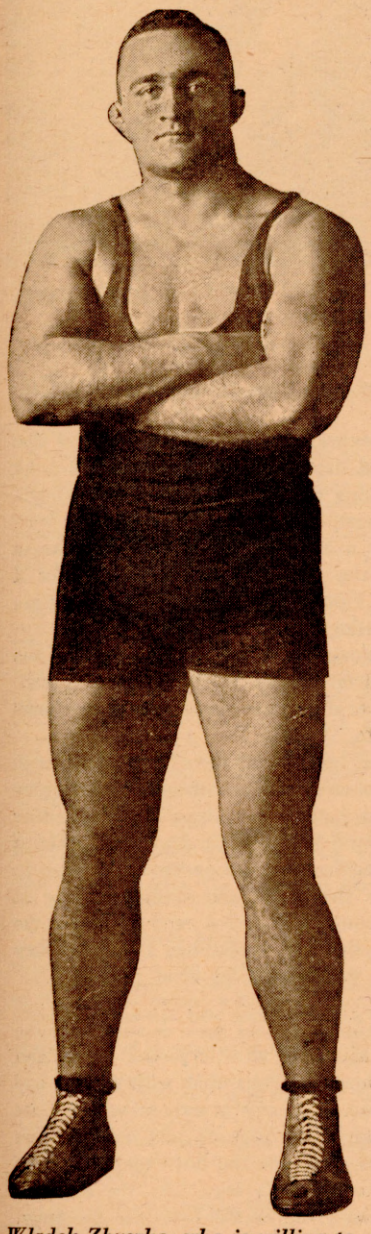
However, win or lose, he is a crowd pleaser and so long as he can keep going, he'll pull in at the gate.



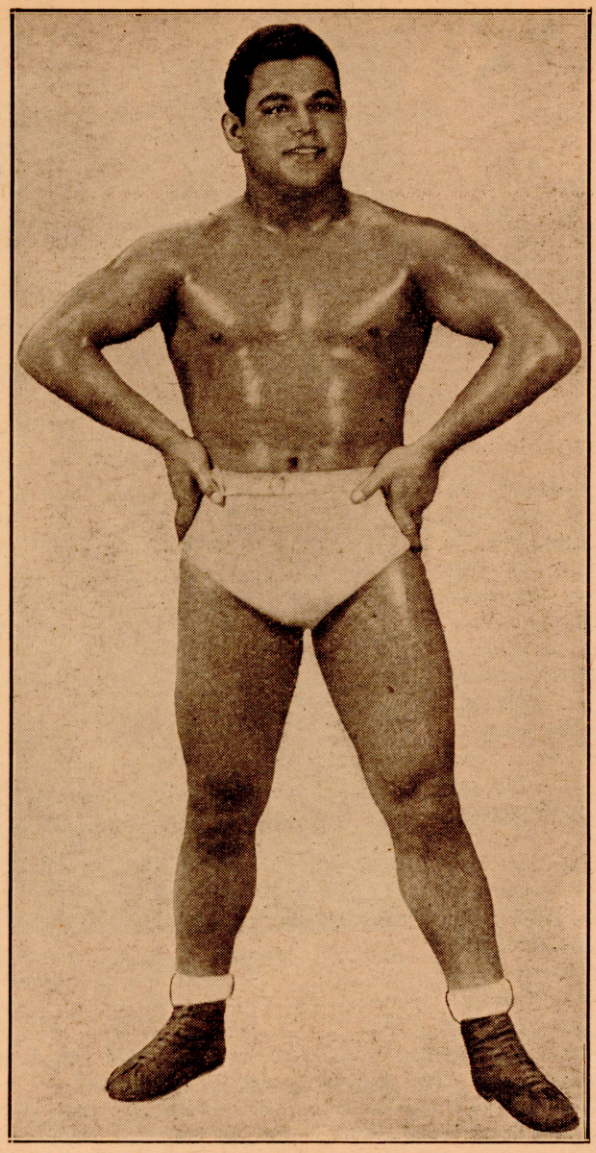
George Hartay, Wisconsin light-heavyweight.

EUROPEAN WRESTLING HIGHLIGHTS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: Orville Brown, the Kansan; Bobby Bruns, barefooted German Apollo, and George Zaharias, the "Crying Creek from Cripple Creek", have all been signed to appear in South Africa and will pass through Europe within the next few weeks. Of all the wrestling flock, the ability of Orville Brown has been the least publicized. He has done battle with such men as Everett Marshall, Jim McMillen, Tiger Daula, Danny O'Connor and Karl Sarpolis. Incidentally, he was a rodeo star before he left "bulldogging" for the matted square.

Bobby Bruns, though somewhat of a newcomer, has a pleasing record. He can boast of draws with Marshall and Dick Shikat, also of a win over Dave Levin, the ex-champion. Best known of this trio is Zaharias. A rough and rugged performer, "Greek" George is a colorful showman, but a dangerous wrestler at all times.



Wladek Zbyszko, who is willing to put up New York State championship belt for open competition.



George Makros, heavyweight champion of Greece.

* * *

Now for the wrestling news of this last month in Europe:—Miss Kathleen Look, one of the few lady promoters in the "cuff and clout" business, promotes at the Belle Vue Stadium, Manchester, and her programs bring together some of the foremost matmen in Europe. During the past few weeks she showed Albert van der Auwera, handsome heavyweight champion of Belgium, in several contests. On one occasion, George Boganski, the Russian Lion, was chosen to oppose him. The match ended in a draw. The same evening, Rajah Ranjit, India, met Herbie Parks, the brilliant Canadian wrestler. As both men tumbled out of the ring, the referee ruled the tilt a "No Contest."

* * *

At the Palais des Sports, Paris, Henri Deglane and Charles Rigoulot came to grips in a classic struggle. Obviously the patrons fully appreciated the matching of these matmen for the magnificent hall was well-filled. Deglane scored the victory by taking the first and third falls, but apparently he did not have an easy time of it. Rigoulot is hailed as the best wrestling prospect in France and has, time and again, broken standing box-office records.

* * *

George Makros, new Greek heavyweight, has a large following of fans in Europe. Born in Athens, Greece, a little more than twenty-four years ago, Makros has travelled all over Europe and has appeared with many stars. Like his fellow-countryman, Jimmy Londos, he specializes in the "airplane spin," along with a number of new versions of this hold. He weighs 210 pounds and is 5 feet 8 nches in height. Continental programs call him the "Bronzed Athenian."

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER . . . . Tommy Nilan, the Australian mite, is planning to leave Europe for American soil. Ted Thye, famous West Coast impresario is reported to have signed the Aussie for a series of matches. . . . "The Angel," Karl Pojello's freak heavyweight, is proving a lifesaver to many British promoters whose gate receipts had fallen low. Strong and powerful he is picking up the wrestling art quickly. . . . Paddy Casey, on the sidelines for sometime due to mat injuries, will join the Casey Clan shortly. . . .

* * *

GEORGE HARTAY who was born 29 years ago in Budapest, Hungary, migrated to the United States and took up residence at Milwaukee at the age of 12, has developed into one of America's formidable middleweight wrestlers.

Tipping the beam at 170 pounds, standing five feet seven inches and boasting a well proportioned and muscular physique, Hartay is an all round athlete. Tennis, soccer football, hiking, and many water sports, are his favorites, but wrestling is his most fancied sport.

It seemed almost natural that Hartay should take to wrestling. He joined the Hungarian Athletic Club in Milwaukee soon after arriving in America.

From the time he first stepped out in the club gymnasium in wrestling tights he looked like a natural.

It took George 18 months to clean up in simon-pure ranks.

He then turned to the professional game. Only 17 years old, Hartay, like many young aspirants, suffered many bad bumps. But his fast and scintillating footwork in the ring attracted the fans. His technique became more polished. It was not long before Hartay stopped taking the *(Continued on page 51)*

Wrestling Styles

By

THE MATMAN

Rudy Dusek being tossed into the Missouri River by Ernie of the Dusek clan. Just some training fun, of course.

UNTIL the "bad men" of wrestling, the rough and tough element, came into the spotlight, the type that has abandoned the orthodox style for the kicking, gouging, hair-pulling type of "wrestling" that now seems the vogue, the mat sport was one that aroused the admiration and the support of those who enjoy the employment of science in the display of athletic prowess. But all this is changed now. Only here and there does one find a scientific wrestler who works according to the rules of the game as set down hundreds of years ago. No longer do we see the masters deftly get out of one hold and with equal science, apply another while an admiring throng applauds.

Now it is the drop-kick, the hair-pull, the leg-twist, the flying tackle, the spine-rub, the eye-gouge and what not that arouses the most interest, because our present-day wrestling fans have not been educated in the same school as were those of us who enjoyed watching the great Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek; Earl Caddock, Joe Stecher, Ed Strangler Lewis, the Jim Londos of fifteen years ago; Jim Browning, when in his prime; Charley Cutler, John Pesek, Lee Wyckoff and a horde of others of that caliber. They knew wrestling as it really should be. They could apply a hold and they could break a hold in a manner that gained for them the admiration of the lovers of wrestling.

Not so today, however. The freaks, the wildmen, the whiskered palookas—they are the fellows who seem to get all the applause, while those who still like to perform in the old, orthodox style, are hooted from the arena. There aren't two dozen wrestlers in the entire universe today who could hold their own in straight, scientific grappling against the cream of the talent of fifteen to twenty years ago. Of the present crop, Earl McCready, John Pesek, Jack Sherry, Dean Detton, Lee Wyckoff, Everette Marshall, Carl Pojello, Jim Londos, Dick Shikat, Cliff Olson, Sandor Szabo, Johannes Vander Walt, Lofty Blomfield, Hans Kampfer, Hans Steinke, Yvon Robert, Vic Christy, Bob Managoff, Abe Coleman, Red Vagonne, Jack Kennedy, Steve Casey, Prince Bhu Pindar, Maurice La Chappelle, Dave Levin, Roland Kirchmeyer, Oki Shikuma, Bobby Bruns, Kodi Kumi, Talun, Henri De Glane, Max Krauser, George Dazzler Clark, Jesse James, Bert Rubi and Frank Judson rate best as scientific exponents of the mat sport, but even too few of them practice it because they realize that the fans demand comedy and acrobatics and hoot down straight wrestling.

* * *

IF one wants to analyze the reason for the tremendous drop in interest in wrestling all he has to do is to study the field of so-called stars of today and compare them with those of only a few years back. I blame the promoters for that. They are killing the goose that laid the golden egg. They can't see beyond the nose. They have ruined a great, attractive sport by the so-called "importation" of know-nothings, men who grow a beard and long hair, make grimaces, don odd raiment, are made to look like freaks and then are palmed off on the public as "wrestlers."

It could not be done in boxing, yet the promoters hand that kind of bunk out, day in and day out, to a gullible public. Of course, as Jack Pfeffer, the king of the promoters for the introduction of freaks into the sport, so often has remarked:

"This is not a sport. It is a theatrical performance. I am a theatrical producer. I give the public a laughing act, not a wrestling act, and that's why I don't have to get out a wrestling license to promote my wrestling shows."

He has defied the New York Boxing Commission and has gotten away with it. He holds no license, yet he stages the leading shows in New York. He gives the public what he thinks they want and he packs 'em in.

If he gave his patrons the kind of a show he staged with Jack Curley three years ago, when Lee Wyckoff and Ed Strangler Lewis fought more than two hours to a draw without either falling to the mat for two hours, he wouldn't draw a fly. That's the psychology of the wrestling fan and the promoters realize it. Yet if they took the bull by the horns and started placing at least one honest-to-goodness bout on a varied card to regain the public's confidence in square-shooting wrestling, I'm sure they would arouse a new interest that would be most profitable.

* * *

TODAY we have three kinds of wrestlers—the rough and tumble, slug 'em type; those who mix that with science and those who employ only science. Ask any promoter which class is the most popular for attracting the patrons, and he'll tell you the first named. The crowd loves to see the boys tear into each other, maul and haul, pull each other's legs, bite the ears off each other, land the knee in the groin or the foot into the belly, toss each other over the ropes and drag one another around the ring by the hair. These and *(Continued on page 40)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

H. L. Smith, Dayton, O.

Q.—What is the age and height of Arizmendi, Garcia and Armstrong?

A.—Armstrong, 25 years, 5 feet 5½ inches; Garcia, 28 years, 5 feet 7; Arizmendi, 26 years, 5 feet 4¾ inches.

P. Neuman, Madras, India

Q.—Was there a fighter called Gunboat Jack? How much roadwork should a fighter take while training? What diet?

A.—Yes, he came from Lawrence, Mass. and was a good fighter. He is a world traveler. About two miles. Don't eat before your road run. Have your breakfast on return.

Vincent Morgant

Q.—Who had the best uppercut? Who had the best left hook? Who was the best body puncher? What was Young Griffo noted for? Who was the best all-around fighter?

A.—Jack Johnson had a perfect uppercut—the best, Charley White was as good a left hook artist as any in the boxing game. Griffo was a clever fighter—a "will 'o the Wisp." Read my book on his life. The best body puncher was James J. Jeffries. The best all-around fighter, a man who possessed everything—was Benny Leonard. He could uppercut, hook, jab, counter and feint—a great combination battler.

A Reader

Q.—I should like to lose weight. I am 17 and stand 5 feet 9 inches and weigh 224 pounds? Should I attempt it? Do you think I will become a good wrestler if I decide on that kind of work when I grow older?

A.—It isn't conducive to good health to reduce at your age, though you are far overweight. My advice would be to go to a gymnasium, take regular, progressive exercises and your instructor, if he is any good, will soon advise you whether you can take off weight without injury. If you live in New York City, go to Prof. Joseph Pilates Studios, 839 Eighth Avenue. I know of no one who is better than he for physical training along progressive lines. He has special apparatus, invented by himself, which he uses. I have taken his course and think there is nothing like it. I recommend it to all readers of The Ring who live in New York or nearby. You should make a wrestler.

Jane Daley, Johnston, Pa.

Q.—When did Jimmy Braddock fight his last battle? When did Billy Conn fight his first pro battle?

A.—Jan. 21, 1938, Braddock fought Farr. Conn started pro career in 1936.

William Cohn, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia

Q.—How many hours did Sullivan and Corbett fight? What was the actual period of each round? Did they fight with gloves, skin-tight or large?

A.—They fought with large gloves. Each round was three minutes of fighting and one minute for resting. They fought 21 rounds, making a total of a little less than an hour and three minutes of actual fighting.

Hayward Edward, Elizabeth, N. J.

Q.—Who fought the longest battle in ring history under the bare knuckle and the modern rules?

A.—Longest fight in bare knuckle days was that between James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, six hours and 15 minutes at Melbourne, Australia, November 5, 1855. The longest with gloves was that between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans, April 6, 1893. It lasted seven hours and 19 minutes. You can get all this information and much more on records in Frank Menke's splendid Encyclopedia of Sports, 235 East 45th St. New York City.

You can get an accurate account, including the fight by rounds, of the Bowen-Burke battle in Nat Fleischer's Black Dynamite Series, Vol. 3, the story of Joe Gans, George Dixon, Joe Walcott and their contemporaries. The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden, $1.50.

Charles Bosch, N. Y. C.

Q.—How can I learn how to bandage my hand before putting on the gloves?

A.—Buy a copy of Nat Fleischer's book, "How to Manage and Second a Fighter, Price $1.00. It gives diagrams and tells just how much gauze or soft cloth and how much tape to use and how to prevent lack of circulation of blood.

E. L. Martin, Windsor Lane, Bucks, Eng.

Q.—What is the address of Battling Nelson? Is Ad Wolgast still alive? Why don't you write a story on the life of Billy Papke?

A.—We haven't his address. Yes, Ad is in a sanatorium in San Francisco. We'll try, some day to oblige you.

Frank La Monte, Aliquippa, Pa.

Q.—I am 16 years old and am 5 feet 4. What will I be, approximately at 21? I am planning entering the C.C.C. Will the work I do there increase my height? Is a bar bell course or Atlas Course better? Is chinning the bar a good exercise? How often shall I do it? Where can I get a bar?

A.—You should be about 5 feet 7. Yes, C.C.C. camps will develop your body and also help your height. Bar Bells are good if you want to do exercises with heavy weights. If you don't want weights, the Atlas course is an excellent one. Atlas has developed many boys into healthy, sturdy persons. His course is highly recommended. Chinning the bar is excellent. It strengthens the back, the chest, the forearms and legs. Get a bar at any sports goods store. Chin about 20 times, if you can. Later add to that.

Art Bellinger, Akron, O.

Q.—What is Hamas doing? Is Brubaker still fighting? What is the height and weight of Abe Simon, Alabama Bill, Ray Impelletiere, Nagurski, Steinke, Talun and Jack Donovan?

A.—Steve Hamas has retired, but Brubaker is still active. Abe Simon is 6 feet 4½ inches, 255 pounds; Alabama Bill Lee, 6 feet 1 inch, 210 pounds; Ray Impelletiere, 6 feet 5½ inches, 238 pounds; Bronko Nagurski, 6 feet 1½ inches, 220 pounds; Hans Steinke, 6 feet 2 inches, 240 pounds; Wladislaw Talun, 6 feet 7½ inches, 310 pounds; Jack Donovan, 6 feet 1 inch, 215 pounds.

Johnny Martin, Lansford, Pa.

Q.—I am 19 years of age. Is it too late for me to get started as a boxer? While playing football, I had a slight concussion in my head and I dislocated my shoulder. I feel o.k. now. Would that affect me any when in training or participating in boxing?

A.—Nineteen is o.k. Just about right. As for the other query, I would much prefer to have you take up your case with your medical advisor. You see the responsibility is too great. Personally I feel that after a rest, if all is o.k. as you say, there would be no harm, but the physician or surgeon who had your case, is the proper man to see. His advice should be final.

Buck Weaver, Millsboro, Pa.

Q.—We have had considerable discussions in my barber shop about the kidney punch. Some of my customers say that the kidney punch is banned only in New York. Others say it is out, everywhere. In what states do they permit it?

A.—In none of the states where boxing is legalized. All states that are members of the National Boxing Association ban the punch. In states where there is no commission rule, anything goes.

Bobby McLean, Santa Paula, California

Q.—Didn't the Ring err when it was stated in the questions and answers column that Patsy Perroni knocked out Bob Roper in two rounds? Shouldn't it have read the reverse?

A.—Yes, it was a misprint. Perronni was stopped in two rounds by Roper. Thanks for correcting us.

Reader, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Is there a book I can buy giving details on the style of Terry McGovern and Harry Greb? What nationality is Johnny Paychek?

A.—No. Polish.

Dave Gallagher, Watervliet, N. Y.

Q.—From whom did Jack Johnson win the world's heavyweight championship?

A.—Johnson won the title from Tommy Burns, Dec. 26, 1908, in Sydney, Australia.

S. W. Norton, Vt.

Q.—How old is Jack Roper? Did he ever fight Jim Braddock, and who won? Do you think Conn could whip Bettina or Lewis? I am 17 years old, 5 ft. 10½ inches tall, and weigh 160 pounds, how tall and how heavy will I be at 21?

A.—Roper was 36, on March 28. Braddock knocked out Roper in 1 round, 1931. I think Bettina can beat Conn and Lewis. At 21 you should be 6 feet tall, and weigh 180 pounds.

Jerry Pappert, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Did Tony Galento ever knock out Joe Louis when Joe just started his career? What was the longest glove fight on record? How many times did Yarosz and DeJohn meet? Did Carnera's punch cause the death of Schaaf?

A.—No, they never met, but will meet for first time in June. Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fought 7 hours and 19 minutes at New Orleans, La., in 1893. You will find a good story on that fight in my latest book. "The Fighting Furies", Black Dynamite series, Volume 4. Ted and DeJohn met three times. DeJohn lost last two fights but won the first. Schaaf died after the Carnera fight but it was the beating Ernie got from Baer in Chicago that really caused his death.

George Clark, Baleston Spa, N. Y.

Q.—What is the nationality of Solly Krieger? How many fights did John L. Sullivan lose and to whom?

A.—Krieger is American born of Jewish parentage. Sullivan lost only once, to James J. Corbett at New Orleans, 1892.

Clyde Wilbourn, Bayfield, Colorado

Q.—In your opinion who has the hardest punch, Joe Louis or Max Baer? If they fought, do you think it would go the limit? Who do you think will win? Where was Tony Galento born?

A.—Louis has a better punch than Max Baer. I believe Louis would knockout Baer. Tony Galento was born in Orange, New Jersey.

The Backslapper

Q.—At what age may a young pro fighter participate in eight and ten round fights? Jimmy Adamick was suspended last May, for his activity in the Jack Trammell fight. Was not his manager "Doc" Kearns, just as much to blame? Is Roscoe Toles considered to be a dangerous puncher? Was Leroy Haynes a title contender at the time he knocked out Primo Carnera?

A.—A fighter must be 18 to fight 8 round bouts in New York, and 21 to fight 10 rounds or over. Kearns was just as much to blame for the Trammell affair as was Adamick, and he was also suspended in Michigan, where the fight was held. Toles is a very dangerous puncher. Leroy Haynes was considered one of the best heavyweight prospects at the time he stopped Carnera.

Gus Spino, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think Matt Perfetti is made of Championship timber? What are his chances of getting to the top?

A.—Matt Perfetti is one of the finest featherweight prospects around. He has a good record, and should go a long way.

Jack Gray, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—What was the largest crowd ever to attend a fight at Madison Square Garden? Who were the fighters?

A.—Joe Louis vs. Paulino Uzcudun, 20,000 people.

Max Lew, Detroit, Michigan

Q.—I am 18 years old. I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weigh 152 pounds, have ankle 9 inches, calf 15 inches, thigh 20 inches, waist 29½ inches, neck 14 inches, wrist 7 inches, forearm 12 inches, biceps 13 inches, fist 9 inches, reach 70 inches, chest normal 36 inches, chest expanded 39 inches. Are these measurements good enough to start boxing? What is the price of your boxing course, alone? Are weight lifting exercises good for a boxer? What are the perfect measurements for a 5 foot 9 inch frame? How much more do you think I'll increase in height and weight at 21?

A.—These measurements are O.K. The price of our single boxing course of 9 books including the one book on Blocking and Hitting and other methods of self defense which goes with the set, is $3.98. Weight lifting exercises are not so good for boxing. I advise against it, unless you use weights of 5 lbs. or less. Good measurements for a fighter 5 ft. 8 are—ankle 9 inches; calf 14; thigh 20; waist 30; chest normal 34½; expanded 38; neck 15; wrist 7½; forearm 12; biceps 13; fists 10; or 10½; reach 68 to 71.

L. McIntyre, Broken Hill, Australia

Q.—What chance do you give Ron Richards and Mickey Miller of becoming champions of their divisions?

Do you think Jack Carroll would have beaten Barney Ross, both men at their best?

I am 18 years of age, weigh 137 pounds, height 5 ft. 5 inches. What will be my height and weight at 21?

A.—Richards has a very good chance of becoming champion if he gets the titleholder in the ring. Mickey Miller is a fine featherweight fighter, but I do not believe he could win the title. Miller was recently kayoed by Jackie Wilson in 4. Ross and Jack Carroll at their best would have been a great fight, with each having an equal chance of gaining the victory.

At 21 you will weigh 145 pounds, and stand 5 feet 7 inches tall.

Philip Martin, Peekskill, N. Y.

Q.—Did Melio Bettina ever fight Joe Tinsley, as a professional? If so where was the fight held, and who won?

A.—Bettina fought Joe Tinsley Jan. 9, 1936, in White Plains, N. Y., and Melio won the 6 round decision.

Thomas Cavanaugh, Albany, New York

Q.—Did you ever hear of two welterweights named Eddie Ran, and Billy Townsend? If so how good were they? What are their nationalities, and where are they now?

A.—Eddie Ran and Billy Townsend were two of the best welterweights in the world at the time they were fighting in their prime. Both fought the best in their divisions, and were very close to the championship. Townsend is now in Vancouver, and Ran is around New York. Townsend is a Canadian, and Ran is Polish. Both are retired.

British Get Chance

(Continued from page 6)

He became a long range boxer. And a good one.

He bobbed and he weaved and he came up out of his crouches with zipping overhand rights. He was a shifty target and he had Day missing countless times as the Chicago challenger sought to hammer the wounded optic. Eddie Mead, Armstrong's manager, was so pleased with Armstrong's work (he was probably seeing Armstrong, the long range boxer, for the first time himself) that he stated, after the fight, he might make that style permanent with Henry.

* * *

HENRY continued his long range style during the remaining few rounds of the Day fight and though the blood continued to trickle a bit, his seconds (Mead, Harry Armstrong and Frank Bagley) did a good job in his corner, staunching the flow as much as possible. Some fans shouted at Cavanaugh to stop the fight, but it is doubtful if such a thought even entered the referee's mind.

Day put up a brilliant stand. He had not been given much chance against Armstrong and the newspaper experts thought so little of him as a challenger that a crowd of only 11,000 turned out, contributing a gross gate of $29,028, disappointing to Promoter Mike Jacobs, head of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club.

During the first five rounds, Day fought Armstrong pretty much after the fashion used by Lou Ambers in the memorable lightweight title match last summer. He let Armstrong come in close, then drove short, hard uppercuts to Henry's head.

Naturally, he took a beating in the process. But he appeared to grow stronger as the fight progressed and in the sixth chapter he followed orders from his handlers to move around more, to try to keep Henry off with a left hand. That didn't help much, as Armstrong gave him a frightful going over. Still Day kept coming back for more and handing it out.

* * *

IN the seventh round his right eye began to close and by the time the ninth started, it was completely shut. Severely handicapped now, he still fought back courageously as the crowd tried to root him home. But finally the pace started to tell. He began to weaken in the eleventh and his left eye also started to close. In the twelfth round he could barely see at all and Henry, sensing the kill, moved in with all his weapons.

He buried a cruel right into Day's ribs and the Chicagoan sank to the canvas. Referee Cavanaugh did not bother to count. He signalled that the fight was over.

It is interesting to note that, whereas it was the welterweight title which was at stake, actually the two principals in the match were mere lightweights. Armstrong scaled 135 while Day balanced the beams at only one pound above the lightweight limit.

It was revealed after the contest that Armstrong had suffered a fractured bone in his left hand. He still wore the hand in a cast when he boarded the *Queen Mary* for his trip to England.

With him went his wife and his four-year-old daughter, Lanette; his trainer, Harry Armstrong, and the latter's wife; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Mead; Chalky Wright, colored featherweight from California, and Eddie Walker.

If Armstrong should retain his crown, it will be a demonstration by him that he has been unjustly dealt with on this side of the Big Pond, where the fight fans, urged on by the small fry gamblers, have hooted, booed and hissed him every time he has entered the ring in New York. They apparently don't appreciate a good fighter. Instead of making a hero out of the three-time champion, they try to belittle him.

Let's see what our English brethren, who know a good fighter when they see one, will have to say about Homicide Hank.

Wanted

Would deeply appreciate if some kind friend in Ireland will send to me for my World's Fair Collection a Shillelagh. Who'll oblige?

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City

What For—

(Continued from page 13)

Well, Harry started to make Galento clever. Mendel wrote reams of snappy sayings, silly cracks, primordial philosophy and Rabelaisian riot, much of which found its way into the sports pages as having been uttered by the really slow-witted Galento.

"This guy certainly is funny," said the fans. The situation was cooking splendidly!

* * *

WHILE all this was going on in New Jersey, Joe Louis was reigning as heavyweight champion of the world. He was eating, sleeping, reading the funnies, and sleeping some more.

The public is not especially interested in the out-of-the-ring doings of a fighter who eats, sleeps and reads the funnies. It admires skill in the ring, but it wants a fillip to this mechanical adroitness. In short, it got a little tired of the non-acting champion and was all too eager to grasp at the comedy-relief which emanated from the Association for the Forcing of a Galento Match on Louis.

Galento kept pushing over third raters —and making wise cracks out of the brain of Harry Mendel.

The New York Boxing Commission had suspended Galento for those beer hoisting pictures. This august body, sometimes serene in its mental lucubrations, decided that a guy like Galento, who will pose for beer hoisting pictures, is not a good example to the growing American boy.

Into the picture came another factor, about which little is said. Louis is the second Negro heavyweight champion. The white race arrogates unto itself too many superlatives in a ring which has developed so many great Negro fighters, and which today has its Henry Armstrong in addition to Louis.

The promoters will tell you that it is not good for the heavyweight class to have a Negro champion, that too many folks do not like to see a Negro holding the title.

Personally, we think that is mainly hooey. Folks will go to see a fighter no matter what color his skin may be, just so long as he can fight. But we cannot overlook the importance of the fact that Louis is a Negro in the growth of the Galento buildup.

* * *

IT has been the contention of this magazine that Galento has not shown enough fighting skill and a record sufficiently impressive to warrant his being matched with Joe Louis.

It has been the contention that Galento has not done anything to merit a big outdoor fight with Louis, at big, outdoor prices.

But the public seems to want this fight, even if it does go only two rounds. The building up process has worked so well. And there is another angle.

The fight fan says: There should be a Louis fight this Summer. If it isn't Galento, it should be Nova. He is not ready, and we don't want to kill off a potential champion.

If it isn't Galento, it should be Baer. And he got such a plastering from Joe that the fans would not go for it again. Besides, we need Baer for Nova.

If it isn't Galento, should it be Farr? No. Farr has been licked by everybody, Nova included—and by Louis, as well.

If it isn't Galento, it would be some other fighter who would not last any longer than Two-Ton. Galento at least would inject some fun into a too-serious picture.

So you have the New York commission relenting. You have Mike Jacobs changing his mind—that is, if he really did not have the Galento match in his noggin all the time. You have the public accepting, you have the Louis vendetta angle, you have the results of perhaps the most astonishing ballyhoo in the entire history of the knuckle industry.

And so we say, if that's the way it is, let's get it over with!

* * *

AS a matter of fact, is this Galento match so much worse, let us say, than the Dempsey affair with Georges Carpentier?

The Gallic Orchid Man was much too small and light for Jack. But Rickard saw the big chance. Carpentier had fought in the World War. The memories of that struggle were fresh in the public mind.

So Carp was built up into a great opponent for the American mauler. It was the Battle of the Century.

Carpentier was hidden away at Manhasset, Long Island, in a training camp which was closed to the writers. The wily Jack Curley, handling the Frenchman, knew that if the experts glimpsed the Orchid Man in action and knew he scaled little more than 165 pounds, they would deride the match into a flop.

So reams and reams of ballyhoo were unfurled. To be sure, Carp hit Jack once, pretty hard. But just once. It was no fight; over in three heats. Could have been over in the first but Tex had begged Dempsey to carry the Orchid Man and give the fans a little run for their dough.

Yes, the Association for the Construction of Galento certainly can point the finger at fistic history. And so we will let Time and the Destinies—and Faith, Hope and Charity, as well—handle this situation as Galento hoists more beer and the slow-thinking Joe Louis asks again:

"What for that fat little man want to call me a bum?"

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 9)

open to dispute, but I would be willing to wager that Bob would gain the verdict by a mile. Tony doesn't belong in the same class with Bob, yet got the title match because he was pushed into it by the boxing writers and his shrewd manager, Joe Jacobs. If Tony can't fight any better than he can act, then those who are going to pay $25 to see him will do so only because they want to be on the scene when the stretcher-bearers arrive.

It is time that the New York State Boxing Commission took a hand in the matter and did something to aid its own title holder towards getting a much deserved match with the champion. No matter how poorly Bob did against Jolting Joe three years ago, he still rates high enough now to be given the chance for which he pleads. Mike Jacobs, who controls the matchmaking for Joe and Messrs. Black and Roxborough, Louis' managers, should reconsider their decision to give Bob Pastor the bum's rush until he grows a beard. That rush should have been given to Tony Galento instead.

* * *

THE past month saw many surprises in various divisions, particularly among the smaller boys. The defeat of Leo Rodak by Everette Rightmire and that of Jimmy Gilligan of Buffalo by Al Mancini, were two that stood out. Joey Fontana's victory over the hitherto undefeated Allie Stolz was another big upset.

Many new faces are coming to the fore in the lightweight class and before the summer is over, we should have plenty of exciting competition with them. I heartily commend the programme of Mike Jacobs to keep the Garden open all summer during the World's Fair and to stage fights at popular prices. They will draw.

* * *

BOXING in Venezuela and in other sectors around the Caribbean, is gaining favor with the local sports. The Pan-American amateur boxing tournaments in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama and Venezuela have brought forth a new interest in fisticuffs, with the result that new promoters of professional boxing have entered the field. Down in Venezuela, Mr. Perez, who is the owner of the Republic Pictures de Venezuela, has added to his activities the sport of boxing, and he is bringing down to Caracas many good American boys through THE RING organization.

His headliner is Simon Chavez. Freddie Miller, whom I sent to box Chavez, informs me that Mr. Perez is a charming fellow, a real sport with whom to work, and that any boys sent to him, need have no fear of not getting a square deal. That is a consolation when one considers the number of times fly-by-night promoters have bamboozled young American lads with promises that fizzled once the lads arrived on the scene.

Mr. Perez is a welcome addition to South American promoters.

* * *

ST. JOHN DEAN, Secretary of the Transvaal National Sporting Club, one of the leading figures in boxing in South Africa, informs me that boxing is also going good again in Johannesburg. With the papers devoting more space to the sport and new talent being developed, "Tiny", as he is known on this side of the Big Pond where he has many friends in the sports world, says that it won't be long before he will be importing American talent again as in the past.

Johannesburg has always been a great boxing center and it is good news to learn that the sport is coming back with a bang.

* * *

THE recent death of Owen Moran in an automobile accident, brought to an end the career of one of the greatest fighters of all time. They may rave about Henry Armstrong, Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri and others of their calibre, but I doubt that any of the boys of the present era among the featherweights and lightweights had anything on the great little fighter from England.

Coming to America in 1907 under the guidance of Charley Harvey and his assistant, Jimmy Johnston, Moran fought many great contests in this country. Among the boys whom he took on in an era when the field was chock full of stars in both divisions, were Abe Attell, Frankie Neil, Ad Wolgast, Pal Moore, Matty Baldwin, Packey McFarland, Joe Shugrue, Battling Nelson, Phil Brock, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Frankie Conley, Johnny Frayne, Frankie Burns, Tommy O'Toole and Eddie Hanlon among others. So splendid a fighter was he, that his name on a show card meant a packed house in every part of the country where he fought.

Many tales of his adventures in this country are told, a number of which I recently recounted in the story of my 3 years in boxing in "The People" of London, in which I reviewed the careers of famous British fighters I had seen in America. Jimmy Johnston correctly remarked, when informed of Moran's death: "Wish I had an Owen Moran now, for Owen was of a school that comes to the front but once in a fight fan's life."

His last appearance in the States was just before the World War got under way, when his fighting days were practically over. He was then stopped by Joe Shugrue. He fought Attell for the featherweight title and Abe at the time acted the part of Shylock by insisting on his pound of flesh when Moran came in at the scales slightly over the weight agreement. No amount of persuasion could make Attell change his mind. He forced Moran to reduce through running and in the steam room and then took away his forfeit, in addition. Moran fought Attell five times and each bout was a thriller.

He was a rough, tough fighter who never backed away once a bout got started. He liked his laughs and got them, but once in training, he meant business. He carried a hefty wallop and was mighty clever, too. He was born in 1884.

* * *

JUST when the news of the death of the great Owen Moran reaches these shores from England, word comes from New Orleans of the critical illness of another great Moran, Pal, whose fighting days ended just about the time that Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler and Charley White, his contemporaries with whom he fought some thrillings contests, hung up their gloves. Pal has tuberculosis and his life is in danger. He is penniless and to aid him, a gigantic benefit performance was arranged in the Crescent City for April 10, from which sufficient funds were obtained to care for him for at least, several months.

Through this magazine, Bill Shaw, Secretary of the Louisiana Athletic Commission appeals to the army of friends who were unable to attend the benefit boxing show to send to him their contribution to add to the worthy cause. Every penny received, will go to help Pal Moran to fight off the plague. Let's go to it, boys.

* * *

SENATOR WARREN BARBOUR of New Jersey, former amateur heavyweight champion, is to be congratulated for his foresight in asking the Senate to repeal the law prohibiting the inter-state shipment of fight films. The law, enacted after the winning of the world heavyweight title by Jack Johnson, has been on the books ever since. Although repeatedly violated, with here and there a heavy fine imposed on the offender, the law has been a thorne in the sides of the fight fans for many years. Why a state wherein the fight took place can also see the pictures, but one outside that state, has to have its film smuggled before being shown, is a mystery.

THE RING three years ago, when Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong came to the fore, urged the repeal. We congratulate Senator Barbour on his stand against the present law. The conditions that confronted this country when Johnson won the title, no longer exist.

During the past ten years many colored boys have won titles and each has been a citizen of the finest type. The youth of America look up to Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong. There is no reason why they should not be permitted to see the pictures of fights in which these champions have appeared.

It was, as Senator Barbour pointed out in the Senate, "meritorious legislation when enacted, but that condition no longer exists."

Good work, Senator Barbour. I hope you win your point.

* * *

THAT the business deal which the Madison Square Garden officials clinched with Mike Jacobs a year ago wherein they were to share in fight receipts of all contests staged by Jacobs regardless of location, has proved most profitable. In return for having given up its own boxing department, Col. Kilpatrick's organization dipped its fingers into a pot of $442,880, contributed by 139,097 paying customers. That amount was the gross from thirteen shows. The figures constitute only the indoor season fights. The gross for the entire year is $657,366 of which the Garden received as its share approximately $100,000 besides its rental fee. Mike Jacobs pays $5000 a show minimum with fifteen per cent over a certain amount.

Joe Louis, as was to be expected, drew the biggest gate both this year and last. For the 1937-38 season, he grossed $111,716 for his fight with Nathan Mann and last winter, he led the list with $102,015 for his contest with John Henry Lewis. The Armstrong-Garcia fight, with $79,931 and the Apostoli-Conn second fight with $49,424, followed. The last named bout drew the largest attendance with 18,776 paid admissions.

Wrestling Styles

(Continued from page 36)

other "entertaining" stunts are what the fans admire in a modern wrestling show.

Why are the famous Dusek brothers and cousins so popular? You have the answer in the above paragraph.

Joe Dusek, Wally Dusek, Emil Dusek —they, with Rudy and Ernie, can fill a club when billed together because the crowd expects to get its laughs and its thrills with the flying tackles, the body and head punching and other rough-and-tumble exhibits. I dare say that during the World's Fair, if Rudy bills his troupe, including himself, against the cream of the rough men around New York, he'll have the S.R.O. sign out every night.

There is George K.O. Koverly, Tiger Joe Marsh, Joe Cox of Kansas City, Rebel Bob Russell of Boston, Joe Savoldi of Michigan, George Zaharias of Colorado, Wee Willie Davis, Roughouse Silverstein, King Levinsky, Herbert Dutch Schultz, Cliff Olson, the slamming Swede, among others, who are of the "killer" school, but not so terrible as the Dusek clan.

In between that group of wild men and the clean cut, scientific grapplers, the gentlemen of the wrestling sport, we find a group of swell matmen who can wrestle equally well in a scientific manner and can employ the rough and tumble tactics when they have to.

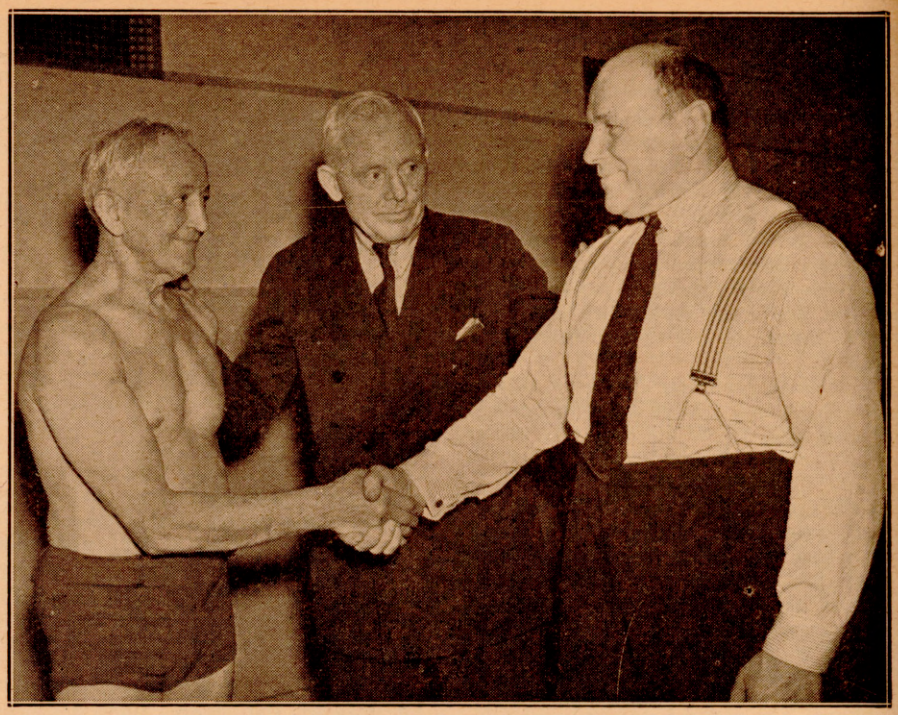
Often, as in the case of Jim Londos, one of the ablest scientific wrestlers of recent years, even though the opposition is of the clean type, these wrestlers like to mix some "dirty" work with their scientific grappling just to please the public. That's why Londos, despite the fact that he keeps meeting opponents from only one group in city after city throughout the country, is so popular.

There can be no doubt about the prowess of the Greek Adonis. He knows wrestling and he is one of the smartest, cleverest matmen in the game. The only fault I find with him is that he won't tackle real opposition in defense of his world crown.

We have in that same class of mixed grapplers such good men as Chief Little Wolf, who is now on his way to Australia and New Zealand, where he is sure to be a hit; Hank Barber of Boston, Gus Sonnenberg of the same city; Ed Don George of Buffalo, a most capable, scientific and rough wrestler when necessity arises; Marvin Westenberg of Oregon, Gino Garibaldi, Sammy Stein, another of that same class; Lou Thiez of St. Louis, Vincent Lopez of Mexico, George Penchoff of St. Louis, Ralph Garibaldi, Orville Brown of Kansas City, Mo., Ray Steele of California, Stanley Pinto of Ravenna, Neb., Pat Meehan of Ireland, Jim McMillan of Illinois, Jack Pye of England, Danny Muir of Australia, Chief Little Beaver of Texas, Daniel Boone Savage of Kentucky, Sol Slagle of Nebraska, Dr. N. Hall of Nebraska and Mike Mazurki of New York, among others.

When it comes to the dyed-in-the-wool wrestlers, the best exponents of science, the field narrows down to very few. In addition to those I have already mentioned, we have Tommy Rae of Boston, Dan O'Mahony of Ireland, Len Macaluso of Buffalo, Mamucks Gama and Ram Singh of India, Charley Strack of Spring Valley, New York, Tommy Nilen of Australia, Douglas Clark of Scotland, Prof. Jack Robinson of Johannesburg, South Africa, Al Bisagnano of Des Moines, Iowa, Henry Piers of Holland, Laverne Baxter of Rahway, N. J., Paddy Mack of Boston, Dr. John Drop-Kick Murphy of Massachusetts, Scotty McDougle of Canada, Ayub Khan of Afghanistan, Kafoor Khan of Afghanistan and John Spellman of Boston.

Of course the greatest scientific wrestler of modern times is Gama of India. His disciples, Imam and Hamida, are still rated close to him in skill. The Hindus who are in the Gama School could probably take the measure of any of our leading talent.



Renewing old acquaintanceship. George Bothner shaking hands with George Hackenschmidt, while Bill Brown, New York Commissioner, looks on. This trio was famous in the old days of wrestling. Hack is in New York on a lecture tour.

If Punching Bags Could Talk

(Continued from page 27)

bantam championship. O'Rourke must be given credit for having discovered the free-swinging bag. In a way it was accidental. Dixon, like all other pugs of the day, used the top-and-bottom-cord connected bag which was common to this country, England and Australia.

One day when George was hammering the bag, the lower connection broke. O'Rourke cut off the bottom cord and told Dixon to go ahead and let the bag swing free. It didn't take either manager or fighter long to figure out that they had found something worth while. O'Rourke immediately had a bag made on the general pattern of those now in use.

When the pair returned to the United States, both Dixon and O'Rourke were loud in praise of the new bag, which was also used by Joe Walcott, whom O'Rourke piloted eventually to the welterweight championship. The bag which is on exhibition is the one O'Rourke brought back from London, and is almost round like a modern basketball. It contains two layers of leather, an inside and outside cover, much on the style of the old watches with two protective cases. The bladder, unlike that of the present day, is also almost round. The outside top of the cover has six flaps, each with metal buttons that enter the inner leather through holes to fit.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that the O'Rourke-Dixon discovery revolutionized the process of bag-making. Both England and Australia were quick to discard the time-honored floor-and-ceiling connected bag, and its use became universal wherever the glove game flourished.

Such, in brief outline, are some of the salient facts connected with the active service life of the "bags of the champions" that occupy an honored place in The Ring Magazine Sport Museum. Side by side with them hang gloves that covered the hands of many great champions in their greatest battles. They can't speak for themselves, but are well worth holding silent communion with, as they bring to the observer memories of bygone, history-making wars of the squared circle!

Rasslin' Pickups

(Continued from page 33)

Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher. There is no question of his ability as a first class showman. Neither is there any disputing the fact that he has the champion and championship pretenders scurrying to cover whenever his name is mentioned as a prospective opponent when the time is ripe to present him.

* * *

Mike Mazurki, former all-sports luminary of Manhattan College, is taming the mat villains around Texas. He has been absent from this part of the country for almost a year.

Corn Belt's Pride

(Continued from page 25)

He came through nobly. He was on his haunches ready to get up at the count of three, arose at the eight count and apparently was in as good shape then as he had been before the blow, for he immediately took the play from the Negro and began outpointing him again.

More than that, near the end of the fifth, the bellboy landed a right to the jaw and sent Oliver on the first visit to the resin in his career. The gong, however, ended the round at the count of two.

Even though he won by a wide margin Paychek was not in good condition for that fight. He had boxed only once between it and the Ettore scrap. He had spent most of his time traveling about the country in an automobile from Chicago to Hot Springs, Ark., to St. Louis, back to Des Moines and then to Omaha. The water at Hot Springs had caused him to lose weight and he tipped the beam at only 186 pounds two days before the scrap. In a more recent fight, Paychek knocked out Oliver in a return engagement in the fourth round. He also knocked out Verne Trickle in two and twice stopped Stan Savoldi in four and five rounds, respectively.

* * *

NEXT he met Charley Massera, the Pittsburgh veteran, in Des Moines and won all 10 of the rounds by a margin as wide as from Des Moines to the Mississippi River. But he couldn't finish the wiley veteran, although he had him wobbling in the first, second and tenth rounds and had him draped over the ropes for a five count in the second.

But no one stops Massera. Joe Louis did it, and Tony Galento, who meets Louis next June, won a technical "kayo." That is all.

Paychek, who was trained to be a musician, taking violin lessons for five years, does not have a killing punch. But he is a sharp hitter. He seldom throws a right hand, but when he does, it connects and it's damaging. He can hit an opponent through a mosquito netting and he's a busy worker, always throwing punches.

There is only one thing the people out in Iowa don't know about him. They haven't decided yet whether he can take a punch. He's never been hit solidly, except by Oliver.

If he can take it there isn't much question but that the Hawkeye state will be able to boast in the future about something besides its tall corn.

Billy Myer

(Continued from page 30)

crown was at stake, Myers and Champion McAuliffe competing.

On the day following, George Dixon was listed to defend the featherweight championship against Jack Skelly of Brooklyn. The third day brought together John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett in combat for the world's heavyweight championship.

In the second round of the McAuliffe-Myers contest, the champion lightweight landed a terrific right cross full on Myer's temple. Billy afterwards declared that he never fully recovered from this punch, which took all the steam out of his hitting powers. He fought on doggedly, but automatically, and could not stem McAuliffe's rushes successfully.

* * *

IN the fifteenth round, McAuliffe put a right to the jaw and forced Myer to the ropes, knocking him down. Myer was weak and groggy when he arose. McAuliffe again drove his right to the jaw, knocking his opponent to the ropes, where he hung limp and helpless. The referee counted Myer out and proclaimed McAuliffe the victor, and still champion.

McAuliffe was awarded the $20,000 purse guaranteed by the Olympic Club, and also a $5,000 side bet. Scaling at the ringside, the respective weights of the battlers were 137½ for McAuliffe; Myer, 137¾.

Dixon kayoed Skelly in eight rounds the day following, and then came the crash that shook the sport world—when the mighty John L. went down to defeat before Jim Corbett in twenty-one rounds.

McAuliffe bet his entire winnings on Sullivan, and also served as chief second for the fallen champion. Billy West, the famous minstrel man, lost $10,000 on John L. He had won the $10,000 betting on Dixon and McAuliffe.

John Condon, the Chicago race track owner, made a combination bet of $7,000 to $42,000 that he could pick the winner in all three fights. He cashed on McAuliffe and Dixon.

Jim Cronin and Ed Butler pooled their resources and bet $5,000 on Sullivan at odds of four to one. Steve Brodie hocked everything he owned and borrowed all he could, and bet on John L. Dick Roche had won $6,000 and was about to add that to McAuliffe's $25,000 bet.

However, Roche wondered why there was so much Corbett money in sight. So he went to interview Billy Delaney, Corbett's chief second and handler. What Delaney told him made Roche think twice.

* * *

AFTER the carnival was over, McAuliffe looked up Roche and commented sadly: "You'll have to pay my way back to New York, Dick!"

Said the grinning Roche: "You can pay your own way back, Jack," and handed the lightweight champ the $25,000 which Jack had given him to bet on Sullivan.

"What does this mean?" enquired the astonished McAuliffe.

"Just this," returned Roche. "It's the money you told me to bet on the big fellow. I didn't, because Billy Delaney gave me a tip to the contrary, and that's that!"

Myer always insisted that he would have done better had he fought in his own natural style. But the "Cyclone" said that well-meaning friends had tried to teach him to use clever tactics, and when he attempted to box, instead of slugging, he blew his chance of victory.

Myer and McAuliffe came together again at Chicago on December 16, 1892. It was a six-round, no-decision affair, which ended with honors pretty even. Billy's last ring appearance was with Stanton Abbott, the British lightweight champion. They boxed fifteen rounds at Boston on July 4, 1894. Abbott was declared winner on points.

After he retired from the ring, Myer for a while ran a saloon in Chicago in partnership with his loyal pal, Alf Kennedy. Later he was engaged by John Condon as an expert in the building of the Harlem Track, on the outskirts of the Windy City.

Since then, Billy has become widely known as a doctor of race tracks. Recently in Jacksonville, Florida, he received the State Racing Commission's thanks for keeping the local race strip in first class condition. He is as famous now throughout the country as a race track builder as he was for his slugging exploits in the long ago.

Myer in 1923 had an ideal spot for a training camp at Red Bank, New Jersey. His son Bob helped him as trainer. Gene Tunney trained there for his battle with Dempsey when Gene won the heavyweight championship, and at that time Myer prophesied freely that Tunney would be the victor. Tunney is today one of Myer's best friends and admirers.

* * *

MYER says that he considers Joe Louis the best of the present scrappers, but does not believe that the great colored boxer could have whipped either Dempsey or Tunney. He lists McAuliffe as the greatest of all lightweights, past or present, and rates Fitzsimmons as the peer of all heavyweights.

He thinks that present fighters start off too soon, and are not properly matured, which accounts for so many of them fading out of the game in a short period of time.

Says Myer: "Present training methods are too easy. In the old days you stepped in to go to a finish, win, lose or draw. The boys of today are a good bunch, but they would be hard put to it to stand the gaff as we had to.

"Fighting over the long route was savage and bloody, and the contestants were able to keep on slugging because they were always keyed up to concert-pitch. When I was training I arose at 5.30 A.M., weighed myself and went for a three-mile walk, during which I ate an orange and some grapes. After a five-minute rest I hit the road for a nine-mile run. Back in camp at eleven, I ate a light breakfast, scaled again, and took a rest of three hours.

"After that I punched the light bag thirty minutes, and then switched to the dumbbells. Then I boxed with four sparring partners, taking on one after another without halting, for six rounds. The use of the sledge hammer for body-twisting purposes wound up my day!"

When in training, Myer would lose about two pounds below the needed mark so as to get used to it before the final scaling. Afterwards he would regain the lost poundage, and, according to his notion, feeling much the better thereby. He frequently fooled gamblers by showing apparently poor form in his gymnasium workouts, and as a result, would go into the ring with the betting odds against him. However, after the bell sounded, it was a different story, and Myer and his backers cleaned up plenty on the outcome.

Billy is still a strong boxing addict, and follows up the deeds of the battlers with all the vim of youth. He believes THE RING Heavyweight Tournament, sanctioned by Nat Fleischer, is a great thing for the game, and has an all-abiding faith in the Editor of THE RING Magazine as a potent force for good in boxing.

New Faces

(Continued from page 24)

boy will develop into a hard-punching heavyweight weighing around 191 pounds when he is twenty-one.

Wason is not the only one in his family who is handy with his mitts. He has a brother heavyweight, Clyde, who was a white-hope winner, but an injury to his arm has put him on the shelf, probably for good. Marv's younger brother, Buzz, is an amateur middleweight, who went to the semi-finals in a sectional Golden Gloves tournament.

Here's a tip from me: Watch this boy Marvin Wason, a comer if there ever was one! All Marv needs to become a top-notcher is a little more experience and a heavier punch.

* * *

CANADA has turned out many fine middleweights during the past twenty years, and one of the good ones now fighting in the land across the border is Louis Dalke, Saskatchewan title-holder and Western Canadian middleweight king. Louis has engaged in 46 battles since turning pro in 1935. He scales 152 pounds and is 5 feet 8 inches and is 22 years old.

Louis has scored 32 knockouts and has never lost on a decision. The only three fights that were in the losing column, he lost by knockouts. He drew once and won ten decisions. He fights from the tap and is a popular boy. Among his outstanding victims were Dick Demarey, Gordon Grayston, Eddie McSporran, Emil Lust, Johnny Loftus, Smoky Humpherville, and Larry Kellum. He won the middleweight title on October 5 of last year by beating Lust at Moose Jaw.

Dalke thinks he can do better on the Coast and intends to operate in the future from Vancouver.

* * *

DOWN in Jacksonville, Florida, the fight fans think a lot of Tom Sharkey, a boy who is making rapid strides in Navy boxing. As a kid, he used to box in the Armory, where the fans would toss pennies to him. He was taught how to box by his father when the lad was only seven years old. He won many medals and cups in the seventy-pound class as an amateur. His best victory was over Stanley Peckham of the University of Florida, the boxing captain.

Sharkey has beaten boys who are now headlining in their localities. He beat Ray "Kid" Ingram and Bobby Sylvester, among others, both being regarded highly in the South. The toughest battle he had was with Tommy Beck, who outweighed him by twenty pounds and dropped Sharkey eight times to win the verdict.

Sharkey entered the Navy in 1936 and soon became the kingpin in boxing. In a few months, he carried off the Fifth District Naval championship, the All-Service title, and then went on to beat the Virginia state middleweight champion, kayoed the North Carolina state title-holder, Elmo Tucker, and beat Boo Boo Harris of the Third Army Corps for that crown.

In 1936 he went to Jacksonville, where he married Miss Doris Jean Robinson. They have a four months old son. To date, Sharkey has won 52 bouts and lost only eight. He is called the "Tiger" because of his rushing tactics. He is a dangerous puncher with either hand.

He is managed by Joe Buckley, brother of the manager of Jack Sharkey of Boston. Joe was so impressed with the lad when he saw him fight for the Navy title that he tried to get Tom to quit the service, but he refused. He still has about a year to go before his enlistment period is over, and by that time, he'll be ripe for the best of them. In the Navy the gobs think that in Tom Sharkey they have the next world's heavyweight king.

* * *

LARRY KID LOVETT, twenty-one-year-old heavyweight from West Palm Beach, Fla., is a newcomer who looks good. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185, and is managed by B. T. Pate, one of the country's youngest in the game.

Lovett has been engaged in thirty fights at this writing, winning all but one, that being to Elmer Ray, the colored heavyweight champion of Florida, in ten rounds. After winning the first four cantos, he tired and lost the fight. His most recent wins were over Zell Catamount by kayo in six, then stopping Dixie Oliver in two, and winning a ten-round decision over Ernie Johnson, who weighed 246.

Manager Pate intends to send Larry up North where he will be put under the tutelage of a well-known teacher in the art of self-defense. Lovett is a finely built youngster and south Florida boxing critics rate him highly.

* * *

UP in Connecticut they are singing the praises of Angelo Rodano, a seventeen-year-old featherweight, who, critics say, is as good as was Bat Battalino when he was an amateur. Rodano was born in Norwalk. He is a fine prospect.

He holds the state championship in the featherweight class. He has had 26 bouts up to this writing and hasn't lost a decision.

* * *

FROM Detroit comes the latest threat in the middleweight division in Milton Snivers, one of the cleverest boxers that has been developed in years in the Automobile City, and his tutor was none other than Mr. Ellis, who brought Joe Louis through the amateur battles.

Milton Shivers is 22 years old and is a real middleweight. He never has weighed over 158 pounds. He is very clever and an exceptionally hard puncher and game as a pebble.

He started his boxing career in 1936 and competed in 26 amateur contests and became a professional in 1937. Since then, he has taken part in 20 professional bouts, in which he won six contests via the knockout route, winning 12 contests by referees' decisions and losing two. Not a bad record for a youngster. This boy is now ready to meet any middleweight in the game.

While boxing as an amateur, Dr. S. H. C. Owen, one of Detroit's leading surgeons, was attracted by Shivers' boxing ability and courage and his gentlemanly manners both in the ring and out, and decided there and then to help the boy in his climb up the pugilistic ladder. If it were not for the interest taken by so many leading business and professional men, many a boxer would never have been heard of in the boxing world.

Here is what Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, has to say of Milton Shivers:

"I noticed this boy in the Golden Gloves tournaments in Detroit and saw possibilities in him, and as I had been through the grind before I turned professional, I advised Milton to go into the game in a serious manner. He has the makings of a champion."

After two years in the professional ranks, Dr. Owen has decided that Shivers needs someone with experience to handle the boy and make his future engagements and has secured the firm of Woodman and Lawrence of New York City to put Shivers on the right track towards a title. Here is Milton's complete record:

1936 amateur record: Jan. 1, K.O.'ed Adam Jacob, 1; Jan. 1, K.O.'ed Ted Ceywin, 2; Jan. 11, K.O.'ed Walter Franklin, 3; Jan. 11, K.O.'ed Elmer Cousenoun, 2; Jan. 23, K.O.'ed Joe Zanichelli, 3; Feb. 12, won decision over Willie Peaks, 3; Feb. 19, K.O.'ed Elmore Barnes, 2; Feb. 23, K.O.'ed Johnny Paul, 2; Feb. 23, K.O.'ed Wilson Weatherby, 1; Feb. 26, K.O.'ed Nore Bolden, 3; Mar. 6, K.O.'ed Hiner Thomas, 3; Mar. 6, K.O.'ed Al Wardon, 2; Apr. 6, K.O.'ed Irwin Pease, 3; May 7, K.O.'ed Duke U. D., 1; May 7, K.O.'ed Bob Crosby, 2; May 8, won decision over Frankie Nelson, 5.

1937 professional record: Jan. 8, K.O.'ed Jack Garry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1; Feb. 2, K.O.'ed Roxey Forgoine, Buffalo, N. Y., 2; Mar. 16, K.O.'ed Thurston McKinney, Detroit, Mich., 2; Mar. 29, won over Ralph Chong, Detroit, Mich., 8; Apr. 5, won over Lee Red Finnegan, Detroit, Mich., 8; Apr. 28, K.O.'ed Dave Dunning, Detroit, Mich., 4; May 7, won over Johnny Rossi, Detroit, Mich., 10; June 2, won over Casper La Rosa, Detroit, Mich., 10.

1938 professional record: Jan. 18, lost to Rudy Marshall, New York City, 8; Feb. 7, T.K.O.'ed by Charley Eagle, Buffalo, N. Y., 2; June 10, K.O.'ed Bobby Powell, Detroit, Mich., 1; Aug. 12, won over Mike Bazzone, Detroit, Mich., 4; Aug. 16, T.K.O. over Walter Stanfield, Detroit, Mich., 4; Aug. 31, won over Trino Vencenzio, Detroit, Mich., 10; Oct. 25, won over George Burnette, Detroit, Mich., 6; Nov. 16, lost to Ken Overlin, Chicago, Ill., 10.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA has a colored bantamweight who is destined to go a long way in his chosen profession if he can continue to fight as he did during the past year. Booby Green is the lad's name. In the January RING he was rated the best prospect of the month and since then, he has added to his list of victories and is likely to push his way soon to the challenger's post.

Green boxed both bantams and feathers during the past year. The boys in the lighter divisions have not been over-eager to mix it with him, and as a result, he has found it necessary to meet lads six or more pounds over his weight. Yet he has come through with flying colors.

He has victories over Tommy Forte, a good lightweight; Johnny Marcelline, Ted Christie, twice by knockouts and once by decision; Harry Gentile, Reds Transparenti, a good fighter from Baltimore; Johnny Schibelli by a kayo and a decision; Skippy Allen by the knockout route; draws with Johnny Marcelline and Paul Lee, and losses to Lee and Al Mancini.

The previous year he also had a pretty good record. In 1937 he lost two sensational bouts with Indian Quintana, but beat Cristobal Jaramillo twice; Sammy Bocelle, twice, and drew with Henry Hook and Jimmy Lancaster. Watch this boy.

* * *

A YOUNG heavyweight who is much respected by all Australian and New Zealand heavies is Claude "Tiny" Nicholl of Perth, Western Australia. Nicholl, who was born in 1915, is well over six feet, and scales around 14 stone—196 pounds. Nicholl turned professional only as late as 1935,

and after his first few fights, it became apparent that he was a "comer."

In 1936, he journeyed to New Zealand, where, in nine fights in the "Land of the Living," he lost but two. One of these losses was on a foul to Semi, an obscure Fijiian. The other was a most unfortunate affair for the young Aussie. After running after "Deacon" Leo Kelly for a year, he at last caught up with the colored light-heavyweight. The pair were matched at Auckland, the Queen City of New Zealand, and scene of many a famous encounter between New Zealander, Australian and American. After leading nicely on points for seven rounds, Nicholls injured his hand and was compelled to retire from the contest.

During his stay in New Zealand, Nicholls had four victories over the colored American, Roy de Gans. He returned to Australia to outscore "Young" Campbell, one of Australia's foremost heavyweights.

After a good run of success in Australia in 1937, he returned to New Zealand for a fight at Auckland against the Auckland champion and reigning heavyweight star, Dennis Lindesay. It was here that Nicholls clearly showed his fine class by outpointing the dynamic New Zealander.

Early in 1938, Nicholls met the one and only Ambrose Palmer, heavyweight champion of Australia, in a non-title clash. This was on the Jack Carroll-Jimmy Leto card, on which Carroll again whipped the American. Palmer's experience and ringcraft were a little too much for the young Westralian, and he suffered one of the few defeats of his career. This was no disgrace, however, as Palmer is one of the first four light-heavyweights in the world.

So, in a career of only three years, Claude "Tiny" Nichols, Western Australian heavyweight champion, has defeated "Young" Campbell, Jack Rainsford, Pietro Spagnola of Italy, Dennis Lindesay and Ray Nicol of New Zealand, Roy de Gans of U. S. A. (four times), and Semi, Fijiian champion, among several others.

This record, which may or may not mean much to Americans, classes Nicholls as one of the most promising heavyweights in our land.

* * *

REMEMBER Kid McCoy, the master of the corkscrew punch? The Kid, now employed at Detroit by the Ford Motor Company, has turned instructor. Yes, he's teaching promising boys how to develop the science of self-defense, and his best pupil is a young lad from Columbus, Ohio, Floyd Gibbons by name. Gibbons, a rangy kid, only twenty-one years old, has everything that should make a good fighter, and if those who have interested themselves in his welfare succeed in imparting to him their knowledge of the game, he should soon find a high spot in the fistic field. Jock Malone, former middleweight champion of the world, is another ex-title-holder who thinks so well of Floyd that he, like McCoy, is helping the boy.

Gibbons is six feet two inches tall and scales 200 pounds. He is one of the lads whom THE RING Editor recently watched on his visit out West and who impressed this expert considerably. Floyd, managed by Jimmy Brady, has engaged in about a dozen pro fights to date and has scored nine knockouts.

Gibbons is a game boy, a good puncher, and is very fast. In 1938 he won the Cleveland novice heavyweight Golden Gloves tournament and last July he decided to turn professional. He lost a decision to Young Harry Wills in ten rounds and then beat him in a return engagement. He also drew with Clarence Brown of Chicago, C. Y. O. champion. Among the boys whom he beat were Rueben Saunders, Al Getchell, Steve Krushko, Paul Ambers, Frank Simms, Jack Kranz, Red Conway.

World's Fair

(Continued from page 21)

Oakland took charge of Nova's interests and started him upon the professional route.

It was a choice that Carlan has never regretted. His first essay in the East was at the Garden, when he whipped Ralph Barbera in a four-rounder in handy fashion. Since then Nova has beaten his opponents with almost monotonous regularity. Out of many battles he only lost one verdict, in a ten-round bout with the erratic, but craftily clever Maxie Rosenbloom.

Nova has many of the characteristics which distinguished the late Jim Corbett and ex-heavyweight Gene Tunney, when in ring action. He stands erect, possesses a wonderfully accurate left hand, and can punch with the best of them.

The kid has plenty of endurance, too, witness the fact that he kayoed Phil Brubaker in one round, Frank Androff in four, and Gunnar Barlund in seven frames, all within twenty-eight days, and traveled 3,000 miles in order to accomplish these feats.

* * *

MIKE JACOBS knew what he was about when he signed up Nova and Baer. Every ring patron is deeply interested in the match, wondering if the youngster can hurdle this one successfully. Also, they speculate constantly as to whether Max Baer can continue his winning streak, for Max is still a widely popular boxer, as those can testify who have witnessed the uproarious greeting accorded him whenever he has been introduced at the ringside in the Garden, since his victory over Farr.

Incidentally, there is no doubt as to Baer's sincerity so far as the question of reform goes. Max has long since forsaken the paths of pleasure, keeps himself in splendid condition, and will surely be "in the pink" when he tackles Nova.

He has not participated in any contest of great importance since beating Farr. But, just to keep his hand in, so to speak, he and his younger brother, Buddy, paid a visit to Honolulu and while there, on the night of October 27, 1938, Max kayoed a big husky known as Hank Hankinson in less than a round.

It only took Max about three punches to turn the trick, thereby demonstrating that the old-time Baer wallop which once induced Jack Dempsey to name him as a coming champ, is still very much in evidence.

Jacobs has announced his intention of pitting the winner of the Baer-Nova battle for a heavyweight title shot against the victor in the Louis-Galento affair, as previously stated. This is, of course, an incentive that is bound to make young Nova scrap like a wildcat, and Baer to give all he's got in order to get a chance at regaining the crown which was once his property.

* * *

THAT no ex-heavyweight champ has ever succeeded in re-occupying the highest of fistic thrones, does not feaze Max in the least. If Baer ever lost confidence in himself after disaster overtook him, he certainly seems to have recovered that essential quality for success in full. He is sure he can defeat Nova, and with anything like a lucky break, redeem the setback he suffered at the hands of the Brown Bomber.

As to young Nova, he is confidence itself personified. Lou firmly believes that he will not only whip Baer, but sees himself as the next world's champion. Whether you agree with either of the principals in the coming battle or not, you will agree that this is the sort of spirit which makes for the staging of a spectacular struggle between the ropes.

There is real life-drama romance in this double-test battle, the test that may put young Nova among the top-notchers of his profession, and the testing of veteran Max Baer in the most ambitious of his comeback efforts up to date. And always the thoughts of each combatant will be centered on that radiantly alluring Mike Jacobs plum—a September match with the winner of the Louis-Galento battle.

New York, with its World's Fair, will draw heavily from the outdoor fights arranged by Uncle Mike. To date he has seven big bouts arranged, most of them championships, and he hopes that the Boxing Commission will aid the Fair's cause by sanctioning all for New York. That is as it should be. Even to the extent of the Galento-Louis fight. So long as the bout is set, and will take place somewhere, New York can take care of it better, both in supervision to see that nothing takes place that would act as a detriment to the sport, and in general arrangements.

Yes, boxing will be a big factor in the success of the New York World's Fair in matter of entertainment.

Courage and Tenacity

(Continued from page 32)

Boy was laid low. For months and months he hovered between life and death. More than twenty blood transfusions were given him, the blood of some of the best known athletes in the country helping the unbeatable Levin to pull through to conquer his greatest foeman in his hardest battle.

There, without the glare of spotlight and the roar of the crowd, Dave battled and proved himself a true champion. But finally his wonderful vigor, his splendid physique and that courage and determination which had carried him to the world's greatest mat honors, won him the battle.

Dave Levin today is in full possession of his health. He is in full bloom of his youth and, now at 25, he is ready again to wage the battle which he hopes will carry him to the world's title for the second time. He is the same splendid athlete. He has filled out a little, but he also is more tricky and a match for any man.

Puncher Always Has a Chance

(Continued from page 17)

from the jaws of defeat in the waning minutes of a contest, with one single blow.

A famous instance of this occurred in the bout that was to have tragic consequences between Max Baer and Ernie Schaaf in Chicago on August 31, 1932. Far ahead on points, the ex-sailor, at the time the No. 1 heavyweight hope of the country, was knocked cold eight seconds before the final bell by one of Baer's wild rights that came whistling out of the smoky atmosphere.

The finish of the bout between the great Stanley Ketchel and the talented Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was perhaps the most celebrated example of the ever present danger that lurks in a power-packed mitt. The superlatively clever O'Brien had a comfortabel lead on points going into the last round of his ten-round contest with Ketchel back in 1909.

Three seconds before the fight ended, Ketchel landed one of the wallops that have made his name famous to this day, and the gong ended the fight with O'Brien dead to the world with his head in the resin box and the referee counting over him. This was one of the most sensational finishes ever seen to a bout between outstanding men and old-timers who were lucky enough to be in the old National Sporting Club in New York City on March 26, 1909, never fail to bring this one up when great battles of the past are mentioned.

* * *

DEMPSEY, according to his own testimony, had another narrow escape from disaster at the hands of a lightly regarded opponent who however could punch a bit. Rickard, ignoring the fact that Carpentier, despite his small size, was a dangerous hitter, is supposed to have requested Dempsey to coast along with the 170-pound Frenchman for a couple of rounds and not disappoint the tremendous crowd, first of the million dollar gates, with a too easy knockout.

Dempsey is said to have acquiesced, with the result that the Orchid Man nailed him with his vaunted right in the second. Dempsey declares he has never been hit any harder, and went right after Carpentier from then on.

Every now and then a punch is the medium through which an otherwise mediocre boxer ascends the championship throne. Al McCoy of Brooklyn, who has come down through the years as the "cheese champ" of the middleweights, was such a one.

Whatever his other abilities, McCoy could hit and one April night in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1914, this Jewish boy closed his eyes, swung from the floor, and landed on the chin of the then middleweight champion, George Chip, the capable Pittsburgher, and found himself the world title-holder less than a round after the opening gong. Few gave the Brooklynite a chance, but his punch took care of that.

In view of his recent performances and inasmuch as he seems to be a young man who learns his lessons well, Joe Louis does not figure to be caught napping as he was in the first Schmeling affair. He will no doubt enter the ring well prepared to offset the terrors of the Galento left hook, and being much the faster man, will probably beat the Jersey Gargantuan to the punch—but if he doesn't—and Tony should land first, it may well be the shot heard around the world, for a man with a punch is a man with a chance.

A Champion Talks

(Continued from page 18)

a terrific pitch as your thoughts are pinned on the man in the opposite corner. Every nerve in your body is centered on him.

"What's he going to do? What move will he make when the bell sounds? What is he thinking about. Yes, these and many other queries run through your brain.

"These thoughts rush through your mind at a mile-a-minute clip. So long as your opponent doesn't speak, all is well, but if he should open his mouth and say something, especially if it is disconcerting, you're lost. Even if you are schooled to disregard what he says, you find yourself thinking about it. You don't have to believe what he says. You only have to dwell on it for the barest instant and you're under a severe handicap.

"That is, if, of course, you are a fellow of average intelligence. If you're dumb, I suppose it doesn't make any difference because it passes over your head. So I always presumed the other fellow was at least somewhat intelligent because I couldn't afford to do otherwise. Remember the old gag about never giving a sucker an even break on the theory that he might not be a sucker?

"So I was always in there trying to take the other fellow's mind off his business or implanting some thought in his mind that I wanted him to wrestle with. Here's an example. It was when I first boxed Ritchie Mitchell in Milwaukee. I pulled an old line on him that night—a line that some old-time fighter had once pulled and I got away with it. He fell for the gag and lost the fight.

* * *

"UP to that time they had been quite liberal in allowing a fighter who had knocked down his opponent to stand over him and take a punch at him as soon as he got up. You remember how often Dempsey did that.

"Well, in the fight with Mitchell, the referee and officials insisted upon a strict application of the rule that a fighter who had scored a knockdown, must retire to a neutral corner before the count would begin. That was all explained to us on the afternoon of the fight but when we got in the ring that night and the referee called us together, he went over it again.

"'You've had your instructions now, fellers,' he said. 'If either of you knocks the other down, he must go to a neutral corner.'

"I stood there for a second, then looked at Mitchell who was staring at me. A thought came to my mind and I grasped the situation in a jiffy. I grabbed the referee by the arm as he was about to turn toward the ropes and in a loud voice I said:

"'When I knock Mitchell down, is it OK. for me to go to that corner?' With that, I pointed to a neutral corner.

"Mitchell was flabbergasted. His knees shook as he turned to look at the corner. I knew I had him licked then and there. It never dawned upon him that I was playing a ruse as old as the hills in boxing. Beads of perspiration were on his forehead when the bell sounded and we started the fight.

"Having talked Tendler out of a knockout at Jersey City, I went to work on him as soon as we got into the ring at the Yankee Stadium in our second fight. He was confident that night. He was cocksure of himself and figured on a certain knockout. Knowing that he was a good fighter and knowing how he felt, I was a bit worried. So I thought the best way to handle him would be to cool him off before the fight.

"I let him enter the ring first. Then when I climbed through the ropes, I trotted right over to where he sat. Shaking hands with him, I said:

"'How do you feel, Lew?'

"When he said that he felt fine, I slapped him on the shoulder as hard as I could with my left hand—still holding his right with my right so that he couldn't get back at me, and said:

"'Great, Lew. Everything OK., eh? Well, we'll give 'em a good fight, then, eh?'

"'Sure, I'm fine,' he repeated, and I repeated the hard slap on the shoulder, then trotted back to my corner. He kept eyeing me up. I slipped the robe off my body and then to disconcert him some more, I started shadow boxing in the ring because I wanted him to see that I felt great, just as he said he was feeling.

"'Is he looking at me?' I asked brother Charley.

"'Yes,' he replied.

"'That's fine,' I remarked as I asked that the bathrobe be put on me again, for I then knew I had him licked. I had him worried. And that's just what happened. I licked him as I knew I would. Psychology had worked the trick."

* * *

"NEXT to Joe Gans and Kid McCoy, Leonard was the greatest talkative boxer in pugilism. Old-timers will recall how Gans in some of his leading battles bewildered his opponents with rapid fire conversation, thereby taking the attention of his opponent away from his main objective. Kid McCoy would josh a man and trick him into defeat. His treatment of Herr Plaacka, the giant, heavy German, is an example.

Leach Cross, in addition to a continuous line of talk, employed another trick, that of feigning grogginess. He worked the latter to perfection. Often when an opponent had Leach going, Cross would put on his grogginess and fooling his opponent into the belief that he had Leach on the verge of a knockdown, the opponent would sail into Cross only to be met by a fire of lefts and rights that often proved disastrous for the over-ambitious rival.

Harry Greb was another trickster in the ring. He would try to get a rival rattled with rapid fire jabbering.

It's an old art, but is not practiced so often now as it was in the past. The boxers of today attend strictly to business. Perhaps it's because of the attitude of the boxing commissions that insist on close adherence to business.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

SENOR MANUEL ORTIZ, a Los Angeles Mexican of dubious repute, shocked the good people of San Jose as they hadn't been shocked for many a moon, when he punched Jackie Jurich out of commission in seven of ten scheduled rounds at the Garden City.

Jurich was marking time prior to a proposed flyweight "gigantic" involving him and Little Dado and the Ortiz match was accepted in the nature of a warm-up—more or less. But Manuel, unwilling to be a guinea pig, inflicted a nasty eye cut with one of his sharp right crosses and then worked on the injury with such success that the referee was forced to wave a halt to spare Jurich serious injury.

Ortiz, an alumnus of the southern California simon-pure brigades, has been kicking around the business end of boxing for about eighteen months and he has won—and he has lost. When he opened that eye and subsequently won a startling victory, Manuel got his name in a lot of newspapers and will probably pull down a healthy commission by affording Jackie a chance at revenge. Promoter Charley MacDonald of the Hollywood Legion Stadium seems to have the inside track on a rematch.

Ceferino Garcia, he of the nectarine-hued hide, brought his copyrighted bolo punch into Dreamland Auditorium again, and for the second time in a month turned back the dangerous Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento darky, before a goodly gathering of the local fandom, attending in the hope of seeing another battle such as these two put out on Washington's Birthday. Garcia won a decision in that one and in this return engagement came out on top via the technical knockout route when Marshall suffered a nasty wound over his left eye.

Prior to Referee Toby Irwin's intervention in the fifth round, Marshall had any edge there was in a rough, tough brawl that might have developed into a Grade-A Donnybrook but for the unfortunate injury to the Negro. Marshall, fighting the Filipino at close range, had been pounding some painful pokes into the midsection, though Ceferino's right-handed shots to the head were obviously damaging when they connected. There's no way of telling just how it would have ended, but it goes down as recorded above in the record books and it adds luster to Garcia's notions regarding a meeting with Fred Apostoli.

Joe Gavras made his first appearance in a ring since he was knocked over by Canzoneri and the former newsboy regained some of his lost standing by stopping tough Frankie Cuenca, Haywards lightweight, in four rounds of the semi-windup.

George (Lancer) Latka, clever San Jose lightweight, another prodigal returned, finished a Rocky Mountain product by the name of Bushy Bane in two rounds of the special event.

HERE AND THERE—The noble Marquis of Queensberry must have turned in his hallowed grave when Pat Guglielmi of the Excelsior District stopped Loren Hunt, Dinuba middleweight, in the fifth of a six-round feature at National Hall. Guglielmi, who has picked up a lot of unethical customs since graduating from the amateurs, did everything but pull a knife on the hapless Mr. Hunt and the capacity crowd in attendance disapproved volubly. Vern Bybee copped an easy decision over Canada Lee in a four-round semi-final and George Cirimele ironed out Vernon Stockton in thirty-five seconds of the special event.

Buddy Baer, of the well-known Livermore Baers, tossed his derby into the heavyweight ring again with a crushing first-round knockout over towering Chuck Crowell of Los Angeles at the Legion Stadium in Hollywood . . . . But his second nudge up the Road Back, i.e., a two-round flopperoo with Big Boy Brackey, the Buffalo, N. Y., punching-bag, did little to help reestablish Baer the Younger . . . . Eddie Booker of San Jose met with a disheartening setback at New Haven, Conn., when he dropped a ten-round decision to Louis Kid Cocoa of that city . . . . This, on top of the previous loss to Fritzie Zivic, just about makes Booker's Eastern campaign a total loss . . . . Georgie Hansford, veteran lightweight from Hollywood, outslugged El Cerrito's Joe Ybarra in a gruelling ten-rounder at San Jose . . . . Ray Salas, Greek featherweight of this city, outpointed Tony Williams, hard-socking Hollister youngster, in a six-round wind-up at El Cerrito.

Joie Rosenberg, California-born bantamweight, returned to his native heath after a lengthy sojourn in the Hawaiian Islands, and he started his mainland campaign by stepping six rounds to a draw with Jimmy (Babe) McCusker, Montana, in a Sacramento top-spot . . . . A few weeks later, they did it again in the same arena and Rosenberg edged out a win over the six-round route . . . . Harold Blackshear, the Monterey Muscleman, encountered a ringful of trouble in "Chief" White, a cantankerous redskin from Sacramento, and was given all the best of it when the decision came his way after four tough rounds at National Hall . . . . Both Georgie Cirimele and Vern Bybee, a pair of heavy-fisted ex-amateurs, scored impressive wins on the supporting card . . . . Bybee slapped down Ernie Erieda in short order, while Cirimele punched out Bobby Johnson without working up a sweat . . . . A few weeks later Bybee was rewarded for his great work in the prelims with a main event shot at National and he gave Bobby Wright of Oakland a terrific six-round pasting . . . . Bybee and Cirimele are splendid prospects.

National Hall was the scene of one of the year's biggest upsets when Ray Price, a little colored boy from Portland, Ore., turned in a technical knockout win over Al Citrino, North Beach featherweight, who has fought 'em all from Fidel LaBarba to Henry Armstrong . . . . The old cut-eye bogey put Citrino out of the running in the seventh of eight rounds . . . . Among the more prominent arrivals from the Eastern front during the month were Ralph DeJohn, the Syracuse light-heavy, and Manager Joe Netro . . . . DeJohn came looking for lots of work, but finally had to settle for a National Hall headliner with "Big Tiger" Wade, local Negro . . . . Why not a DeJohn-Lloyd Marshall scrap? . . . . The Negro lost little if any prestige when he lost to Garcia the second time, and would give DeJohn all the fight DeJohn wants.

As this is written, the National A.A.U. tourney is one week away . . . . San Francisco's eight-man outfit is going to have awfully tough sledding against the cream of the nation's purees . . . . best bets to make their presence felt are lightweight Mareld Tidwell of the Olympic Club, bantam Mike Bernal of the Athens Club of Oakland and light-heavyweight Joe Davis of Fresno . . . . Representative outfits are on the ground from Hawaii to Syracuse and there'll be an awful lot of leather flying around the Fair for the three days of the tournament's duration . . . . Next month we'll branch out with a complete sheet of results so that everyone everywhere will know of their local pride when pitted against the best of a nation.

Ceferino Garcia rubbed out Chief Paris in three at Stockton . . . . Harold Blackshear spotted Tiny Williams a cool 102 pounds in weight (197 to 299) and stretched him in two of six scheduled rounds at National Hall . . . . Ray Lunny is starting to get attention from the sports scribes and he's really going to town . . . . Joe Waterman of Los Angeles is going to stage boxing shows for our Oakland neighbors . . . . And Tommy Simpson will probably resume operations in the East Bay metropolis before long . . . . Freddie Apostoli is signed for a Texas go with George Nichols, veteran Buffalo light-heavyweight.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE Chicago Stadium, with James D. Norris, Jr., in the role of renewed financier, and the ol'e bald eagle, Nate Lewis, in the match-making capacity, again presented boxing at this massive stadium after an absence of one full year.

The inaugural was between two leading heavyweights, Bob Pastor of New York City and Maurice Strickland, heavyweight champion of New Zealand. Only about 4000 spectators were in attendance, which was partially due to the radio broadcast of the Armstrong-Day titular embroglio that same evening. Otherwise, it was due to the fact that both performers had displayed their talents in a previous engagement in the Windy City that wasn't to the fans' liking. Pastor won the unanimous award of the officials. He did whatever punching was executed. Strickland, on the other hand, was reluctant to match Bob's elusive attack with any viciousness whatsoever. He just confined his ability to pick off as many punches as he could ward off via wrist action and his elbows for body protection, throwing an occasional right hand. A peculiar incident occurred in the sixth round that stopped Pastor from a possible kayo. He had scored with several left hooks to the body and head and straight right hands to the jaw that had Strickland in a groggy state when Bob's trunks started slipping. As a result Referee Phil Collins had to call time and pin Pastor's trunks on securely. Meanwhile, Strickland had regained his equilibrium.

In the 10-round semi-windup following the main event, solidified Lem Franklin, a former International Golden Gloves champion, pounded the herculean Abe Simon, 250-pounder out of New York, for a decisive victory. Simon could do but little holding as Franklin maneuvered in close to execute sharp belts to Simon's ponderous body and face. Lem appeared just as strong at the end of the tenth and final stanza as he was at the outset of the contest.

In the preliminaries, Billy Miske, Jr., son of the one-time heavyweight phenom during ex-heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey's era, B. M. Sr., flailed fists aplenty on the anatomy of Joe (Yoe Geeve up) Lubin, who fought back gallantly, but the nine count knockdown that Billy, Jr., scored against Joe in the third round was a deciding factor in the Minneapolis boy's triumph.

Clarence Brown, swarthy South Side battler, won a vicious fight from Buff Mellinger, conqueror of Eddie Simms. In another six and by far the hottest skirmish of the evening, was the battle that saw the Kankakee Assassin, Verle Davis, and the Italian buzzsaw, Nick Castiglione, mix it. The 137-pound Davis floored Castiglione four times in the first round. Davis' sixth round splurge stretched a probable draw into another victory for himself, his 13th in 14 pro bouts, his debut having been a draw. Incidentally, Davis beat Castiglione in a previous tiff over the four-round route. This time they went for six sessions.

In the opening joust, Al Globe, Mexican from the state of Texas, battered Art Pavlis' frame for four cantos.

Promoter Sam Abruscato presented a double windup in one of the two boxing shows he promoted at the Southside rendezvous during the month. Johnny Brown, Catholic Youth Organization featherweight antagonist, beat Eddie Dempsey in a thrilling tiff of eight rounds. Brown dropped Dempsey for a nine count in round one and in the seventh had Dempsey reeling from an avalanche of blows. Brown was declared the winner.

In the other half of the windup, Frankie Kainrath, the C.Y.O.'s other 126-pound representative, won a disputed decision over Jackie Callura, Winnipeg, Canada, 123-pounder. The decision was booed lustily and Callura was extended a rousing cheer for his performance.

The prelims revealed Johnny Balmer, cagy Peoria battler, winner over Nick Castiglione, in a five-round semi-windup; Jimmy Santora, deaf mute Italian flailer, lost a hard four-rounder to Kelly Cohn of Peoria; Pete Farrand scored an impressive three-round resin-sniffer over Young Armando Santia; and James Parks, Southside colored boy, stopped Scotty Burns in the second round. Both were scheduled four-rounders.

Lem Franklin, hard punching brown bomber from Cleveland, Ohio, who has been residing in Chicago for the past year and a half, stowed away Lee Savoldi in the second heat of a slated 10-rounder. This same Savoldi won and lost to Tom Kenneally, C.Y.O. heavyweight prodigy, thus this knockout performance enhances Franklin's fistic prospects immeasurably.

Eddie Lander, 18-year-old featherweight, in his most recent contests defeated Henry Huerta of Peoria and Henry Hook of Toronto, Canada.

Teddy Yarosz, former N.B.A. middleweight champion, combatted Ken Overlin of Decatur, Ill., at Houston, Tex., and beat Ken in a 10-rounder.

Art Oliver, Lou Gross' fighter, who always exhibits his wares to the fans' satisfaction, lost a close one to Johnny Paychek in four rounds at Des Moines, Ia. In an earlier meeting, Oliver floored Paychek for a nine count, but lost nevertheless.

On that same show featuring Paychek and Oliver in the knockout episode, Frankie (Kid) Covelli, pleasing Italian from Brooklyn, N. Y., who had fought many a hectic battle here in the Windy City, stopped Johnny Wallace in two heats.

Nate Bolden, sharpshooting middleweight from the Southside, fought Marty Simmons a draw.

Pete Lello, Gary's Polish lightweight artist, met the cowboy puncher, Lew Jenkins, in a scheduled eight-rounder at the White City Boxing Club. Jenkins dropped Lello at the gong starting the sixth. In the seventh, however, Pete stepped on the gas, feinted Lew with a left to the body and crossed a snappy right hand on top of Lew's beak. Lew dropped to his knees, got up and was measured again by Pete who maneuvered him into an opening for another right hand. Lew arose once more to be shellacked. He was clipped with a right hand and got up too late.

In the semi-windup, Verle Davis bounced a right hand off of George Palmer's jaw to score another one-round knockout victory.

In fours, Sammy Scully beat Gene Ward, his second conquest of Ward; Ben Irving displayed a great deal of improvement in his draw with Eddie Sparrow; Tony Sopko won from Johnny Shaw and Jimmy Diamico beat Rube Linker of Fort Morgan, Colo.

A batch of promising youngsters who have emerged victorious in the past few months: Clarence Brown was a one-sided winner over Joe Lubin, his second achievement over the sturdy Lubin; George Nyberg belted out Gene O'Leary in four and was given a draw with George Kontopolis; Fernie Bacca beat Leo Ranneri; Art Lind, Ken Overlin's promising prodigy, continued his winning streak at the expense of Johnny Rock in three cantos; Tommy Pallatin, South Bend sharpshooter, beat Lorenzo Lovings in a six-rounder; Dick Kist, Danville 152-pounder, went six fast rounds to a draw with Don Epperson of Minneapolis, Minn.; and Herman Hayes, local light-heavyweight, kayoed Frank Greene, who just turned pro, in the fourth.

Pete Lello increased his knockout string one notch when he put the crusher on Mike Delgado in the fourth round.

ODDS AND ENDS—Johnny Barbara is in Texas . . . . Walter Valasa, young Polish youth, has displayed plenty of class for an amateur in sparring sessions against Leo Rodak and Eddie Lander. He is but 10 years of age. Ted Tanner, amicable trainer, who conditions Leo Rodak, is preparing Walter. Walter was the novice Golden Glove champ in the 135-pound class in 1936 . . . . Eddie Dempsey beat Sammy Scully at Rock Island, Ill.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

TOP notice of the Michigan fight fan during the past month seemed to be following the fistic progress of Wesley Ramey, the Grand Rapids speed merchant. Ramey, lightweight veteran of many seasons in the fight business, seems to be a real hardy perennial. Only recently he was stopped by Joe Boscarino of Rochester, N. Y., but since that incident there seems to be nothing stopping Ramey. He whipped Boscarino, Emil Joseph in Pittsburgh; Maxie Berger in New York; Wishy Jones in Grand Rapids; and then went back to New York and played to 10,000 spectators, winning easily in a 10-round return match with Berger.

Largest show of the month in Detroit was undertaken by a newcomer in the industry, Sam Rosenthal, who had Al Nettlow and Jimmy Vaughn at Arena Gardens. Nettlow suffered an injury in training, and Paul Junior, smart and willing veteran from Portland, Me., was imported to outpunch Vaughn by a clear margin in a great fight.

Rosenthal, who has been mentioned as Michigan's No. 1 promoter, had a splendid supporting card with Young Kid McCoy, sensational young 140-pounder, stopping Stan Majeske, Saginaw, in the third round; Carl Dell, New York, scoring over Howell King; Stanley Porada with a win over Mansfield Driskoll; and former amateurs Benny Goldberg and Georgie Kell winning over Gib Black and Russ McCarty, respectively.

Saddest note to Michigan fans was Kayo Morgan's failure to lift Sixto Escobar's bantam title in Puerto Rico. It seems that Sixto is invincible in his native country. Completely outclassed by Morgan in Detroit a year ago, Sixto won handily after the sixth round, and there was no doubt as to the decision.

Floyd Gibbons, promising young heavyweight protege of Jimmy Brady, boxed to a 12-round draw with the ringwise veteran, Charley Belanger in Columbus. Gibbons has been compiling a nice record, and a bright future is predicted for him.

Billy Bengal, young Dearborn middleweight, who has been going great guns lately, featured two of Walter Sharp's Fairview Gardens shows, and both times turned in impressive triumphs over Ohio fighters. Charley Banks, knockout artist from Cincinnati, was flattened by Bengal; and later Billy dropped Bill Adams, classy Cincinnati colored boy once in the process of winning an eight-round decision.

The Dearborn Arena, scene of many a gruelling battle a few years back, has been reopened, and is drawing good houses with Lou Newman at the helm. This should be a fine spot for the outdoor season, and the management has been offering the best talent available at popular prices. When they go outdoors they should be able to draw some real houses.

Their first show featured George Burnett, sharp-shooting colored middleweight star, versus Hal Dettman, Los Angeles puncher who twice conquered Joe Sutka, Michigan's middleweight champion. The fight itself saw some real work by a pair of fine mittsters. It was even until the fifth when Burnett opened up and took the decision.

Young Kid McCoy, Dearborn junior welterweight, flashed the best form of his career in winning decisively over the seasoned Ralph Barnett. McCoy looked like an experienced fighter himself in beating Barnett, a fellow who has boxed plenty of main events, opposing among others Speedy Johnson, St. Louis Kid, Bobby McIntire, Pat Thomas, Ted Dickerson, and a host of others.

Frankie Misko outpointed the youthful Ray Barch, Larry Cisneros stopped Nick Basil, and Lee Parrish kayoed Milton Reeves in the first.

Eddie Scott, colored featherweight protege of Merle Richards, seems to be running into a lot of hard luck. It seems Eddie wins most of the fights, but seldom gets the decisions. He keeps busy, however, and will take on any of the boys his weight. During the month he beat Henry Gowatch, and lost to Gowatch, Larry Cisneros and Eddie Sedliar, the latter fight being a six-rounder at Dearborn in which he battled the powerful punching Wyandotte youth to a standstill in a bout that saw both on the floor. Sedliar has had only a few pro fights but has yet to lose.

Eddie Kozole, for several years the outstanding amateur fighter in this section, has turned pro and will be managed by Johnny McIntyre. His debut, a headliner at Fairview, saw him flatten the rough and rugged Johnny Holewski in the third round, and in his second professional encounter he had the veteran Kid Sila on the floor in the process of winning a six-round decision which headlined an all star show at Dearborn.

Billy Hodges, colored lightweight protege of Dave Knight, who has been going great around Milwaukee, will box Wesley Ramey up there soon, report has it. Hodges has compiled an enviable record since turning pro a few months back.

Marty Simmons, busy light-heavyweight protege of "Honest Tom" Walsh, has been keeping busy, in fact, too busy. His last time out Marty lost to Archie Moore, colored prodigy, in a St. Louis bout. Simmons has met all comers at his weight, among them Fred Apostoli, Solly Krieger, Johnny Romero, Jimmy Clark, Eddie Saxon, Clarence Johns, Dave Clark, and Tony Bruno.

The Dearborn Arena's boxing shows seem to be the weekly meeting place of scores of well known figures along the local fight realm. To be seen there any Monday evening are Frankie Wolfram, former crack Canadian feather, now an electrician; Jack Fielding, former flyweight ace from Canada; "Spider" Kelly, prominent River Rouge gym proprietor; Billy Stob, former star welter, now managing Pat Carroll; Pee Wee Wilson, Benny Ray, Bobby Young, Jack Gillispie, George Temple, Ypsilanti promoter; and many others well known to boxing enthusiasts.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

TWO glove wielders, both nationally known, met in Jacksonville's first big fight program in several years and much to our surprise the bout was halted in the fifth round by Referee Dick Gore, who called it "no contest." Jackie Carter and Sammy Crocetti were the boxers. They were doing well when the fight was stopped.

Sewell (Hippo) Hipps, all Navy light-heavyweight champion, '37-'38, won by a kayo in the first over Chester Conklin, Atlanta slugger.

Pat Wright, manager of Wishy Jones, was in the city looking over the possibilities of the fight game here. He didn't like the way they called the Carter-Crocetti go—which really hurt.

Moon Mullins is back in boxing, but now weighs 204 pounds.—Russell Gonzales, veteran feather, won a close one over Jules Guidry in 10.—Chet Gideon beat Ace Corley in 8.—Jake Hatten won over Joe Muscarello in 10.

"Red" Goss will climb back into action now that his hand is well again after an automobile accident.—The colored scrappers in New Orleans attracted close to 6000 fans with Ringer the Kid and Wesley Farrell on top. Something to talk about.

Following his victory over Clarence King, plucky Carl Sivers met Joey Green, Washington, D. C., lightweight battler, in their rubber match and came through with a well earned decision over the Capital star.

Jacksonville has no better fight fans than its large Jewish colony who will pack the local swat place to the rafters to see one of their own boys perform. Such was the case of the popular Ray Schneider, who had no equal as a drawing card in Jacksonville. Carl Sivers, the latest Jewish sensation, has a fine following.

Hammerin' Henry Armstrong, ruler of the lightweight and welterweight classes, and once king of the featherweights, put on an exhibition before a large Jacksonville crowd and gave a remarkable demonstration of why he is the boss man in the above divisions.

At Leesburg, Florida, George Marcus is doing fine work in promoting the boxing programs. Larger attendance is now making it possible for George to get the Coliseum for his excellent shows. Harry Kersey, Jacksonville 140-pounder, stole the show with Troy Bohannon, 145, in a furious encounter, Kersey winning at the finish. The Jaxon had Bohannon down thrice. Another Jaxon, Len Foucart, 165, displayed his heavy artillery and racked up a four-round kayo win against Bud Trimble. Foucart has everything.

In Jacksonville, Jimmy Murdock continues with well-rounded boxing shows. Jimmy is giving the fans what they are asking for—new faces. The game has been given a transfusion and is heading back to its popular demand. Harry Kersey, now in the best shape of his career, twice trounced Jimmy Powell at the Arena. Kersey seems to improve in every bout. He is a shrewd and experienced ringman and has gained more victories through that knowledge. Maxie (Boogey-man) Coleman, that wild little Irish rose, is the best bantamweight bet we have seen in many a moon. Maxie, a rough, tough, and an aggressive two-fisted fighter, gives his best possible and is in frequent demand in all parts of Florida ring wars. George Moye, a crack boxer in that same weight several years ago, is guiding this youngster's fistic destiny.

The Southeastern A. A. U. Boxing Tournament held in Fort Benning, Ga., proved highly successful. The best showings were made by the Frye Institute boxers of Chattanooga, Tenn. These youngsters, well trained, are coached by the capable Carl K. Dowdy. They also won the team championship by capturing two titles and three second places. One of the Frye boxers, Vaughn Cornish, Jr., in winning the welterweight title, also received a handsome trophy emblematic as the best boxer in the tournament.

Friends and followers of Emil Cody, who made a neat impression in his Southern scraps, will be glad to hear that he is doing well in New York City. He defeated Tommy Roman in six rounds. Cody is handled by Jimmy Marsh who has been in the game for twenty-five years. Lots o' luck, Emil.

Warren McGee, popular physical director of the St. Augustine Y.M.C.A., is ready to reopen the boxing shows at the historic city as this goes to press. This spot is always good for the cuffers and since a two-year layoff much interest has been shown awaiting the opening card. Warren has a trio of scrappers well known in this city. They have boxed in Southern fistic spots before large audiences. They are Billy Hood, light-heavyweight, Joe Estrada, middleweight, and Tiger Eddie Spencer, the much talked of welter whom Warren thinks can take the measure of Miami's Jack Larrimore. In fact the promoter is negotiating to get these boys together in his first show.

The much awaited scrap between Carl Sivers, Jacksonville youngster, and Clarence King, youthful boxer from West Palm Beach, was finally served to the public in a South Florida ring. These young rivals for state honors attracted the largest gate of the Florida boxing season, that is excepting—the "Galento-Feldman, Krieger-Brown" card. Sivers came through to pound out a unanimous victory over King in a hectic battle. The Jacksonville puncher showed he is a neat prospect and through the proper training given him by Bill Gore and Al Jensen, it won't be long before he will be heading for the big times.

So successful has Don De Sautel been in promoting the fight game in Fort Myers, Florida, that he will continue to operate his club the year round. West Palm Beach and Sarasota have closed their season with a successful bang and many cuffers will look to the West Florida city for action now. Promoter De Sautel has uncovered several new prospects in Delmos Long, light-heavyweight, Eddie Bronson and Curly Miller, both lightweights. The last two named have met, with Bronson copping in a thriller.

Southern promoters who would like to use Henry Huerta, 130-pounder, can do so by contacting this writer. Henry is a good performer and puts action in front, regardless of outcome. Have also three good colored boxers, who would like to show in Southern rings, particularly in New Orleans. They are Johnny Whiters, sensational Detroit heavyweight; Jim Howell, also heavyweight, of New York City, who boxed on the Louis-Lewis card and Tommy Mollis, the Baltimore welterweight who has a swell record. Will the New Orleans promoter please get in touch with the writer at the address below?

John Loy, popular business man of Asheville, N. C., has recently added Hardrock Hardin, Southern heavyweight, to his good sized boxing stable. Hardrock will share the heavyweight glory with Buck Penland, also in the same stable. In securing Hardin, Loy has a fighter who has met and defeated all the leading Dixie heavyweights with the exception of Navy Bill Boyd, Jack Dempsey's protege, to whom he lost a close decision. His last bouts were kayo victories against Mickey O'Brien in four and Bill Irby in 10. The Hardrock from Asheville, in 87 bouts has won 74, lost 13 and has never been kayoed. As for Buck Penland, who has only been in there a little while, he has gained a kayo win over the redoubtable Odell Jackson in seven rounds and copped wins over Jack Kelly and Eddie Tipton, both in 10-rounders. Both boxers will bear watching.

Carl Moss, managing the Southern bantamweight champion, Tommy Kiene, is eager to match his boy with any bantamweight in the South. Any in that division wishing to challenge Tommy can do so in writing Carl Moss, Gen. Del., Savannah, Ga. Kiene is a deadly puncher. He has not been defeated in any of his 48 battles. His kayo record is convincing, winning half of that number.

The Louisiana State University glove wielders won their second consecutive Southeastern Conference Boxing championship with comparative ease. Mississippi State nosed Alabama for second place while the Florida Gators landed in fourth position. Georgia, Tennessee and Tulane followed in that order.

Another leather-pusher from Down South making a good name in New England rings is the Georgia Peach, Pete Tarpley, a scrapping welterweight. At the present he is in Portland, Maine.

Al Barnett, of sports promotion fame, drops in to tell us that his colored heavyweight star, Jim Howell, will meet Willie Reddish in a Southern ring. Incidentally it was a great battle that Florida's colored 195-pound king, Elmer Kid Ray, furnished Howell, ending in a draw.

Chris Dundee, who manages Norment Quarles, the fighter lawyer, has taken in tow, George Abrams, the fighting cartoonist. Abrams fights in the middleweight class.

Pinkie Lou Masters is now matchmaking for the E. B. Peters' boxing shows in Savannah, which will be held weekly in the Auditorium. Fighters wishing to show there can do so by writing Pinkie at 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Ga.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

MINNEAPOLIS—Dick Demaray, 148, Bismarck, N. D., southpaw, disposed of a last minute sub for Henry Schaft, who came down with the flu. Demaray kayoed the tough colored Speedy Wallace, 145, of Kansas City in 8. Everette Rightmire, 127, Sioux City veteran, coasted to an easy victory over Earl Gibbs, 128, Chicago, in the 6th round semi-windup. In their third meeting, Solly Stark, 162, of Deadwood, S. D., and Earl Peterson, 166, Appleton, slugged away to a thrilling draw. In a 4-rounder, Rusty Gramling, 144, Fargo, N. D., outpointed Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City, Ia.

Isaacs, 129, Minneapolis, and Southpaw Billy Smith, 128, Minneapolis, battled to a 4-round draw. In the opener, of 4 rounds, Bud Glover, 127, Minneapolis, stopped comebacking Red Grant, 125, Minneapolis, in 1.

Charley Gomer, 151, clever light-hitting St. Paulite, showed a punch in disposing of Billy Benton, 145, La Crosse in 1.

Johnny Mauer, Jr., a St. Paul amateur middleweight, has won 62 out of 63 fights! . . . Floyd Hagan, St. Paul amateur, 126-pounder, has the makings of a good fighter. He is 17 and packs a terrific punch!

Minneapolis Palace—The main event saw two boys fighting their first 10-rounder. Billy Miske, Jr., 180½, St. Paul, added five pounds to his frame and pounded out a well-earned decision over Billy Gillespie, 187, Stone Lake, Wis., sensation. Miske in winning reversed a previous questionable decision against him in 6.

In the semi-windup, Red Bruce, 178, Pittsburgh, pounded out a 6-round decision over Art Paules, 178, Chicago.

Don Espenson, 157, Minneapolis, outpointed the cocky, wise-cracking Fred Kelly, 164, Minneapolis, in 6. In another bout ticketed for 6, Tony Yates, 144, Minneapolis' Italian Bomber, showed a punch in knocking out Johnny Williams, 151, Chicago, in 2:51 of round 1. Emmett Weller, 140, St. Paul, continued his winning ways by outboxing Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City, Ia., in the 4-round opener.

Charley Gomer, 151, St. Paul, piled up his 4th straight win by knocking out Izzy Levine, 150, Chicago, in the 3rd. As an amateur, Gomer went to the post 50 times, and only 4 times was on the short end of the decision.

Johnny Paychek, 195, Des Moines, floored Stan Savoldi, 212, St. Paul 4 times, and then knocked him out in the 5th at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Minneapolis Armory—Dick Demaray, 149, Bismarck, scored a one-point 10-round decision over Henry Schaft, 154, hard-hitting Minneapolitan, in a sizzling battle.

In the 6-round semi, Everette Rightmire, 128, Sioux City, knocked out Armand Santiago, 133, Chicago, in 3 stanzas. In another sixer, Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., floored trial horse Coons Peterson, 162, Chippewa Falls, Wis., 8 times to score a T.K.O. in the 4th. State heavyweight champion Paul Hartnek, 187, Omaha, gave Joe Lindgren, 186, Roundup, Mont., a terrific pasting in 4 rounds. Earl Peterson, 166, Appleton, had an edge over comebacking Joe Goeders, 168, Albert Lea, in a 4-round slugfest.

Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City, outpointed Curley Martin, 144, Topeka, Kan., in 4 rounds.

Gunnar Barlund will make Minneapolis his home. He will stay with his aunt, Mrs. Arne Halonen. Gunnar is signed for several local appearances.

Marv Wason, St. Paul light-heavy, and stablemate Emmett Weller, St. Paul, lightie, journeyed to Milwaukee where Wason beat Ernie Valente of West Allis, Wis., in 6, while Weller was T.K.O.'ed for the first time in his short career. Jackie Simmons of Milwaukee accomplished the feat in 2 rounds.

Dick Demaray, 145, Bismarck, N. D., southpaw, scored a sensational T.K.O. over his old rival Henry Schaft, 153, Minneapolis, in the 11th at the Minneapolis Armory. Charley Neaves, 198-pound burly Kansas City Negro, was floored 3 times in the 1st round, but went on to whip Salvatore Ruggirello, 210, New York trial horse in the 6-round semi-windup. Solly Stark, 164, Deadwood, S. D., continued his fine work by flooring Buck Jackson, 160, Albert Lea, 6 times in their 4-round scrap to walk away with the verdict.

Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City, was floored twice in the 4th round, but just the same went on to outpoint Whitey (One Ton) Walden, 148, Albert Lea in four bristling stanzas. Rusty Gramling, 144, Fargo, N. D., and Mike Vinson, 146, Stillwater, drew in 4, while Chief Moon, 154, Bismarck, N. D., stiffened trial horse Coons Peterson, 152, Chippewa Falls, Wis., in the initial canto. Receipts were quite high for recent weeks. They were $3,000.

Minneapolis—At the Palace, Benny Leonard proved to be a fine master of ceremonies and a good speaker, but when it came to giving decisions, the ex-lightweight ruler fell short of expectations. In the 8-round main event, Jimmy Collins, 153, hard-hitting Minneapolis Irishman, had a decided edge over clever Don Espenson, who peeled off 5 pounds to come in at 149, but Leonard called it even. Everybody in the house booed the decision, but Benny stood his ground. In the 6-round semi-windup, Tony Yates, 146, dynamite hitting Minneapolitan, pounded out a decision over the much more experienced long-geared St. Paulite, Don Swenson, 138. A rematch is in the air, however, for Swenson just recently got out of bed after having a siege of the flu. This Yates-Swenson bout was a real Pier 6 brawl.

Earl Peterson, 166, Appleton's hard-hitting Swede, pounded out a 4-round win over Bill Radke, 163, Minneapolis northsider. Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City, punched too hard for St. Paul's colored Louis Bell, 140, and as a result outpointed the speedy Bell in 4 fast rounds. Kelly Ward, 169, the Minneapolis boy looked good as he remained undefeated in pro competition by taking a well-earned verdict over Frankie Colburn, 167, the wrestler-fighter from Waterloo, Ia., in 4. In the 4-round opener, Curley Martin, 144, Topeka, scored a 1-round T.K.O. over Everett Vincent, 144, Stillwater due to a cut optic.

Art Lind, 155, sensational Alborn boxer, stopped Johnny Rock, 154, Chicago, in three sessions of a 4-rounder to the Franklin-Savoldi tiff. Watch this boy Lind!

Minneapolis Armory—Paul Hartnek, 187, Omaha, and state heavyweight champion, beat Gunnar Barlund, 203, now of Minneapolis in 10.

Everette Rightmere, 128, Sioux City, was his usual flashy self as he decisively licked Ray Baker, 136, Grand Forks in the 6-round semi-windup. In another sixer, busy and willing Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., scored a T.K.O. over colored Jerry Hayes, 157, Milwaukee in 5 frames. In 4, colored Louis Bell, 136, St. Paul, scored his first kayo as a pro, when he chilled the veteran Bud Glover, 134, Minneapolis in one. Chief Moon, 152, Bismarck, N. D., actually outpointed Buzz Cheski, 151, Grand Forks in 4, but Referee Gorman called it a draw. In the opener, Joe Lindgren, 186, Roundup, Mont., finally found someone who he could beat in the person of Jack Jersey, 210, St. Paul, in 4 stanzas.

In a fast, vicious, hard-fought 6, Charley Gomer, 152, St. Paul, ran out of gas in the last round, and as a result was held to a draw by the veteran, hard-punching Ronny Malcolm, 155, Fargo, N. D.

Rochester, Minn.—In the 6-round main event to Mike Sternberg's show, Marv Wason, 175, St. Paul, jabbed Matt Cameric, 167, Chippewa Falls, Wis., dizzy with a fast straight left. In winning, Marv reversed a previous decision.

In a 4-round exhibition, Gunnar Barlund, 203, Minneapolis, stopped big, likeable Jack Jersey, 210, St. Paul in 3 cantos.

In a sixer, Earl Peterson, 165, hard-hitting Appleton Swede, knocked out trial horse Forey Wampler, 165, St Croix Falls, Wis., in round 1. In four, Curly Martin, 140, Topeka, stiffened trial horse Pug Barron, 140, St. Paul in the second chapter. Ray Isaacs, 140, Minneapolis, whipped Wayne (Whitey) Walden, 142, Albert Lea, in a fast bout. Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemont, decisioned Rusty Gramling, 141, Deadwood Falls, S. D. In the opener, Wally Francis, 118, Albert Lea, made a successful pro debut by licking the veteran Battling Ginsberg, 118, Minneapolis.

At Eau Claire, Wis., Ray Isaacs, 135, Minneapolis, piled up his 5th straight win by outpointing the veteran Bud Glover, 134, Minneapolis in the 6th round main event. In other bouts in which Minnesotans participated, Louis Bell, 140, colored St. Paulite, came back into the form he knew as an amateur by whipping Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul in 6. Curley Martin, 144, Topeka, trimmed trial horse Pug Barron, 140, St. Paul in 4 frames. Elmer Wikan, 195, Eau Claire, trounced Packy Dillon, 194, Minneapolis in 4. Joe Anderson, 130, Minneapolis, shellacked Red Grant, 128, Minneapolis, in the 4-round opener.

Billy Miske, Jr., 180½, St. Paul, trimmed Joe Lubin, 200, Chicago, in a 6-round preliminary bout at Chicago.

Minneapolis Armory—In the 10-round headliner, Gunnar Barlund, 199½, Minneapolis, showed improvement by flattening the paunchy, colored Kansas Citian, Charley Neaves, 212, in 1:57 of the 2nd chapter.

In the 6-round semi, Solly Stark, 160, 18-year-old Deadwood, S. D., middleweight pleaser, trimmed the fast-declining veteran, Henry Schaft, 153½, Minneapolis; colored Jerry Hayes, 162, Milwaukee, really had an edge over hard-hitting Earl Peterson, 164, Appleton in 6, but Referee Ward called it a draw.

Frank Androff, 197, Minneapolis fought a draw with Joe Lindgren, 186.

In four, Everett Vincent, 144, Stillwater, kayoed a novice, Johnny Gerarden, 145, Minneapolis in 1. Frankie Colburn 167, wrestler-boxer from Waterloo, scored a T.K.O. over Hank Thorson, 169, Breckenridge, in 2 stanzas, due to a shoulder injury on Hank's part. Kelly Ward, 169, hard-walloping Minneapolitan, continued his local climb by stiffening an unknown, Jerry Holly, 164, Minneapolis in 1.

The month found Minnesota boxers kept very busy, and some good shows given.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

MARCH winds blew the usual fistic lull into the state as boxing activity neared a standstill here. Spring weather, however, should again bring forth a series of interesting matches.

Matchmaker Eddie Lane gave Ernie Valente, West Allis light-heavy, his first top spit, pitting him against Marv Wason of St. Paul. Wason pounded out a close verdict over the more aggressive Italian.

In a semi, Jackie Simmons continued at his winning clip by stopping Emmett Weller, also of St. Paul. Wilbur Dunn, 155, knocked out Joey Richards of Chicago in two. Star Harvey scored over Jack Sylvester in three, and Willie Hayes put the sleeper to Lou Warner in two cantos. In the five-round opener, clever Joey Spiegal made his pro debut by outpeppering Chief Wilson at 140 pounds.

One of the biggest fistic upsets of the month, as far as Wisconsin is concerned, occurred when Paul Hartnek, Kenosha heavy, beat Gunnar Barlund in 10 rounds at Minneapolis. Barlund must have slipped rapidly to lose to the free-swinging Kenoshan.

The National Collegiate Boxing Tournament was held at Madison and the University of Wisconsin team emerged with four titles. Gene Rankin, 135; Omar Crocker, 145; Woodrow Swancutt, 155; and Truman Torgerson, 175, triumphed in their divisions.

The Milwaukee Golden Gloves team lost in the quarter-finals in the Chicago tournament . . . . Verle Davis, Chicago lightweight and former Golden Gloves standout, must have something on the ball. He is one of the very few to K.O. Jimmy Mason, tough Milwaukee colored boy. He turned the trick recently at Marigold Gardens . . . . George Henry continued his Eastern campaign by beating Frankie Bruno in eight rounds at Elizabeth, N. J., and decisioning Buster Carroll in 10 at New Bedford . . . . Johnny Gaudes beat Henry Huerta again . . . . Ernie Fliegel has his middleweight comer, Tony Cianciola, out East under the tutelage of Ray Arcel . . . . Phil Zwick is in California and may hit for Cuba after a couple of fights . . . . Billy Gillespie met his first setback at the hands of Billy Miske, Jr., at St. Paul . . . . George Black's comeback will probably be launched before this is in print. He is scheduled to meet Johnny Romero at Cleveland . . . . Tony Bruno lost his second match to Maxie Long at Texas.

THE RING is on sale the middle of every month on all downtown newsstands.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

AL MANCINI, Providence featherweight, won an eight-round technical knockout decision over Jimmy Gilligan of Buffalo, in the main bout of the evening at the Marieville Gardens before a near-capacity crowd. Mancini regained some of his lost prestige when he was defeated some time ago by Joey Archibald, the New York State world's featherweight champion, because Gilligan met Archibald just a few weeks before in Buffalo and outpointed Joey handily. Launching a terrific body attack from the beginning to the end, the Providence boy sank his thunderous fists into Gilligan's midriff and ribs repeatedly. Gilligan directed his punching to Mancini's head and jaw but Al's body thrusts proved to be more effective. In the eighth Mancini started with another body barrage and suddenly shifted his artillery to Gilligan's head and face. With the Buffalo boy in Mancini's own corner, Al shot a series of damaging left and right hooks to his opponent's face and one of them opened a deep gash in the upper lid of his left eye. Referee Tim Ferrick received the verdict from the Commission physician and called a halt, ending the bout.

Results of the preliminary bouts on the Gilligan-Mancini card were as follows: Vernon Cormier of Worcester outpointed Tony Costa of Woonsocket in the semi-final. Larry Bolvin of Providence knocked out Johnny Schibelli of Springfield in 2:19 of the first round. Johnny Sorenson of Providence won over Jackie Amado of Newport. Cliff Stephenson of Pawtucket K.O.'d Patsy Cline of Fall River in 2:55 of the first round.

Amateur boxing got its share of attention last month when more than 2300 fight fans saw the crowning of 15 amateur champions during the final rounds of the Rhode Island Amateur and Golden Glove Tournaments presented at the Arcadia. The 1939 Rhode Island amateur boxing champions are: Billy Bento, 112; Augie Almeida, 118; Nate Rose, 126; Rudy Soltys 135; Ed Adourian, 147; Don Cardorelli, 160; Abel Gonsalves, 175; Peter Zollo, heavyweight. The Golden Glove champions are: Joe Morrissette, 112; John Leonard, 118; Francis Leonard, 126; Serafine Bronco, 135; Joe Andrews, 147; Al Labonte, 160; Peter Zollo, heavyweight.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By THE RING EDITOR

Batting for Eddie Borden until his return from Australia

LAST month was a busy one in boxing, with three championships staged and each titleholder successfully defending his laurels. Sixto Escobar scored a triumph over K. O. Morgan in San Juan, Puerto Rico, to retain the bantam laurels and Henry Armstrong twice defended his welter crown, once with a kayo over Lew Feldman in St. Louis and again in New York against Davey Day.

In addition, over in England, another title match was decided, with Len Harvey successfully defending his British Empire heavyweight crown by stopping Larry Gains in thirteen heats.

The title aspirations of Maurice Strickland were temporarily halted by Bob Pastor, when the New York heavy easily defeated the boxer from Down Under. Buddy Baer threw his hat back into the heavyweight picture when he stopped Chuck Crowell. Tommy Farr came back into the heavyweight spotlight by scoring a clean-cut victory over Red Burman, to avenge his previous defeat by Red in America.

Teddy Yarosz, former middleweight king, boosted his stock by defeating Ken Overlin. By virtue of this win, Teddy has once again become a threat to the leading lights of his division. Gus Lesnevich won over Bob Olin in his last Australian appearance before sailing for his native U. S. A., and Joey Fontana put an end to the great winning streak of Allie Stolz in the month's leading performances.

Besides those mentioned above, some of the other top-notchers who saw action during the past month were Johnny Paychek, Jock McAvoy, Ceferino Garcia, Fritzie Zivic, Pedro Montanez, Ernie Roderick, Wesley Ramey, Al Davis, Tony Canzoneri, Pete Scalzo, Chalky Wright, Kid Tanner, Paddy Ryan and Tiny Bostock. Canzoneri suffered a setback in his comeback and dropped out of the select circle.

The heavyweight fights of importance follow:

Buddy Baer returned to the wars and knocked out Chuck Crowell in 1 and Big Boy Brackey in 2. Len Harvey was still British Empire heavyweight champion after his bout with Larry Gains, in which he stopped the Negro in 13 rounds. Maurice Strickland disposed of Emil Scholz in 8, but lost to Bob Pastor in 10 stanzas.

Johnny Paychek K.O.'ed Art Oliver, 4. Paul Hartnek defeated Gunnar Barlund in 10, and Barlund stopped Charley Neaves in 2. Patsy Perroni K.O.'ed Sandy McDonald, 4, and beat Pete Tamalonis, 8. Lem Franklin stopped Lee Savoldi in 2, and beat Abe Simon in 10. Simon in turn K.O.'ed Mickey McAvoy in 2 heats.

Big Sikes won from Johnnie Howie, 10, stopped Irish Kennedy, 5, and beat Ted Cotton in 10. Obie Walker beat Leroy Haynes in 15 rounds. Haynes also dropped a decision to Al Boros in 10. Italo Colonello won over Wally Sears in 10, but lost to Henry Cooper, 8. Cooper also defeated Bill Poland, 8.

Danny Paul beat Don McCorkindale over the 10-round distance. Bernard Cook beat Ginger Hauxwell, 12, Jack Strongbow, 8, and drew with Tommy Windsor in 8. Joe Wagner won over Ray Miller, 10. Tom Reddington disposed of Len Rowlands in 3 heats. Nat Franks and Fred Mills battled to a 10-round draw.

Julie Ortenzio stopped Tony Miller in 1 and Eddie Cooper, also in the first. Lloyd Montgomery K.O.'ed Mickey Henderson in 1, but was stopped in turn by Jack Marshall in 6. George Godfrey won from Jimmie Brown, 4. Curtis Sheppard outpointed Basher Dean, 6. Eldridge Eatman beat Wally Banola, 8. Bobby Roberts won over Harry Schierlon, 4.

Hardrock Harden disposed of Bill Irby in the 10th and final heat. Murry Kanner, crack Washington prospect, beat Jerry Grieff in 6. Jimmy Quigley flattened Freddie Larkin in 2 stanzas. Frankie Zamaris and Nick Fiorentino drew in 10. Joe Gatti defeated Nick Young, 8. Young also lost to Roy Lazer, 10. Label Shapson stopped Pat Conley, 1. Floyd Gibbons drew with Charley Belanger in 12, and Belanger beat Salvatore Ruggirello in 10 and was stopped by Carl Vinciquerra in the first round. Frankie Milano K.O.'ed Johnnie Wisnie, 3. Eddie Nolan stopped Battling Blackjack, 1.

Adolph Heuser stopped Heinz Lazek in 4 rounds to win the I.B.U. European heavyweight championship. John Anderson defeated Charles Rutz over the 10-round distance. Walter Neusel won from Al Delaney, 10. Arturo Godoy became South American heavyweight king by winning the duke over Alberto Lovell in a 12-round encounter. Willie Reddish scored over Jim Howell, 10. Tony Musto beat Lem Franklin in 10.

In the light-heavyweight division, Tiger Jack Fox scored a fine victory over Tiger Warrington, 8, and drew with Al Gainer, 10. Gus Lesnevich closed his Australian invasion by outpointing former light-heavyweight champion Bob Olin in 10.

Danny Temple stopped Don Giovannis, 2, then beat Giovannis in 6 and beat Nick Rabin, 6. Giovannis knocked out Howard Trainer, 1. Frank Hough won over Joe Quigley, 10, and drew with Emil Wagner, 8, but lost to Tommy Martin, 8. Red Lewis disposed of Jim Bowden in 7 heats. Buddy Scott outpointed Jack Marshall in 10.

Marv Wason beat Ernie Valente, 6. Maxie Midgal defeated Johnny Biele, 4. Buddy Ryan won from Al Zappala 8. Herbie Katz beat Mario Liani over the 8-round distance. Tommy Tucker stopped George Higgs, 3. James J. Johnston beat Dominic Ceccarelli in 6.

Ceferino Garcia continued to burn up the middleweight class by belting out Lloyd Marshall in 1 round, and Chief Paris in 3 stanzas. Teddy Yarosz turned in a sterling win over Ken Overlin in 10. Jock McAvoy stopped Tino Rolando in 9. Solly Kreiger, N. B. A. middleweight king, won over Allan Matthews in 10. Ossie Stewart stopped Atilio Sabatino.

Lou Brouillard started his foreign invasion by battling to a 10-round draw with the European middleweight champion, Edouard Tenet. Brouillard then lost a close decision to Antoine Cristoforidis in 10.

Walter Woods, in his first U. S. contest since his return from Australia, knocked out Paul Mahoney in 3 heats. Ralph DeJohn beat Tiger Wade, 10.

Glen Lee decisioned Dick Foster, 10. Nate Bolden held Marty Simmons to a draw in 10. Fred Henneberry won on a foul over Red Farmer, 4. Ernie Vigh defeated Joe Casper, 6, and Teeko Born, 6, while Born stopped Andy Melia in 3 heats. Larry Kellum disposed of Bruno Tretter, 2, won over Victo Dellicurti in 8, but lost to Johnny McHale, 8. McHale also scored over Babe Orgovan, 8.

Frankie Blair upset Cal Cagni over the 8-round distance. Maxie Long beat Tony Bruno in 10, but was stopped by Al Bernard in 3. Johnny Renda stopped Ernie Memalli, 2. Bill McDowell defeated Kenny LaSalle, 10. Al Wrigley won from Eddie Mader, 4. Billy Ryans belted out Tony Greb in 5.

Jack Sicari beat Tony Gable, 4, and stopped Tony Josephs in 1. He also beat Dick Lewis, 4. Joey Parks outpointed Hooky Jackson, 10. Bob Robey disposed of Nick Manfredo in the first round. Tommy Campanella K.O.'ed Tony Josephs, 2, and Bobby Hotez in 3, but Tommy lost to Mike Lacari, 4. Lacari also defeated Jimmy Walsh, 4, and Antonio Carrico, 4.

Izzy Redman beat Jack Tolson, 8. Frankie Bruno won the duke over Billy Lancaster over 8 rounds. Jesse Pierce defeated Frankie Caris, 10. Johnny Romero disposed of Eddie Saxon, 6. Jack Barnett knocked out Pat Durban in 3. Myer Zager stopped John Florio, 2. Henry Chmielewski K.O.'ed Jimmy Jones, 5. Roy Chapman flattened Jose Rodriquez in 2 heats.

Freddy Wallmeyer beat James J. Jeffries, 10. Freddy Mills outpointed Eddie Maguire in 10. Bob Grudy won over Jack McKnight, 10. Cal Holmes defeated K. O. Castillo in 10. Billy Bengal trounced Billy Adams, 8. Assane Diouf outpointed Kid Janas, 10.

Georgie Abrams defeated Babe Orgovan in 8 and got into our select circle. Jack Farina drew with Andy Coccia, 4. Rex Garey beat Billy Pryor, 10. Stanley Berl won over Vic Hale, 4. Hale was knocked out by Jerry Fiorello, 1.

The welterweight fights found Armstrong leading with two title contests in as many weeks. Lew Feldman lasted one round with the little double champion, and Davey Day was on his feet until the 12th stanza, when the referee stopped the fight.

Ernie Roderick knocked out Jake Kilrain in 7 rounds, and clinched a title bout with Henry Armstrong for London. Fritzie Zivic stopped Nick Pastore in 9, and won over Bobby Britton in 10. Britton also lost to Bill McDowell, 10. Pedro Montanez continued his march toward a welterweight championship shot by knocking out Howard Scott in 2, and Phil Furr in a heat, and beating Bucky Jones in 8.

Dick Demaray disposed of Henry Schaft in 11. Holman Williams defeated Jackie Burke, 10. Al Manfredo won from Johnny Dean, 10, and stopped Johnny Bruso in 8 stanzas. George Henry knocked out Frank Camuso in 7, lost to Andre Jessurun in 10 and defeated Buster Carroll in 10. Carroll drew with Ralph Zannelli, 10, and Zannelli then lost to Jimmy Leto in 10 rounds. Cocoa Kid drew with Mike Kaplan, 10, and stopped Ziggie Lander, 2, while Lander scored over Johnny Leonardi, 4.

Louis Flyer won over Bobby Pacho, 10. Yussell Goldstein knocked out Carl Fiore, 2, Jerry Torreo, 4, Pete Muscarnera, 4, and beat Tommy Zano, 4. Ettore Penn stopped Carlos Christian, 2, and Marty Fusulo, 2. Christian later lost to Jerry Fiorello, 4. Fiorello also beat Eddie Kelly, 4. Myron Padlo beat Bucky Jones, 6, and Frankie Terry, also in 6.

Eddie Mays flattened George Pepe, 3. Johnny Craven stopped Johnny Sullivan, 5.

Caesar Ferro won from Augie Montavlo, 4, and beat Johnny Burns, also in 4. Ralph Vona beat Joe Mulli, 6. Mulli also lost to Dennis Deegan, 8, and drew with Billy Lancaster, 6.

Billy Bird won on a foul over Griff Lewis and later was stopped by George Bunter in 7. Tommy Jones knocked out George McReady, 6, and Bert Chambers, also in 6. Richard Cabello beat Stanley Miller, 4. Eddie Goloka outpointed Eddie Kelly, 4. Milo Theodorescu beat Baby Breese, 8.

George Burnette won over Hal Dettman in 10. Sonny Jones beat Johnny Lucas, 6. Bob Montgomery won over Benny Berman, 8. Lefty Flynn disposed of Paddy Roche in 5 heats. Tony Ferrera defeated Mickey Donahue, 8, and Harry Ginsberg, 8. Eddie Alzek and Bucky Jones drew in 8.

Jack Larrimore stopped Paulie Griffith, 2. Eddie Dolan won over Billy Furrone in 10. Jose Basora flattened Doug Marsh in 1 heat. Augie Fleischauer knocked out Moe Fisher, 2. Marty Fusulo in 3, and beat Al Dupnack, 4. Mike Piskin belted out Johnnie Cubbins, 7, and beat Red Cochrane in 10. Nick Pastore beat Oscar Suggs, 6.

Gene Molnar lost to Tommy DeFanto in 8 stanzas. Marcel Cerdan defeated Felix Wouters, 10. Jackie Kid Berg continued along the comeback

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings of boxers for the month ending on April 14:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion (Title Vacant)	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Lou Nova	Melio Bettina	Solly Krieger	Ernie Roderick
2—Max Baer	Ron Richards	Fred Apostoli	Fritzie Zivic
3—Bob Pastor	Len Harvey	Ceferino Garcia	Pedro Montanez
4—Roscoe Toles	Gus Lesnevich	Walter Woods	Charley Burley
5—Len Harvey	Jock McAvoy	Al Hostak	Sammy Luftspring
6—Tony Galento	Billy Conn	Jock McAvoy	Marcel Cerdun
7—Tommy Farr	Tiger Jack Fox	Teddy Yarosz	Saverio Turiello
8—Red Burman	Adolph Heuser	Ralph De John	Steve Mamakos
9—Johnny Paychek	Al Gainer	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
10—Nathan Mann	Tommy Tucker	Georgie Abrams	Tommy Jones

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Peter Kane
1—Lou Ambers	Pete Scalzo	Georgie Pace	Little Dado
2—Sammy Angott	Leo Rodak	K.O. Morgan	Tiny Bostock
3—Davey Day	Dave Castilloux	Lou Salica	Paddy Ryan
4—Eric Boon	Jackie Wilson	Little Pancho	Carlo Urbinati
5—Aldo Spoldi	Everette Rightmire	Pierre Louis	Manuel Ortiz
6—Tippy Larkin	Chalky Wright	Aurel Toma	Jackie Jurich
7—Wesley Ramey	Johnny Hutchinson	Kid Tanner	Small Montana
8—Paul Junior	Joey Fontana	Baby Yack	Freddy Tennant
9—Al Davis	Al Mancini	Tommy Burns	Eric Jones
10—Al Nettlow	Al Reid	Lefty Gwynne	Tommy Stewart

trail, winning over Pete Galiano, 8, and stopping Marine Bunker, 8.

Charlie Drabino outpointed Jerry Torres, 4. Omar Kouidri beat Mario Bianchini, 10. Bobby Cummings won from Ernest Robinson, 6. Eddie Rabak drew with Alfred Katter, 10. Pete Koloff won from Myer Zager, 6. Pete Muscanera K.O.'ed Ed Gamoka, 3.

In the lightweight class, the comeback of Tony Canzoneri was temporarily halted by Eddie Brink, when Tony dropped a ten-round decision to the Scranton, Pa., boy. Later Tony was held to a draw by Jimmy Vaughn, 8. Brink also scored a victory over Johnny Bellus, 8, while Bellus whipped Yucatan Kid, 8, and lost to Bernie Miller, 10. Miller also beat Johnny Craven, 8. Wesley Ramey scored over Maxie Berger, 8, and Wishy Jones in 10. Berger scored over Frankie Wallace, 8. Jones also lost to former featherweight champion Petey Sarron, 10.

Al Davis beat Mickey Farber, 10. Vinnie Vines stopped Angelo Lato, 3, and beat Julio Gonzales, 4. Marty Servo, cousin of Lou Ambers, won over Tony Giello, 6.

Norment Quarles defeated Al Roth, 10. George Zangaras beat Jimmy Tygh, 8, and Mike Gamiere, also in 8. Joey Ferrando defeated Tommy Cross in 10, but was stopped by Nick Peters in 3. Peters also flattened Georgie Hansford, 2. Paul DeBello beat Tommy Cross over the 8-round distance, beat Carl Guggino in 8, and stopped Mel Glionna, 4.

Carl Silvers whipped Joey Green, 10. Tommy Spiegal scored over Primo Flores, 8. Bobby "Poison" Ivy won from Frankie Terranova and stopped Johnny Radtka, 4. Terranova also dropped the decision to Darcy White, 10, and Eddie Reed in 8. Irving Eldridge added to his Australian victories one over Claude Varner in 10, but Irving was later stopped by Johnny Hutchinson in 7.

Tony Martiliano defeated Nick Camarata, 8, and Camarata defeated Jimmy Lancaster, 10. Julie Kogan beat Viv Troisi, 8, drew with George Pepe, 6, and lost to Emil Cody, 6.

Paul Junior won from Jimmy Vaughn, 10, and stopped Joe Ghnouly, 8. Ginger Foran beat Jo Populo in 10. Pete Bonito defeated Johnny Radtka, 6, Vince DeMorco, 6, and K.O.'ed Paul Turberg, 4. Eddie Cool defeated Gene Gallotto, 10.

Pat Foley scored over Eddie Zivic, 10. Manuel Villa beat Ted Garcia, 10. Al Casimini whipped Harry Gentile over the 6-round route and defeated Tommy Fontana, also in 6.

Johnny Stevens belted out Frankie Gilmore in 5 stanzas. Maxie Fisher outslugged Young Chappie in 8. Tony Sarullo won from Joe Stack, 8. Solly Gerstler stopped Vinnie Herbst, 3, and Modesto Massera, 3.

Johnny Rohrig K.O.'ed Ambrose Logan, 5. Honey Mellody flattened Joey Zodda, 3. Zodda was also stopped by Steve Halaiko, 7. Ernest Robinson whipped Larry Esposito, 4, while Esposito drew with Jackie Reems in 4.

Joe DeJesus stopped Harold Valan, 4, and Valan beat Pete Mascia, 8. George Markwick stopped Percy Fields, 4. Dave Finn won over Ronnie James and drew with Maurice Holtzer, 8.

Al Lyttle beat Johnny Softly, 8. Tommy Hyams defeated Jerry Costello, 8. Jack Carrick outpointed Jimmy Vaughn in 15 rounds. Benny Sharkey stopped Norman Denny in 2 stanzas. Mick Carney won over Douglas Kestrall, 8, and stopped Tom Thomas, 6, but lost to Angus McGregor in 10.

Emil Cody beat Tommy Roman, 6. Roman also lost to Henry Meselli, 6. Gene Gregory took the decision from Johnny Cabello in 8.

Richard Carter knocked out Lou Napoli in 1. Pete Lello stopped Lew Jenkins, 7. Ernest Copeland won over Jim Williams, 4. Mike Martinez scored over Charlie Drabino, 4, but Drabino knocked out Jim Oliver, 2, and Vincent Calisano, 1. Carmine Fatta beat Tommy Fontana, 6. Joey Silva defeated Pete Galiano, 10.

Johnny Cunningham stopped Eric Dolby, 1. Freddie Simpson won over Alf Lyttle, 8. Harry Mizler beat George Odwell, 8. Ettore Penn outpointed Frankie Savia, 4. Fred Cochrane won over Angelo Maglione in 8. Sammy Sentella decisioned Jack Alexander, 6. Babe Synnott belted out Al Gauthier, 3. Tippy Larkin trounced Billy Beauhuld in 10.

Lloyd Lasky drew with Freddie DeFoe, 6, but lost to Frankie Conn, also in 6. Harry Ovis stopped Frankie Flynn, 2. Dick Turcotte belted out Frankie Massari, 4. Cleto Locatelli drew with Vittorio Venturi in 10, but lost to Deyana, also over the 10-round distance. Frankie Covelli won from Henry Huerta, 10. Bucky Taylor outpointed Toby Tobias in 10 stanzas. Joey Green beat Sabino Islas, 10.

In the featherweight ranks, Everette Rightmire upset the N. B. A. featherweight king, Leo Rodak, in a 10-round contest. Joey Fontana broke the winning streak of Allie Stolz by whipping the New Jersey boy in 8 great rounds. Fontana also stopped Jose Hernandez in 2.

Jackie Wilson knocked out the Australian featherweight champion, Mickey Miller, in 4. Wilson also won over Joe Hall in 10.

Al Mancini stopped the up and coming Jimmy Gilligan, 8. Matt Perfetti scored over Lloyd Lasky, 8, and Johnny Litto, also in 8. Petey Scalzo stopped Baby Louis in the second round. Chalky Wright beat Red Guggino, 8, and stopped Joe DeJesus, 2, and DeJesus belted out Harold Valan, 4.

Maxie Shapiro defeated Dom Varrone, 6, stopped Hymie Berg, 3, and Nickey Jerome, 8, while Jerome won from Paul Lee, 8. Johnny Cusick K.O.'ed Eugene Peyre, 10. Nel Tarleton trounced Josef Preys, 10. Vince Del Orto defeated Pete DeGrasse, 8, and Tony Dupre, 10. Johnny Brown won over Eddie Dempsey, 8. Charley Mack whipped Mickey Fuselli, 4. Jimmy Perrin beat Lloyd Pine, 10.

Johnny Ionnotti disposed of Tommy St. Angelo, 4, and defeated Johnny Cockfield, 4. Johnny McManus stopped Freddy Warnock, 6, and Warnock also dropped the duke to Bobby Bates, 6. George Marsden K.O.'ed Tommy True, 3.

Bill Tweedie defeated Dave Crawford, 6. Rocco Cinino beat Sammy Rivers, 4, Charley Mack, 4, and Al Kerner, 4, while Kerner drew with Norman Silvers, 4, and lost to Gene Kiernan, 4, and Curley St. Angelo, 4. Silvers stopped Maxie Kirk in 1 heat.

Pedro Hernandez defeated Joe Amico, 4. Sammy Rivers, 4, and K.O.'ed Jimmy Rossi, 1. Bobby Ruffin defeated Morris Parker, 6. Monty Pignatore beat Tommy Christi, 6. Sammy Shaw stopped Billy Pleace, 4, and drew with Jimmy Lester, 8. Jake Carr defeated George Williams 10, and beat Leo Lee in 8. Spider Kelly beat Billy Charlton, 10, and drew with Tommy Smith in 10.

Cuthbert Taylor beat Wally Thornton, 10, but lost to Jackie Hurst, 10. Len Davis won from Charlie Howser, 10. Danny Jordan defeated Allie Wolf, 4. Gustave Ansini took the decision from Antonio Frontalini, 10. Barry Barton won from Sol Gigilo in 4. Milton Kessler beat Willis Johnson, 4. Herb Gilmore won over Mickey Brown, 8.

It took Artie Weinberg 2 rounds to stop George Karkella. Frankie Bove won from Willie Skidmore in 8 stanzas. Vincent Montana stopped Paul Licata, 4. Justo Jiminez belted out Joey Raymond in 4.

Joe Memoli scored over Pete Cappy, 4. Larry Mancini decisioned Charley Varre in 4. Russell Sawyer beat Henry Ferrara, 4, and Ferrara later K.O.'ed Tom Sawyer, 4. Jackie Callura and Mickey Gamiere battled to a 10-round draw. Vernon Cormier won from Cristobal Jaramillo, 10.

Sixto Escobar successfully defended his world's bantamweight championship against K. O. Morgan in 15 hectic rounds. Robert Bourdet lost his French bantamweight title to Pierre Louis in a 12-round bout. Kid Tanner stopped Eddie Davis in 3, but lost to Johnny Holt in 10 stanzas. Tommy Burns sprang an upset by winning from Aurel Toma. This was the first setback handed to Toma in 57 bouts. Burns also went on to beat El Houssine on a foul in 8.

Lou Salica, former bantamweight champion, whipped Richard Lemos over the 10-round distance. Pancho Villa took a 10-round decision from Red Hutchins, 10. Eddie Lander beat Henry Hook, 8. Jim Hayes defeated Teddy O'Neil, 10, but lost to Jackie Brown, 15. Al Mancini upset Baby Yack, 8. Johnny King lost to Len Beynon on a K.O. in 7.

Billy Tansey beat Sam Reynolds, 10. Jimmy Brady won from Baltazar Sangchili, 12. Pat Palmer whipped Wally Knightly, 8. Danny Sinnott beat Pat Celli, 4, drew with Eddie Palermo, 4, and lost to Harold Schwartz, also in 4.

In the flyweight ranks, Tony Bostock defeated Fortunata Ortega in 12, and stopped Mickey O'Neil, 7. Manuel Oritz provided the biggest upset in his division by stopping Jackie Jurich, 7. Paddy Ryan won from Mickey O'Neil, 10, and stopped Bibi Burah, 10. Burah was also K.O.'ed by Pierce Ellis, 8. Billy Nash dropped an 8-round decision to Tommy Stewart, 8. Peter Kane outpointed Baltazar Sangchili in 10.

Eight leading prospects of the month are:
Heavyweight—Johnny Petry—California.
Light-heavyweight—Danny Temple—New York.
Middleweight—Eddie Miller—Philadelphia.
Welterweight—Davey Ward—Tacoma, Washington.
Lightweight—Bob Montgomery—Philadelphia.
Featherweight—Rocco Cinino—New York City.
Flyweight—Eric Jones—England.

Late Results—Louis, Farr and Archibald Win

As this issue goes to press, we learn that Joe Louis has successfully defended his world heavyweight championship by knocking out Jack Roper in the first round. The time was 2.20.

Late results also show that Tommy Farr, after losing all his fights in America, broke his losing streak by defeating Red Burman in a return engagement in London. Tommy had a safe margin, the majority of critics giving him six rounds, Burman three and three even.

Joey Archibald of Providence, R. I. clinched the world featherweight title by defeating Leo Rodak of Chicago in Providence, R. I. in fifteen rounds in a very close fight.

In our next issue these bouts will be covered fully with stories and ringside fight pictures. Don't miss the next issue of The Ring.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

FUTURE Syracuse boxing shows will be staged in a setting reminiscent of Madison Square Garden. This has been made possible by the leasing of the Coliseum, a huge auditorium located on the New York State Fair Grounds, by the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc. The Coliseum is built along the lines of the Garden, is only a short drive from Syracuse, and has a seating capacity of more than 10,000. For several years the Syracuse Stars hockey team of the International League has played its games in this building before crowds ranging from 5,000 to 7,000.

A few years ago Jackie Brady and Bucky Lawless, then two bitter local rivals, fought there and drew a tremendous throng. Jimmy Slattery also strutted his stuff in the Coliseum. Not long ago the Olympic Club made several attempts to lease the building but was unsuccessful and remained at the Arena. Big attractions, such as the Ralph De John-Babe Risko, De John-Bert Courage and De John-Walter (Popeye) Woods naturals were put on at the Municipal Stadium, Syracuse's baseball park. Now that the Coliseum is available the Olympic Club intends to present its more important fights in this beautifully constructed and equipped arena.

Wrestling is getting a big play from the fans here. Hans Furst, Buffalo promoter, is holding sway under the Olympic banner at the Arena on Monday nights and is displaying the grunters before packed houses. Following are the results of the last four windups: Ali Baba defeated Walter Podolak; Ali Baba tossed Bad Bob Wagner; Cy Williams drew with Gino Garibaldi, and Cy Williams won from Danno O'Mahony.

Hint to fight club press agents: Motion pictures of outstanding heavyweight championship bouts and movies of local and out-of-town battles both on 8 mm and 16 mm film are being shown around Syracuse at clubs, smokers, forums and various meetings to further interest in the manly art. Whenever a top-notcher is booked here we make an attempt to procure a film showing the fighter in action if we can. The Olympic Club owns many films of important contests and has many of Ralph De John's most important bouts, the screening of which not only keeps the fans enthused, but is great advertising for the game. Numerous movies of wrestling matches also serve as good exploitation.

LEFT HOOKS—Nelson Hawkins, former Cleveland Golden Glove star, is now making his home here . . . . Your scribe is matchmaker for the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., with offices at 403-405 Eckel Theater Building in Syracuse . . . . The former champion, Eddie (Babe) Risko, works out every day at Brady's . . . . amateur boxing is expected to be resumed here this month.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

THE RING'S OBSERVER

INDICATIONS are that the outdoor season in New York this summer will be one of the most profitable in years. Two world championship events are already signed up, more are in the process of negotiation.

Most important event, of course, is that involving Joe Louis and Tony Galento for the heavyweight crown, scheduled for the Yankee Stadium on June 28. Estimates on what this contest will draw vary, but most boxing men predict the receipts will exceed $600,000.

The second title match already signed will bring together Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers for the world lightweight crown. This bout is slated for the Yankee Stadium on August 9 and will in no way be affected by Armstrong's forthcoming contest in England, where he risks his welterweight laurels against Ernie Roderick.

First of the major outdoor encounters is scheduled for June 1, also at the Stadium, where Max Baer will tangle with Lou Nova in a contest of fifteen rounds. No title will be involved in this fight, of course, although the winner is expected to fight either Louis or Galento for the world crown in September.

Among the other major events in prospect are a middleweight title match between Fred Apostoli, recognized in New York State as champion, and Solly Krieger, N. B. A. champion; also a light-heavyweight title bout involving Melio Bettina, New York State choice, and Billy Conn, Pittsburgh challenger. Should Armstrong retain his welter laurels against Roderick, there is a strong possibility he will oppose Pedro Montanez in a 147-pound division title defense in New York.

GOTHAM GLEANINGS—Joe Gould, manager of Tommy Farr, accompanied Syd Hulls, British promoter, and Eric Boon, British lightweight, back to London when the latter two sailed after a short visit here. Gould wanted to be present for Burman's return meeting with Tommy Farr . . . . Boon did no fighting in the States, but he is in hopes of obtaining a title match in the near future . . . . If it is the lightweight title, however, it will have to be after August 9, because Eddie Mead, manager of Henry Armstrong, has agreed not to sign Homicide Hank for any other lightweight title event until after Henry's meeting with Lou Ambers.

The State Athletic Commission stretched out over a period of three weeks its approval of Tony Galento as a fit opponent for Joe Louis . . . . First the solons put Galento through a long physical examination . . . . The findings of the doctors were not announced for a week and even then the match wasn't okayed because Galento hadn't applied for a renewal of his license . . . . Everything was finally straightened out, however, and the heavyweight championship contest will take place in the Yankee Stadium, June 28.

When the Michigan Commission declined to allow John Henry Lewis to box Dave Clark because John Henry is alleged to be suffering from impaired vision, Jimmy Grippo, manager of Melio Bettina, New York State light-heavyweight champion, sought to get the National Boxing Association to recognize Bettina as world champion . . . . But the N. B. A. turned thumbs down on the proposal . . . . Henry Armstrong and his trainer, Harry Armstrong, are writing a book on their experiences . . . . The volume is about half finished . . . . Promoter Mike Jacobs of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club is planning to run boxing shows at Madison Square Garden all summer, in hopes of catching the World's Fair trade . . . . The Garden is air-conditioned.

Plans for Joe Louis to train at the World's Fair grounds for the Galento fight have collapsed and the champion will go back to Dr. Bier's camp at Pompton Lakes, N. J., where he has trained for every New York bout except his losing contest with Max Schmeling . . . . Speaking of Schmeling, it is now revealed that the reason for Maxie's recent trip to the United States was to obtain the German rights to the movie: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Chris Dundee got Georgie Abrams, Washington, D. C., middleweight, his first New York assignment after he had purchased half Abrams' contract from Sid Fischel . . . . Abrams' middle name, incidentally, is Freedom . . . . He was born one minute after 11 a.m. on the morning of November 11, 1918 . . . . Promoter Mike Jacobs issued a blast against gamblers following the Armstrong-Day bout . . . . Jacobs was incensed over the false odds announced by the gamblers weeks before a bout takes place . . . . The promoter pointed out that in more than half the contests staged at Madison Square Garden this season, the short-enders have won, which should serve as a lesson to the gambling gentry . . . . But probably won't.

The Max Baer-Lou Nova contest was originally scheduled for the Garden Bowl on May 25, but Ray Carlen, manager of Nova, objected to the Bowl as the site for the bout and it was therefore shifted to the Yankee Stadium and set for June 1 . . . . Bob Olin, former world light-heavyweight champion, has again announced his retirement from the ring and is now trying out as a fight broadcaster . . . . A crowd of more than 500 persons gathered in front of the New York Hippodrome the day Max Baer arrived in town to start training for the Lou Nova bout . . . . Baer spent only a few hours in New York, departing for Grossinger Lake, N. Y., with Ancil Hoffman, his manager, and Jerry Casale, his trainer . . . . Tony Galento's week's appearance in vaudeville was a complete flop. His performance failed to click . . . . Galento was scheduled to appear a second week in Newark, but the act was cancelled . . . . Tony, the boys said, was no second John Barrymore.

FIGHT RESULTS—The eagerly awaited return match between Al Davis and Mickey Farber, local lightweight rivals, took place at Madison Square Garden before a crowd of 13,435, which contributed the imposing gate (for youngsters making their first ten-round start) of $31,802. Davis had outpointed Farber in a close battle several weeks before, an eight-rounder.

The rematch was a ten-round event. Interest in the contest was at a high pitch and in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, from where Davis hails, and the Lower East Side of Manhattan, where Farber lives, "pep rallies" were staged by the admirers of the two youngsters.

The bout itself failed to equal the first one in thrills but it was an interesting contest nevertheless. Davis quickly set himself up as boss by dumping Farber near the bell ending the first round. The gong sounded at the count of four. Farber fought more carefully thereafter and Davis was unable to floor him again. But the Brooklynite's left hook stood him in good stead and he left no doubts as to his superiority. As a result of the victory, Davis was scheduled to appear at the Garden in May, but a hand injury, suffered during the Farber match, forced him to cancel such plans.

Davis' victory marked his thirty-third professional appearance without a setback. He has been held to two draws, but he later defeated the two men who had held him even. The victory, too, established Davis as an ace drawing card in New York and he has aroused the interest of that same element of boxing fans who came out by the thousands in the days of Benny Leonard and later Sid Terris and Ruby Goldstein.

Two corking eight-rounders were seen in the Davis-Farber prelims. In one, Tony Marteliano, promising local lightweight, defeated Nick Camarata, and in the other Joey Fontana triumphed over Allie Stolz, the defeat being the first for Stolz in twenty-six pro fights. A third eight ended in the second round, Pete Scalzo winning over Baby Louis when the referee halted the contest because, in the announcer's words: "Baby Louis was outclassed." Jose Basora knocked out Doug Marsh in the first round of the four-round opener.

One of the best fights of the season at the Ridgewood Grove saw Nickey Jerome a winner over Paul Lee in eight rounds. A crowd of 4,500 witnessed the scrap. In the second round Lee caught Jerome with a left that sent the Brooklynite to the canvas for a nine-count but Jerome came back strongly and in the fourth dropped Lee. They fought on even terms during the next two stanzas but Jerome captured the last two to gain the verdict. Ernie Vigh continued his winning ways by outpointing Teko Born in a six-round affair.

Chalky Wright continues to perform impressively around New York and added Joe DeJesus to his list of knockout victims in a scheduled eight at Rockland Palace. Wright finished DeJesus in two, a series of lefts and a straight right to the jaw dropping the Puerto Rican for the count. The eight-round semi-final brought Sonny Jones a victory over Johnny Lucas.

Regarded by many metropolitan boxing observers as one of the best lightweight prospects in the country, Paul DeBello lived up to expectations by hammering out a triumph over Carl Red Guggino in eight rounds at the St. Nicholas Palace. DeBello piled up an early lead, then stood off a late spurt by Guggino. In the semi-final, scheduled for six, Label Shapson, 258-pound Bronxite and first man to go the distance with Pat Comiskey, finished Pat Conley in 1:12 of the first round. In another listed six, Danny Temple halted John Giovanis in the second.

Substituting for the ailing Maurice Arnault, Irish Ambrose Logan failed against Johnny Rohrig at the Broadway Arena, suffering a technical knockout in the fifth stanza of a scheduled eight. Rohrig floored Logan for a count of two in the fourth. Another substitution occurred in the semi-final, Johnny Ratke taking the place of Tommy Fontana. But Ratke, too, went down to defeat, being outpointed by Pete Bonito. Solly Gerstler gained a technical kayo victory over Vinnie Herbst in the third round of a scheduled four.

In a close contest at the New York Coliseum, Maxie Berger won the vote of the officials over Frankie Wallace in eight rounds, a crowd of 6,000 looking on. Marty Servo, who recently changed his name from Mario Severino scored over Ray Garvey in the six-round semi-final. In another six, Billy Lancaster and Joe Mulli battled to a draw.

Irish Eddie Brink moved to an easy victory over Jimmy Murray in eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. Brink gave Murray a sound drubbing, rocking the Brooklyn boy in the third and fifth. Jack Tolson and Jackie Stewart drew in the six-round semi-final. Bernie Miller, young C. Y. O. graduate, gained his nineteenth pro victory when he won the decision over Johnny Bellus in eight rounds at Rockland Palace. But the decision was not unanimous, insofar as spectators were concerned, many of them believing Bellus was entitled to the verdict. A second eight brought Gene Gregory victory over Johnny Cabello.

Jimmy Tyghe, Philadelphia lightweight, made his New York debut at the St. Nicholas Palace but went down to defeat before George Zengaras in eight rounds. The semi-final, also carded for eight, came to an abrupt halt after thirty seconds of the fifth chapter, Ernst Orgovam halting Mohamed Fahmy, a real Egyptian.

Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rican welterweight, who hopes to gain a titular opportunity this summer, moved a step closer to his goal by adding Howard Scott to his list of knockout victims. Montanez disposed of Scott in the second round of a feature attraction at the New York Coliseum. In the six-round semi-final, Ernie Vigh gained his twentieth pro victory by outpointing Joe Caspar. Carmine Fatta, former amateur star now doing well in professional ranks, whipped Tommy Fontana in another six.

Proving too clever and experienced for Larry Kellum, Johnny McHale annexed a verdict over the Montana middleweight in the main event at the Westchester County Center. McHale outboxed Kellum all the way to capture the decision. In other sixers, Henry Maselli outscored Emil Cody, and Ralph Vona took the measure of Benny Berman. A fast finish enabled Chalky Wright to triumph over Carl Red Guggino in eight rounds at the Broadway Arena. In the semi-final, Pete Bonito stopped Paul Turberg in the fourth round of a scheduled six. In other sixers, Murray Kanner outpointed Jerry Grieff, and Maxie Shapiro halted Hymie Berg in three.

A startling upset occurred at the New York Hippodrome when Frankie Blair, Camden veteran, defeated Cal Cagni, fast-rising New Jersey middleweight, in eight rounds. Cagni had previously beaten Blair and was an overwhelming favorite to repeat. But Blair ignored the odds to punch his way to a clear-cut victory. On the same program, Tommy Spiegal, Pittsburgh lightweight, registered his thirteenth victory in fourteen New York starts by outpointing Primo Flores in an exciting tussle. Despite his handicap of a bad leg, Spiegal established himself as a solid favorite with metropolitan

fans by the manner in which he scored over tne hard-hitting Puerto Rican. Marty Servo defeated Tony Giello in a six, and Bobby Ruffin captured the verdict from Morris Parker in a second six. One of the fours saw Jimmy Quigley, young Irish heavyweight, score impressively when he knocked out Freddie Larkin in two rounds. Quigley is a Philadelphia youngster who looms as a fine prospect.

Making his first start since he was halted by Melio Bettina in a New York State light-heavyweight title event, Tiger Jack Fox defeated Tiger Terry Warrington in eight rounds at Rockland Palace. Fox floored Warrington in the first round and appeared to have won by a knockout but the referee and timekeeper got their signals crossed and the contest continued. Warrington caused Fox considerable trouble, and in the sixth frame floored Tiger Jack for a count of nine. In the six-round semi-final, Harold Lacey defeated Havana Kid. On the same night at the Ridgewood Grove, Izzy Redman outpointed Jack Tolson in eight rounds. The eight-round semi-final between Frankie Kid Bruno and Billy Lancaster was won by Bruno. Danny Temple bested Nick Rabin in a six.

Displaying impressive punching form, Pedro Montanez added another victim to his list when he stopped Phil Furr in one minute and ten seconds of a scheduled eight at the St. Nicholas Palace. A corking right uppercut, followed by a vicious left hook to the body finished Furr. It was feared at first that Furr had been seriously injured, but he came around all right. Abe Simon scored a quick knockout over Mickey McAvoy in the semi-final. Several of the other bouts on the program also ended in kayoes and the entire show was over before ten o'clock.

The celebrated comeback of Tony Canzoneri hit a fearful snag at the New York Hippodrome, where the Far Western Club staged a show for the benefit of European refugees. Having beaten Eddie Brink before, Tony was expected to repeat. Instead the two waged a slow ten-rounder with Brink coming up with the decision. The verdict came as a shock to Tony, who thought he had won. But regardless of the decision, his showing was far from impressive and did not make Tony's prospects of more lucrative fights too bright. Best fight of the night was that between Al Mancini and Baby Yack, with Mancini winning. But the spectators did not like that decision at all and booed long and loud. In a second eight, Norment Quarles outpointed Al Roth.

Perhaps Wesley Ramey has the Indian sign on Maxie Berger. They met several weeks ago with Ramey gaining a dubious verdict, knocking Berger out of a shot at the Garden. They were brought together again at the New York Coliseum and again Ramey came home in front. This time there did not seem to be any question about the decision, but in boxing circles the outcome came as a distinct surprise. The six-round semi-final brought Ralph Vona a victory over Joe Mulli, with another six, between Max Shapiro and Dom Barrone, going to Shapiro. At the White Plains County Center on the same night, Tony Ferrera gained the verdict over Mickey Donohue before a crowd of 7,000, largest of the season at Joe McKenna's club. Emil Cody won from Tommy Roman in the semi-windup six.

In his first start since halting the winning streak of Allie Stolz, Joey Fontana conquered Jose Hernandez at the Broadway Arena, registering a knockout triumph in forty seconds of the second round of a scheduled eight. A right to the jaw late in the first round left Hernandez a bit groggy and another right to the same spot early in the second session ended the contest. An eight-round event brought Harold Valan the decision over Pete Mascia, and in a six, Bill Tweedie was awarded the decision over Dave Crawford.

Bernie Miller triumphed over Johnny Craven in the feature eight-round event at Rockland Palace. An exciting eight-round semi-final, between Eddie Alzek and Buckey Jones, was called a draw. Each of the principals was down twice in the second round. At the Ridgewood Grove, Henry Cooper gained an eight-round decision over Italo Colonello, with Dennis Deegan scoring over Joe Mulli in the second eight. Vincent (Pepper) Montana had Paul Licati as his opponent in a scheduled six but the bout ended late in the fourth round with Montana winner via a kayo.

Paul DeBello hurdled another obstacle in his path to lightweight heights when he conquered Tommy Cross in a hard-fought eight-round event at the St. Nicholas Palace. Cross appeared headed to a certain victory in the early part of the contest, thereby halting DeBello's long winning streak. But the young Brooklyn prospect rallied strongly in the last three frames to eke out the decision. A slashing six-round semi-final brought Danny Temple a triumph over Don Giovannis. Temple was floored in the fifth round, but he came back to topple Giovannis twice in the sixth.

Making his first start since his setback at the hands of Pedro Montanez, Jackie Kid Berg outpointed Pete Galiano in eight rounds at the Broadway Arena. Pete Bonito gained the verdict over Vincent DeMarco in the six-round semi-final, while in another six, Pete Koloff outpointed Joe Pennino. At the New York Coliseum, Matt Perfetti came back after being floored three times in the second round to take the decision from Johnny Litto in eight rounds. In sixers, Oliver White kayoed Tony Fernandez in five, and Hester Rico drew with Ray Garvey. Tommy DeSanto outpointed Gene Molnar in eight rounds at the Westchester County Center before a crowd of 5,000. The semi-final six brought Henry Masselli a victory over Tommy Roman.

The preliminaries to the Armstrong-Day title bout resulted in a few good scraps. Yucatan Kid made his initial New York appearance in the semi-final eight, but failed to prove impressive as he dropped a decision to Johnny Bellus. In a second eight, Milo Theodorescu, making his first start in the East, turned in a good job in whipping Quentin Breese. Larry Kellum scored over Victor Dellacurti in a six-rounder, but the most exciting bout of the night, aside from the main event, was the opening four between Joe Ionnotti and Tommy St. Angelo, Ionnotti climbing off the floor in the second heat to halt St. Angelo in the final session.

Bill Tweedie, former amateur champion, took the decision from Dave Crawford in the feature eight at the Queens Boulevard A. C., which recently changed its fight night from Tuesdays to Thursdays. The six-round semi-final was won by Bobby Cummings, with Ernest Robinson on the losing end. At the Ridgewood Grove, Maxie Shapiro came through with a late rally to outpoint Nickey Jerome in eight rounds. Shapiro went down for a count of two in the fourth round but he arose to take the play away completely from Jerome. Joe DeJesus knocked out Harold Valan in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round semi-windup.

George Zengaras gained the verdict over Mike Gamiere in eight rounds at the St. Nicholas Palace, with Tommy Tucker halting George Higgs in the third round of a semi-final eight. In six rounds, Mike Martinez defeated Silvio Zangrillo. The largest crowd of the season, 7,826, attended the Tony Ferrara-Harry Ginsburg eight-rounder at the White Plains County Center, Ferrara winning the decision. Dennis Deegan won from Tony Greb in the semi-final six. Fighting in splendid fashion, Maxie Berger outpointed Johnny Rohrig in a thrilling bout of eight heats at the Broadway Arena. The eight-round semi-final, between Emil Cody and Julie Kogan, was won by Cody.

The comeback campaign of Tony Canzoneri again came close to disaster when the former champion was held to a draw by Jimmy Vaughn in eight rounds at the New York Coliseum. Vaughn piled up a commanding lead in the first four sessions and seemed headed for a certain victory. Then Tony pulled himself together and came back strongly to earn the draw. In the second stanza, one of Tony's body blows landed low and Vaughn dropped to the canvas, where he took a count of nine. Tommy Christie knocked out Tony Novello in the final round of the six-round semi-final.

In a thrilling ten-round battle, Sammy Angott showed New York fight fans why he has been kept so high in THE RING ratings, this publication's No. 2 man behind Lou Ambers, by trouncing Aldo Spoldi at the New York Hippodrome. Sammy was here, there and everywhere. He proved as much of a "buzz-saw" as is Henry Armstrong. The fight was a vicious one, with Angott holding the upper hand most of the way. Spoldi was a hot favorite when he entered the ring, but Sammy proved the gamblers wrong by his splendid performance.

Joey Ionnotti, who made his pro debut only two months ago at White Plains, when he was touted to the skies by Nat Fleischer, made good before a New York gathering by stopping Harold Schwartz in one round. Ionnotti caught the eyes of the fistic experts, who predicted a great future for him.

ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS

By BILL REDWAY

BEFORE a capacity crowd, Gordon Grayston, Alberta's number one middleweight, went down before the T.N.T.-laden fists of Western Canadian middleweight champion, Kid Dalke. With a series of solid smashes, the Saskatchewan boy beat Grayston to the canvas midway in the ninth.

Pride of Alberta Prairies—Out of Alberta comes a new headache to the N. B. A. and various individuals who are having such a hard time to rate the light-heavyweight boxers. This new headache is none other than one Eddie Wenstob, light-heavy and heavyweight champion of Western Canada.

Hailing from Viking, Alberta, he is the idol of the Albertans. Whenever the fight fans meet in that province, whether it is in mining camps of the north, ranch houses, lumber camps or cities, Wenstob is usually the topic of their conversation. Hoping that he will be the first to bring a world crown to their province, they are backing him to the limit. He is six feet and is well built. Unfortunately he lacks a good wallop.

Returning to Canada, Eddie agreed to have as his manager Bob Penman, Edmonton business man, instead of Kaplinsky, his old mentor. In his first battle under the new mentor, Eddie knocked out Jimmy White, St. Paul bruiser. He then travelled to Winnipeg where he (knocked out) decisioned Charlie Belanger.

Next came victories over Eddie Boyle, Sonny Buxton, Art Oliver and Jack Roper. The bout with Buxton was held in Vancouver, and in this encounter, poor Sonny hit the canvas no less than 11 times. He dropped decisions to Fred Lenhardt and Buddy Knox, the Dayton Thunderbolt, a ranking heavyweight. The Loss to Lenhardt was due to a broken hand on the part of the Albertan. In a return bout, however, Wenstob proceeded to give Lenhardt an old fashioned ball park licking.

Again Eddie crossed the Atlantic, and this time it was a very different Wenstob that the Englishmen saw. A far better fighter than he was on his previous trip.

Eddie and his manager, Mike Kaplinsky, went to England last year and there Eddie beat Pat Marinan, Irish heavyweight; kayoed Joe Lindquist, heavyweight champion of Sweden; drew with Eric Seelig and Tommy Farr, and dropped decisions to Eddie Phillips, Ambrose Palmer, Australian heavyweight champion; Ben Foord, the British Empire champion, and Tommy Farr. Not bad when you consider that the above mentioned were all seasoned contenders and the best in Europe.

In a previous issue, it was stated that Pat Comiskey had knocked out Joe O'Gatty in Newark. This was an error. They fought on the same card, and Comiskey and O'Gatty each scored a knockout victory. A fight between Comiskey and O'Gatty would draw a capacity house in Newark or Elizabeth, as both have a big following in those cities and the Newark promoter is trying to arrange it.

Through an error, we named Joe O'Gatty as being the victor by a knockout over Charley Belanger in six rounds. The Belanger who was knocked out is not the same fellow managed by Jack Scotty Strachan.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 35)

bumps. He then swept past preliminary barriers to enter the select circle in middleweight ranks.

Hartay in developing his ring technique started to develop a spectacular hold. One after another, wrestlers were victimized by this hold. Hartay has named this hold the "corkscrew headlock."

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII by Teddy Yamachika, follows: Honolulu was all set to stage a world's heavyweight wrestling championship bout between Jim Londos and the best available talent here, but Jim cancelled his trip to the islands at the last minute.

* * *

Dick Raines is still the Hawaiian champion although defeated by Lofty Blomfield and Oki Shikina recently. Of all the wrestlers to show here Raines stands out as the roughest and most dangerous. Moreover he has compiled an enviable record.

* * *

Among the new arrivals are Barto Hill, former champion of the U. S. Navy and Harnan Singh, a colorful Hindu performer of the first rank. Hill comes from Junean, Alaska. Singh comes from the birthplace of great wrestlers, Punjab, India.

* * *

Others who are headed here are Chief Little Wolf, Ignazio Martinez, Portuguese-Spanish star, popular Vic Christy and George Zaharias, hubby of famed Babe Didrickson.

* * *

Other results are: Oki Shikina was disqualified against Dick Raines, Hawaiian championship belt was at stake; Wong Buck Cheung drew with Lofty Blomfield; Denny Dusek dropkicked Bobby Roberts for a fall in 14 minutes; Lee Henning and Curtis Chartier, draw.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

PETER KANE, world's flyweight champion, scored a good victory over Gino Cattaneo of Italy, when he outpointed him in 10 rounds at Liverpool. Eric Jones, Southern Area flyweight champion, defeated Alex Knight, of South Africa in eight.

The minor contests at Harringay, on the occasion when Eric Boon successfully defended his lightweight title against Arthur Danahar, were as follows: Jim Brady, of Dundee, and Southern Area bantamweight champion, outpointed Len Beynon, featherweight champion of Wales in eight.

Tiny Bostock, of Leek, showed some of his old form in outpointing Raoul Degryse, flyweight champion of Belgium in eight.

Harry Silver, of Clapton, outpointed Billy Jones, of Ostwerly after a good scrap in six.

Charlie Webster, of Kentish Town, outpointed George Howard, of Finsbury Park, after six.

A newcomer to the Devonshire Club, Hackney, is Jake Carr of Thornaby, who caused a minor sensation when outpointing Garry Roche of Ireland in eight rounds.

Charlie Webster, of Kentish Town, stopped Jack Hammer, of Northampton, in the fifth round, when the referee intervened. Percy Fields, of Worcester, knocked out Tommy Clegg, of Hackney in the sixth and last round, with a beauty in the pit of the stomach.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, showed a return to form, when he stopped Tommy Henderson, Scottish cruiserweight champion, in the third session of an eight-rounder, at the Earls Court, N.S.C. show.

Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross outpointed Jerry Costello, of Liverpool in eight and Bob Firmin defeated Len Munden of Bristol in the third when the latter sustained a badly cut eye.

Tom Reddington, of Salford, fought well to K.O. Darkie Ellis of Bridlington, in the third, with a right to the jaw.

Lefty Flynn, of Jamaica, narrowly outpointed Johnny Houlston of Cardiff in eight rounds and Frankie Parkes, of Nottingham, outpointed Phineas John, of Edgware, after a good bout.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, did not waste much time in the ring, on the occasion of his first contest after his recent illness, when he met Emile Lebrize, of France, the French cruiserweight champion.

The contest, scheduled for 10 rounds, ended in 87 seconds of the first session, when after taking one or two rights from the Frenchman, McAvoy unleashed a couple of lefts and rights to Lebrize's body, and finished the contest with a short right to the jaw.

Paddy Ryan, of Manchester, and Bibi Burah, of France, fought their 10-round contest at a fast pace. The referee stopped the contest with thirty seconds of the last round to go and declared Ryan the winner!

George Marsden, of Nottingham, must be the busiest boxer in England. Never a week goes by that he has not had one or two contests and at Sutton-in-Ashfield he stopped Tommy Tune, in the third of a scheduled 10-rounder, when the referee intervened.

Alec Burton, of Hoxton, boxed well to beat Billy Elward, of Wales in the chief bout over 12 rounds at Plumstead Baths.

Pat Mulcahy, of Ireland, outpointed Tom Curran of Walton-on-Thames after a hard hitting bout in 10.

Sammy Shaw, the ex-jockey boxer from Hull, scored a T.K.O. win over Billy Pleace, of Portsmouth, in the fourth when the referee, Sid Smith, stopped the bout.

Eddie Jones, of Blackburn, outpointed Evan John of Wales, over eight rounds, and Angus McGregor, of Scotland, outpointed Jim Anderson, of Waltham Cross in eight.

Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, younger brother of Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area lightweight champion, showed fine style and hitting power, when he disposed of Johnny Legon, of Camden Town, in the fourth.

Tommy Windsor, of Peterborough, outpointed Jeff Johnson, of Chesterfield in 10 at Deptford.

The decision in favor of Freddy Mills over Eddie McGuire, of South Africa, at the end of 12 rounds at Bournemouth received a very mixed reception.

Johnny McGrory, Glasgow, gained a points decision over Johnny Jenkins, of Glasgow in 12 rounds at City Hall, Glasgow.

Morry Joseph, of Battersea, stopped Harry Ainsworth, of York, at the end of the 4th at Hackney, when the referee intervened to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

Wally Learmouth, of Poplar, scored a two-round K. O. victory when he planted a right to Billy Wakeman's jaw.

Rinty Monaghan, of Belfast, scored a good win when he knocked out Joe Curran, of Liverpool, in the fifth at Newcastle.

The annual charity show, staged by the Sportsman's Committee, on behalf of the Jewish National Fund, at the Royal Albert Hall, provided some exciting contests, with their all star program.

Jack London, of West Hartlepool, with a weight advantage of 42 pounds, knocked out Al Delaney of Canada, in the eighth with a "Tony Galento" swing to the head.

Jack Carrick, of Hull, received the decision over Jimmy Vaughan, of Becontree, at the end of 15 rounds.

The contest was one of two to find an opponent for Eric Boon, for the latter's lightweight title in the summer.

Vaughan was put down in the fifth with a wild swing, and in falling tore a ligament. The referee at the end of the bout gave Carrick the nod.

In the bout between Harry Mizler, of St. Georges, and Norman Snow, of Northampton, Referee Jack Morris raised Mizler's hand as the winner after eight rounds. The verdict was unpopular.

Jack Hyams, of Stepney, boxed well to outpoint Dave McCleave of Battersea, over 10 rounds. Rennie James, of Swansea, disappointed in his contest with Dave Finn, of Stepney, and was declared the loser after eight rounds.

Joe Davis, of Smithfield, again defeated Hugh Cameron, of Scotland, in six rounds of a splendid contest.

George Marsden, of Nottingham, gained a clear points victory over Jackie Rankin of Southall, in eight rounds at the Ring, London.

Johnny Sayers, of Scotland, defeated Tommy Shaw of Coventry, when the latter retired at the end of the ninth.

George Markwick, of Cuckfield, gained a good win at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when he K.O.'ed Percy Fields, of Worcester, in the fourth round with a perfect right to the jaw that put Fields down, flat on his face. Pat Palmer, of Battersea, outpointed Wally Knightley, of Sunderland, in a hard hitting eight-rounder. George Smith, of North Shields, and Jack Gubbins, of Stratford, boxed eight rounds to a draw.

Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, gained a points victory over Eddie McGuire in 10 rounds of brisk fighting at Norwich.

Billy Pleace, of Portsmouth, knocked out Teddy Payne, of Gosport, in the fourth of a 10-rounder, at Drill Hall, Portsmouth.

Seaman Bradshaw, of Royal Navy, defeated George Bennett, in a 10-round contest for the Hampshire welterweight title and John Mortimer's belt.

Tommy Stewart, Belfast and Ulster flyweight champion, outpointed Billy Nash, of Clerkenwell in eight rounds at Belfast.

George Francombe, of Abertillery, won over Johnny Griffiths, Barnsley, in 10 rounds at Abertillery.

Johnny Clements, the hard hitting Scotch middleweight, defeated Jacky Moran, of Barnsley in 12 rounds at Aberdeen.

At Belfast, a good card drew a capacity house with the following results: Johnny McManus, of Glasgow, stopped the local Freddie Warnock, in the fifth. Al Lyttle, Irish lightweight champion, outpointed Johnny Softley of Poplar in eight rounds. Tony Armour of Belfast, outpointed Pat Haley, of Hanley in eight for the challenger's post for the Irish bantamweight title, Charlie Brown, local, stopped Pat McStravick in the sixth. Jim McCann, local, stopped Billy Dochery in the eighth.

Nel Tarleton, ex-featherweight champion of England, showed the crowd at the Liverpool Stadium that he has lost none of his speed or cleverness, when he met Josef Preys, featherweight champion of Belgium in 10 rounds. Tarleton won every round by a good margin.

Joe Quigley, of Ireland, outpointed Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, over 10 rounds at East Ham.

Benny Sharkey, of Newcastle, knocked out Norman Denny, of South Shields, in the second at North Shields.

Freddie Simpson, of Basingstoke, outpointed Les Greenaway, of Wales, in 10 rounds at Bristol.

Paddy Ryan, of Manchester, contender for Peter Kane's title, scored a good win over Mickey O'Niel, of Sunderland, in 10 rounds at Blackpool.

Johnny McManus, of Glasgow, won over Teddy Rollins, of Whitley, in the seventh at Newcastle when the latter was counted out from a body blow.

Vic Morris, of Wales, successfully coped with the hard hitting of Tommy John, of Edgware, in 10 rounds at Deptford to win Referee Archie Sexton's decision.

Johnny Cusick, of Manchester, stopped Eugene Peyre, French featherweight champion, in the 10th at Bellue Vue, Manchester, when the referee intervened, after Peyre had taken two counts of nine.

Eddie Jones, of Blackburn, forced the referee to stop his contest with Alby Day, of Old Ford, in the fifth, when Day was out, standing up. The contest was staged at the Devonshire Club.

Battling Hayes, of Leeds, and Northern Area bantamweight champion outpointed Teddy O'Niel, of Glasgow, Scottish bantamweight champion, in the 10-round course, at City Hall, Glasgow.

Jack Lewis, of Bournemouth, scored a points win over Glen Moody of Wales, after 10 rounds, at Kingston.

Promoter Phil Fay, staged a good fighting program at the Stokewood Road paths, Bournemouth, with the following results:

Mick Carney, of Middlesborough, forced Tom Thomas, Wales, to retire with a damaged hand at the end of the sixth. Johnny Griffiths, of Wales, outpointed Willie Smith, of Margate, in 12 rounds. Al McCoy, of Wales, outpointed Al Peterson, of Australia in 12 rounds, and Stan Nelson, of Bournemouth, defeated Bill Fuller, of Bournemouth after a hard hitting 12-round contest, and Jimmy Bitmead of Kings Cross outpointed Mick O'Brien, of Walthamstow, in 12 rounds.

Jock McAvoy, had little difficulty in disposing of Tino Rolando of Italy in the ninth round, when he caused the referee to stop the one-sided contest at Liverpool Stadium.

Johnny Cunningham, of Bethnal Green, enhanced his reputation when he met Eric Dolby of Derby in a scheduled 10-rounder at East Ham.

Two minutes of the first round were enough for Dolby who was counted out after taking two counts.

Vic Morris, of Wales, outpointed Art Elmore, of Kettering in 12 rounds.

Ray Davis, of Hornchurch, was ruled out in the seventh at Devonshire Club in his bout with Bob Lamb, for persistent holding.

Al Marson, of Canning Town, won narrowly over Andy Robinson of Croydon in six.

Charlie Webster, of Kentish Town, scored a points win over Billy Graham of Gateshead in eight rounds at Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Freddie Baxter, of Bethnal Green was given the decision over Billy Jones of Ostwestly in a rough and tumble eight-rounder.

American and Canadian readers can get the only English Record Book, now on sale after 16 years, by sending one dollar bill to the writer, 3 Edwin Street, London, E. 1, England, and you will get the 1939 Record Book by return post. It is a most valuable book to all fight fans, promoters, managers and boxers, and I have to congratulate the editor and compiler of this record book, Mr. Geoffrey W. Bardsley.

In reply to Amand Richard of St. Jean de Aburville, P. Q., Canada: Get the new English Record Book, 1939, and you will find the answers to all your queries.

George Bunter, of West Hartlepool, beat Billy Bird, of Chelsea in the seventh at the Ring when the referee stopped the contest as Bird had received a badly cut eye. Pat Cassidy, Thornaby, outpointed Art Elmore, of Kettering in eight rounds.

Alf Edwards, of Smethwick, defeated Eddie Oliver, of Charlton, in a 10-round contest at Birmingham. Jack Rogers, of Willenhall, outpointed Eddie Harris, of Worcester, in 10, and Frank Jones, of West Bromwich, K.O.'ed Tom Cooper of Smethwick, in the fourth.

Boxing at the N.S.C. Earls Court, is a regular Monday night affair. George Davis of Notting Hill, was unlucky to lose the decision, when he met Kid Janas, the colored French middleweight in eight rounds. Tom Reddington, the young Salford middleweight, stopped Len Rowlands, of Dagenham, when the referee called a halt, as Rowlands had sustained a badly cut eye.

Sammy Shaw, of Hull, and Jimmy Lester of Dagenham, fought a hurricane bout of eight rounds with Shaw scoring three knockdowns, but Referee Jack Morris gave a draw. Billy Walker, of Stratford, was beaten by Othello Abbruciati of Italy in a good contest of eight rounds.

Wally Pack of Hoxton, knocked out Cyril Johnson of Nottingham in the third.

Jack Powell, of Sheffield, stopped Pat Mulcahy of Ireland, in the fourth. Alf Reed, of Covent Garden, outpointed Joe Griffiths of Wales in six.

Spider Kelly, of Derry, the featherweight champion of Great Britain, and the British Empire, had a 400-mile dash by plane and car to fulfill his contract at Newcastle, against Tom Smith of Sunderland in 10 rounds. Kelly, who was at the bedside of his young son for 10 days before the little mite succumbed from his illness, would not let the promoter down, stayed to bury his child, and then made the dash to Newcastle. No wonder the son of Erin could not show his best. At the end of the contest, the referee declared it a draw.

Jim Brady, of Dundee, clearly outpointed Balthazar Sangchili, ex-bantam champ of the world, in 10 rounds at Manchester.

Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, stopped Bibi Burah, of France, in the eighth when the Frenchman's handlers skied the towel.

Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, was forced to retire at the end of the seventh round of his bout with Len Beynon, of Swansea, owing to his having injured his ankle in the second round. He was unable to stand.

Lefty Flynn, of Jamaica, defeated Paddy Roche, of Ireland, in the fifth when the latter retired with a damaged hand. Cuthbert Taylor, of Wales, outpointed Wally Thornton of Tooting, in 10 rounds.

Johnny Carr, of Islington, outpointed Billy Mawson, of Scotland, in a hard hitting six-round bout.

Johnny Best, genial matchmaker of the Liverpool Stadium got off to a good start, when he staged his first big promotion for the Greyhound Racing Association at Harringay Arena.

A good crowd turned out to see Len Harvey win the Empire heavyweight championship by defeating Larry Gains of Canada. At the end of the 13th round the latter's seconds called Referee Jack Hart to Gains' corner and explained that Gains was suffering from a badly cut eye, and that he could not see out of the swollen optic. The referee then awarded the decision to Harvey.

The supporting bouts, over eight rounds, made up for the slow top liner, with the following results:

Jimmy Walsh, former British lightweight champion, made a successful comeback to the ring when he outclassed Johnny Softley, of Poplar, and proved that he will soon be one of the foremost challengers for the lightweight title. Tommy Martin, of Deptford, stopped Tino Rolando, of Italy in the fourth when the latter retired.

Freddie Simpson, ex-amateur champion, boxed well to outpoint Al Lyttle, of Ireland, and Irish lightweight champion, and Kid Tanner, the British Guiana bantam and featherweight champion kayoed Eddie Davis, Welsh bantamweight champion, in the third, with a left hook to the body. Ned Thomas, of Liverpool, sprang a surprise when he comfortably outpointed Alf Reed, of Covent Garden, over four.

Billy Tansey, of Manchester, beat Sam Reynolds, of Wolverhampton, in a capital 10-round contest at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Dick Turpin, of Leamington, outpointed Jack Hammer in 12 rounds at Northampton.

Johnny McGrory of Glasgow outpointed Johnny Walters of Holborn in a spirited 10-rounder at the Stadium Club, London. Mick Carney of Newcastle outpointed Douglas Kestrell of Cardiff in eight rounds. Frank Hough of Battersea and Emile Wagner of Belgium fought a slugging match for eight rounds to a draw.

Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow defeated George Daly of Black Friars in the seventh at Blackpool. The referee intervened when Daly received a bad cut eye.

Wally Learmouth of Poplar punched too hard and often for Syd Fitzhugh of Northampton and knocked the latter out with a hard hook to the body in the seventh at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Harry Brown of Derby beat Charlie Roberts of Poplar in the seventh. The referee intervened.

Morry Joseph of Battersea outpointed Art Elmore of Kettering after a good bout of eight rounds. Freddie Edmunds of Stratford stopped Bert Isen of Leicester in the third.

"Ginger" Foran, Liverpool's red-headed fighting featherweight, scored a good win in Paris when he outpointed the hard hitting French featherweight, Joseph Populo, in 10 rounds.

Al Delaney of Canada took the opportunity to act as a very late substitute for Andre Lenglet of France against Walter Neusel of Germany and lost in 10 rounds.

A capacity house saw good fighting at the Devonshire Club when Jackie Hurst of St. Georges outpointed Cuthbert Taylor of Wales in a hard fought bout over 10 rounds.

Jackie Gubbins of Stratford survived a bad start to outpoint Garry Roche of Ireland in a splendid eight-round contest.

A promising lightweight, Bob Ramsey of Stepney, stopped Teddy Butler of Bermondsey at the end of the fourth.

Making his first appearance in London, "Spider" Jim Kelly, 26-year-old Londonderry, Ireland, featherweight champion of Great Britain and the British Empire, caused a sensation at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, N.S.C. show, when he outfought and outboxed tough Billy Charlton of Gateshead in 10 rounds.

I have never seen such happenings at the Earls Court as this night, members of the National Sporting Club stood and cheered for fully five minutes after Referee C. B. Thomas raised the hand of the clever Irishman as the winner.

"Spider" Kelly can be compared with "Peerless" Jem Driscoll. He is a worthy contender for the world's featherweight title.

The managers of Kelly have already sent cables to the various American commissions, asking for a match on behalf of Kelly with the various nominees for the title, Joey Archibald, Leo Rodak and Pete Scalzo, for the contests to be recognized as for the world's title. Nat Fleischer, Editor of The Ring, has been given powers to help clinch these matches for the clever Irishman, and I venture to say that if any side stake be necessary to bind these matches, it would be forthcoming as the Irish boy's backers and his followers in London are willing to put up as big a side stake as the American boxers' backers would want.

So now, dear readers, I have let you know the inside of this story that "Spider" Kelly wants to show New York, Chicago, London and Belfast boxing fans that he is a credit and a worthy challenger for the world's featherweight title.

Frank Hough of Battersea outpointed Joe Quigley of Ireland after a rough and tumble eight rounds.

Frank Parkes of Nottingham outpointed Joe Connolly of Glasgow in a spirited eight-rounder.

A further climax to a great show was a tear-away fight between Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross and Johnny Ward of Ireland, who threw caution to the winds and slugged through the eight rounds with a fitting decision, a draw, that was very popular.

Charlie Baxter of Birmingham proved too good for Bob Barlow of Derby at Birmingham. In the fifth when the latter was being punished and had no chance, his seconds skied the towel as a token of defeat.

Jake Carr of Stockton scored a grand win at the expense of George Williams of Treherbert in a 10-round contest at Bristol.

Jackie Brown of Manchester gained the Northern Area bantamweight title when he defeated "Battling" Jim Hayes of Leeds over the 15-round route at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester gained the decision over Tommy Stewart of Belfast in a spirited contest and Phil Milligan of Oldgam met Tom (Tucker) Smith of Lancaster in 10 rounds and the latter received the decision at the end of a good contest.

Rinty Monaghan of Belfast gave a brilliant display when he defeated Sam Reynolds of Wolverhampton on points in 10 rounds.

Tommy Jones, the southpaw welter from Derby won the Northern Area welterweight title when he forced Bert Chambers of Widnes to retire with a damaged arm at the end of the sixth at Derby.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich won with ease when he met the Belgian, Jan de Screve, at Yarmouth. In the fifth, the referee, Jack Hart, stopped the one-sided contest when the Belgian received a badly cut eye.

Mickey McGuire of Canada was very unlucky in his first contest in Great Britain when at the Stadium Club, London, he was forced to retire at the end of the third against Eddie "Kid" Jones of Blackburn because of a very badly cut eye.

Bernard Cook of Finsbury Park gained a points win over Jack Strongbow of Leicester in eight hard hitting rounds at Deptford.

A great 10-round contest was fought at North Shields when Mark Southern of North Shields gained a narrow points win over Charlie Hall of the same neighborhood.

Jim Palmer of Consett showed smart form when he K.O.'d Jack Middleton of Scotland in the last round of a 10-rounder at Middlesborough.

Joe Webb of Hertford gained a well earned win over Joe Kelt of Stratford after 10 hard hitting rounds.

A big crowd at Banbury saw the young colored middleweight, Dick Turpin of Leamington, outpoint Corporal George Robey of Oxford after a splendid 10-round contest.

Billy Masters of Glasgow won narrowly over Bobby Tate of West Hartlepool in 12 rounds at Erdington.

Danny Paul of Canada repeated his points win over Don McCorkindale of South Africa in 12 rounds at Bournemouth.

The Maccabean branch of the British Legion staged a good fighting program at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, with the following results: Tiny Bostock of Leek defeated Mickey O'Neil of Sunderland at the end of the seventh of a 10-round contest when Referee Jack Hart stopped the bout as O'Neil was well behind and had sustained two cut eyes. Phineas John of Wales outpointed Johnny Softley of Poplar over 10 rounds.

A new welterweight champion of Great Britain was crowned at the Anfield Football Ground when the hard hitting Ernie Roderick was returned the winner, scoring a K.O. over Jake Kilrain of Glasgow, holder of the title.

The end came in the seventh when Roderick whipped a right to the jaw and Kilrain went down on his haunches. He rose as the out was counted by Referee C. B. Thomas.

Roderick, by virtue of his win, now meets Henry Armstrong for the welterweight title of the world at White City, London. A crowd of 60,000 is expected to witness this gigantic show that Johnny Best and the Greyhound Racing Association is going to promote.

Kid Tanner, British Guiana, stood freezing at the start of his eight-round contest with Johnny Holt of South Africa but he warmed up after three rounds and though he appeared to be in the lead the referee thought otherwise and gave the verdict to Holt.

George Daly of Blackfriars gained a points win over George Bridges of Salford in eight hard rounds.

Lionel Gibbs welter and middle champion of British Guiana, repeated his win over Harry Craster of Middlesborough, only this time in easier fashion, when they met at Bernard Stonefield's show at the Edmund Road Dhill Hall, Sheffield, in 10 rounds.

At East Ham. Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green outpointed Danny Mack of Liverpool after a good bout of 10 rounds.

Angus McGregor of Scotland received the decision over Mick Carney of Middlesborough in 10 rounds.

Readers who would like to receive The Ring Magazine by post monthly should send their Postal Orders for One Shilling and Fourpence Halfpenny, to the Writer, 3 Edwin Street, London E.1, England, and if you want a price list of the Ring Bookshop publications, then enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

So long, that's all for this month.

IN BERMUDA

By EDGERTON TUCKER

DURING the past three months in Bermuda, we have had the largest boom in boxing since the Dempsey era. For this we are grateful to such bulwarks as Mike Jacobs, Joe Louis, Nat Fleischer, and others who have aided us.

The Sports Arena, the scene of many a gruelling battle in days of yore, again is the scene of much fistic action. Johnny Semas, welterweight champion of Bermuda, and Johnny Hauptman of New York fought here recently. It was a rather slow fight owing to excessive holding. The thrill of the evening came in the semi-final, when Bo Bascome disposed of his rival in the first round. There was plenty of action while it lasted.

Bascome was again seen in action at the Colonial Opera House against Bommer Willis, English whirlwind, who lasted four rounds.

Marine Bunker, middleweight champion of the Home Fleet, gave a very pleasing performance in winning against the middleweight champ of the Canadian Fleet at No. 1 Shed.

It is with pleasure that we learn that the services of Jackie Kid Berg have been secured for Bermuda. He will be matched with Johnny Semas, our welterweight champ.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.

By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

KEITH CHANDLER staged a successful show at his Lakes Folly Arena when he promoted a very good contest between Bob Trotman and Bobby Jackson. Trotman won on points after 12 gruelling rounds; but the fans gave Jackson the "glad hand" for his pluck . . . . Kid Francis walloped his way to victory over Iron-jawed Jack Sharkey . . . . Kid George knocked the smiles off "Smiling" Oscar, by administering a terrific beating, stopping him in the 2nd frame.

C. Belfield Layne, promoter of the Yankee Stadium, and yours truly, who is matchmaker, staged an inter-parish bout between Radio Gene of Speightstown, and Ben Eastman of Bridgetown. Gene was by far the smarter boxer; but Eastman proved himself to be the West Indian Joe Grimm, and lasted the limit of 12 rounds. Kid Lamont won a close duke over Kid Arthur in a red hot semi. Fearless Cecil and Sylvan McClean fought like tigers to a draw.

Feather and lightweight champion Al Browne, the classiest of them all in the West Indies today, who is managed and trained by yours truly, will meet Fearless Babe of British Guiana on April 17th. The champ is after a big opportunity offered him in England.

Fearless Cecil, hard-hitting uppercut artist, disposed of ponderous Kid Heeney in the 9th of a 12-round encounter. With a clever exhibition of magnificent footwork, slipping and sidestepping, Cecil exploited his famous uppercut that nearly dislodged Heeney's neck. Kid Lamont punched holes through Jack Davis, finally stopping him in the 2nd canto. Kid Snake stopped the fistic aspirations of Young Goddard, by whipping him in the 2nd round. The towel was thrown in to save Goddard from further punishment.

CONTINENTAL NEWS
By GEORGE FARMER

AT Milan, Italy, Cleto Locatelli and Deyana, two of the foremost Italian lightweights, met in a ten-round contest which was won by the latter via a points decision. Locatelli, who in his heyday fought hectic battles with men of the calibre of Tony Canzoneri, Kid Berg, Ceferino Garcia, Bobby Pacho, Izzy Jannazzo and the like, has passed his peak. Men who couldn't have lasted two rounds with him in the old days are now pushing him around.

At one of Jeff Dickson's shows at the Palais des Sports, Paris, Tommy Burns, Stockton, England, featherweight, won on a foul over El Houssine, torrid North African battler, when the latter dropped a punch under the Plimsoll line in the eighth heat.

On the same card, Jean Despeaux, French middle, stopped Willie Streich of Germany in the fifth after a bloodless contest in which the Frenchman advertised his inability to stop his man when having him helplessly beaten. Streich surrendered after being floored for a nine-count.

Paris, France. At the Salle Wagram, Omar Koudri, North African welterweight, handed Mario Bianchini of Italy a whipping over ten stanzas. The Italian was belted from pillar to post with every punch in the book, but owing to the lack of force behind Omar's wallops the finisher was conspicuous by its absence.

In the semi-final, Jo Martin of Spain handed a belting to Raymond Baviere of France, stopping him in the fifth heat after putting him on the deck for nine. Martin is something unusual; he claims to have won seventy-one fights out of seventy-one starts.

Copenhagen, Denmark—Carl Andersen, lightweight champion of Denmark, caused an upset by winning on points from Jo Populo, walloping Frenchman, taking a clean 10-round decision over him. Populo, who has a No. 1 rating in France, was urged on with vocal encouragement from his mentor, Eugene Criqui, former world's featherweight champ, but all the efforts of the Frenchie to put over his well-known wallop were frustrated by the clever Andersen.

In a semi-final bout Hirsch Demsitz, Danish feather, whipped Prokazka of Czecho-Slovakia on points, dropping him for nine seconds in the ninth round.

Eddie Rabak, claimant of the welterweight title of Czecho-Slovakia, boxed a 10-round draw with Alfred Katter, ranking German welter, who had several outings in the States last year. The contest was fought at Prague.

At the Elysee-Montmartre, Paris, Ercole Buratti, Italian middle, panned De Staerke of France, to gain a 10-round points decision after a hard-fought contest, while Raymond Fonteix, with only six pro fights to his credit, did great in taking Mac Perez of North Africa to a 10-round draw. Perez made plenty of trouble for Eric Boon, British lightweight king-pin, in a recent contest, so, on form, Fonteix shows plenty of promise.

Valenciennes, France. Frank Harsen, lightweight champion of France, defended his title against Fernand Viez and retained it by means of a split verdict.

At Algiers, North Africa, Assane Diouf beat Kid Janas to gain the French middleweight championship after a brawl that had all the earmarks of a dock-yard scrap.

Another fighter has hung up his gloves. Leonard Marohn, German heavy, has decided to call it a day. Marohn was a protege of Arthur Bulow, the fellow who started Max Schmeling on the road to fame and fortune.

Walter Muller, ranking German middle, whipped Carl Balcowitsch on points at Wurzburg, Germany. On the same card the ex-German lightweight champ, Rudolf Kretzschmar, also beat via the points route, Ernst Wohrer of Austria.

At Rome, Italy. Gustave Ansini, Italian featherweight king, who has fought great battles with British fighters, outpointed Antonio Frontalini, a fellow countryman. Ansini is contemplating a trip to the States and should he make the crossing he should do well for himself. He has put up rousing fights with Johnny King and Kid Tanner, two of the best lads in English rings.

At Brussels, Belgium. Jean Motte, French heavy, won a narrow points verdict over Van Verbeeren, heavyweight belting Belgian.

Paris, France. Charles Rutz, former heavyweight champion of France, lost to John Anderson, ex-cruiserweight champion of Europe, when he retired in the eighth round of a 10-round bout.

Paris, France—At the Elysee-Montmartre, two of the leading French lightweights put on a good battle for the cash customers. The bout featured Paul Dogniaux and Pierre Momont, and after a brisk contest over 10 heats, the former was returned the winner.

The chief supporting item was a 10-round light-heavyweight fight between Jean Pankoviac and Sin Saliba, kingpin from Palestine, who was stopped in eight stanzas after taking a series of lefts and rights that would have floored an ox but didn't drop Saliba, who stood up like a real tough 'un until the end of the fight.

In another bout, Alf Savage, one time contender for the French heavyweight title, fought a draw, if one could use the term fought, with Freddy Burg, heavyweight kingpin from Switzerland.

At the Palais des Sports, Paris, Jeff Dickson, Franco-American impresario, put on a rattling good show that sent everyone home happy.

Ginger Foran of Liverpool, showing better form than of late, gave Jo Populo, hard hitting Frenchman, the fight of his life, beating him on points after a fast and thrilling contest.

Pierre Louis won the French bantamweight crown from Robert Bourdet after a contest that was eagerly fought the whole of the way. After the fifth round Louis asserted himself and floored his opponent for a six-count in the 11th frame, running out a nice points winner.

Edouard Tenet, I.B.U. European middleweight champion, and Lou Brouillard, the former world's champion, put on a nice fight to battle to a split verdict.

The French-Canadian took the first few rounds by narrow margins, but when Tenet had got warmed up and used to the southpaw style of his adversary, he began to make headway against the sledge-hammer lefts of Lou, who however fought all the way to gain a slight edge on the last two stanzas, the result of a draw hurting neither men. Later Brouillard lost to Antoine Christoforidis.

When Aurel Toma, I.B.U. bantamweight kingpin of Europe and champion of his native Roumania, lost on points recently to Tommy Burns, Stockton, England, featherweight, it was the first time he had dropped a decision in four years and 57 battles.

Burns is a surprise packet, being the first to lower in England the colors of Kid Tanner, the sensational bantamweight champ of British Guiana,

Paris, France—At the Elysee-Montmartre, Jean Motte, newly crowned French heavyweight champion, lost on points to Jose Ricol, a rising youngster, who throughout the contest plied a useful straight left to bring home the bacon in scoring an unexpected victory.

Brussels, Belgium—Marcel Cerdan, welterweight kingpin of France, won easily from Felix Woulters of Belgium, former European 147-pound champion. The belting Belgian appears to be on the toboggan.

Berlin, Germany—Adolph Heuser, I.B.U. European light-heavyweight champion, furnished a great surprise when he sensationally knocked out Heinz Lazek of Austria to annex the I.B.U. heavyweight crown as well.

Lazek took the first two heats and scored a knockdown in the third, but in the fourth session, Heuser boring in like a bull, using his well known aggressive tactics smashed his way through Lazek's guard whipped over a crushing right and it was curtains for Lazek.

In the semi-final, Ernst Weiss, bantamweight kingpin of Austria, drew with Valentin Angelmann of France in a speedy and entertaining bout over 10 rounds.

In supporting contests, Jacob Schonrath, veteran German heavy, lost on points to Heinz Sendel, a young and coming lad. Franz Seidler, another youngster, beat Walter Van Buren of Switzerland, in a cruiserweight bout. Hans Heuser, brother of Adolph, whipped Fritz Rippel on points, while Carl Blaho, lightweight champion of Germany, had anything but an easy passage in winning on points over Beaugrand of France.

Frankfort, Germany—Al Delaney, Canadian heavyweight, substituting for Andre Lenglet of France, was outpointed by Walter Neusel, erstwhile "Blond Tiger," and heavyweight champion of Germany.

In supporting bouts, Vincentz Hower, former German heavyweight kingpin, was stopped in two stanzas by Santa de Leo, heavyweight champ of Italy. Hower's gum shield became unstuck and as the result of taking heavy blows to the mouth he was so badly cut that the contest was terminated.

Curt Jost and Jacob Schonrath provided a 10-round heavyweight nonstop slug fest, that was won by the former by a narrow margin of points.

At Brussels, Belgium—Tommy Ensor, British bantam, was outpointed by Gaston van der Bos, former flyweight champion of Belgium, over 10 rounds.

At Antwerp Belgium—Adolph Witt, ex-cruiserweight champion of Germany, beat Jomme Wagner, Belgium, on points. Marc Noben, Belgium, whipped Andre Lesage, France, at Luttich and Jean Simon of Belgium outpointed Emile Iebrize of France.

At Naples, Italy—Al Baker, colored belting Belgian, was whipped by De Jana of Italy, and Vittorio Tamagnini, former European featherweight champion, was outpointed by Al Palermo.

Cleto Locatelli and Vittorio Venturi, brother to Enrico, fought a drawn battle in their lightweight bout at Rome, Italy.

BOXING AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS
(Territory of Hawaii)
By JACK (WOLFHOUND) LIDDY

AFTER three hectic months of competitive boxing that ran the gauntlet of human emotions, the team representing the 21st Infantry (the Gimlets) were tops with a percentage of 1247.5%, followed by that of the 27th Infantry (the Wolfhounds) with 1232.5%, and the 8th Field Artillery (the Gunners), champions in 1937 and 1938, finishing in third place with 1205%.

A matter of 42.5% separating the title-holders from that in third place provides the criterion to judge the closeness of the boxing competition that classes with the toughest in any fistic circuit anywhere in these United States, either on the Continent or in the Possessions, whether it be the Nationals held under the auspices of the A.A.U., the National Intercollegiate or the Golden Gloves.

In the nine classes, ranging from bantamweights to heavyweights, two boxers were champions in their respective weights without co-sharers of their title. Worchester, bantamweight champion, the 21st Infantry, and Peerless Steve Kadash, light-heavyweight champion, undefeated in three years of Class 1 competition, of the 8th Field Artillery. All other classes had co-sharers of the respective titles.

In the featherweight class: Birch of the 8th Field Artillery shared the title with Chapman of the 21st Infantry. To Birch a world of credit for his great stand in all his bouts with the use of only one hand—the left. A reminder of Jackie King, once the greatest that ever held the title in this class in the Panama Canal department.

In the junior lightweight class: Leckie, who was co-holder with his teammate, Falco, of the 21st Infantry.

In the lightweight class: Guilbeault, 19th Infantry; Messina, 35th Infantry; and Bodish of the Staff, were co-holders of the title. Guilbeault appeared to have the edge.

In the junior welterweight class: Kirvilaitis, 8th Field Artillery, and Jack Brown of the 27th Infantry were co-holders of the title. A toss-up as to who was the better man.

In the welterweight class: Again three boxers were classified as co-champions, Rehm of the 11th Field Artillery, Walker of the 21st Infantry, and Renfro of the 21st Infantry. Walker deserves a world of credit for his comeback. Once a champion of other years, he fought his way back to the top the hard way against the best in his class. To one boxer in this class who deserves more than passing note, mention is made of Bonsey, the gallant Wolfhound, who despite the breaks of decisions that left much open for reconsideration, fought great fights against champions of two classes and showed himself as fine a fighter and gentleman as ever appeared in the Schofield Bowl since its foundation.

In the middleweight class: Townsend of the 8th Field Artillery, Gilbert of the 27th Infantry and Kovac of the 27th Infantry were co-champions. Gilbert of the Wolfhounds was the most improved fighter to appear in the Bowl this year. His crushing defeat of Yankoff, the title-holder of 1938, was a reminder of the days when Ketchel, the Assassin, was in his hey-day. A bout between Townsend and Gilbert would have been a classic anywhere in any man's ring. Kovac, a teammate of Gilbert, in his first year of competition proved he had the class.

In the light-heavy class, Kadash of the 8th Field Artillery turned back every challenge with a first round knockout. His record in three years of tough competition: 14 wins—13 by knockout.

In the heavyweight class: Musto of the 19th Infantry shared the title with Lunsford of the 21st Infantry. Believe in a showdown that the Gimlet would have carried too hard a punch for the Chick. The dramatic highlight of the season was the knockout of Blackie Dennis, the title-holder of the heavyweight crown in 1938, by Lunsford in the third round.

In the closing show of March 7th in the junior lightweight class, King, representing the 21st Infantry, carried the prestige of the regiment on his shoulders—a win and the Gimlets were team champions for 1938-39, a loss and the Wolfhounds were No. 1 team. King knocked his man out—the Gimlets were tops—and the Wolfhound threat turned back for another year.

Special mention goes to Anderson of the Wolfhounds for his continued progress throughout a year of tough competition, and McShea of the Wolfhounds, always outweighed but never outgamed. And last, to Bill Boydston for his grand job as referee.

In conclusion, to Major McNab of the Wolfhounds who handled the shows in big league style throughout the year.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

OMAHA, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, 190, Omaha, won an unpopular decision over veteran Charley Belanger, 192, of Toronto, Canada, in six rounds. Belanger, although floored for an eight count in the last round with a hard left to the midsection, appeared to the crowd to have had the better of the fighting all the way. He often sent slicing lefts to the Omaha boy's face and scored frequently with hard right hands. Referee Alex Fidler of Cedar Rapids gave Vinciquerra three rounds, called one even and awarded the other two to Belanger. In the semi-windup, Charles Neaves, 213, Kansas City, and Webster Epperson, 190, Sioux Falls, S. D., fought six rounds to a draw. Buddy McCrae, 144, Omaha, scored a T.K.O. over Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City, 144, in the last round, when Rawson was forced out by a cut lip. Johnny Fonfara, 160, Omaha, beat Elmer Carlson, 154, Kansas City, in four; Sammy Jackson, 177, Omaha, scored a T.K.O. over Noel Kellison, 184, Sioux City, in three.

Deadwood, S. D.—Twelve boxers earned titles in their respective classes at the West River amateur boxing tourney. Results were as follows: In a hard fought bout Don Vodden, 162, Sturgis, outpointed Leif Larson, 175, Rapid City, in Class A.

Al Risha, 198, Deadwood, beat James Felton, 180, Custer. Risha was down three times and Felton two. After the end of the regular three rounds it was called a draw. Felton was unable to enter the ring for the fourth round and forfeited to Risha.

Don Muth, 135, Lead, and Darrel Schuelke, 135, Sturgis, also had a draw at the end of three rounds and Muth was given the decision after the fourth.

To Lead boys, Dale Heutzenroeder, 141, and Bryant Bedsaul, 145, put on a good Class B fight with Bedsaul emerging the victor.

Donald Sachau, 146, Spearfish, won over Dale Lee, 146, Custer, on a foul in the first round. John Bergstrom kayoed Don McDaniels, 169, Spearfish. The former was from Lead and weighed in at 170.

In the other fights, Ken Pitsenberger, 135, Lead, won from Andrew Reikke, 135, Newell, in a Class B match; Jim McLaren, 115, Lead, outpointed Ken Christopher, 118, Custer, in a Class A bout; and Russell Eckley, 160, Lead, lost to Denny O'Hearn, 155, Rapid City, in a dull Class B match.

Awards were given to Billy Saub, Newell; Don Sachau, Spearfish; Jimmy McLaren, Lead; Don Muth, Lead; Don Vodden, Sturgis; and Al Risha, Deadwood—all in the A class.

Class B winners were Red Enderby, Ken Pitsenberger, Bryant Bedsaul and John Bergstrom, all of Lead; Denny O'Hearn, Rapid City, and Ortin Simons, Deadwood.

Class A winners will go to Sioux Falls for the state tournament.

Walter Van Kempen, Lead, and Eugene Brooks, Spearfish, refereed the bouts.

Fred Sankey, Belle Fourche, promoted the tourney which was sponsored by Voiture 223 of the 40 et 8 of Lead.

Sioux City, Ia.—Everette Rightmire, young Sioux City featherweight, punched out a cleancut decision over Leo Rodak of Chicago at St. Louis in a preliminary to the Henry Armstrong-Lew Feldman bout. Rodak, recognized as world featherweight champion by the N.B.A., scaled 128¾, while the Sioux Cityan scaled 127¾. The Sioux City hope carried the fight to the Chicagoan from the first round, while Rodak seemed to be content with staying on the defensive throughout the 10 rounds.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Johnny Paychek of Des Moines knocked out Stan Savoldi of St. Paul in the fifth round of their billed 10-rounder. The Des Moines heavyweight comer had his rival down four times before the final kayo punch landed. The card marked the return of professional boxing to Cedar Rapids.

Omaha, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, 189, Omaha heavyweight, scored a first round kayo over Charley Belanger, 190, of Canada after Belanger was knocked down while leaning over the ropes talking to his manager. Belanger claimed he did not hear the opening bell. The Omaha heavy dashed across the ring, landed a hard left and Belanger went down. While the crowd booed, Referee Alex Fidler pulled Belanger to his feet and motioned for the fighters to mix it up. Left hooks put Belanger down a second and third time before he was counted out. The other bouts were as follows: Billy Marquardt, 135, Winnipeg, scored a technical knockout in the fourth round over Jesse Ackerman, 140, Des Moines, in the semi-final. Other results: Jack Gans, 157, Des Moines, technically knocked out Jack Cramer, 155, Omaha, fourth; Harry Graham, 186, Atlantic, Ia., decisioned Sammy Jackson, 177, Omaha, in four rounds.

Sioux City, Ia.—Results of the annual intramural boxing card presented at Trinity College were as follows:

Frank Sexton, 100, defeated Bill Montagne, 99, decision.

Bernard McFadden, 113, lost to Bill Flanders, 106, decision.

Pat Callahan, 131, won over John Muldowney, 128, K.O.

Don Hodgins, 128, lost to Marv Reeves, 126, decision.

Vern Krese, 131, defeated Wayne Flanders, 130, decision.

Frank Webb, 150, defeated Harold Ray, 145, T.K.O.

Earl Cotton, 135, defeated Bob Gallas, 131, T.K.O.

Jack Millar, 140, defeated Ralph Trapp, 137, decision.

Ed Luce, 119, defeated Phil Burns, 125, decision.

Art Moran, 144, defeated Jim Malone, 140, decision.

Jim Hegarty, 125, and Dale Sitzman, 121, fought a draw.

Jim Brennen, 131, defeated Pat Dougherty, 130, decision.

Art Harrison, 159, defeated Francis Fullencamp, 158, decision.

Ray Barron, 151, defeated Ted Kelley, 158, decision.

Bob Ray, 118, defeated Bob Nooney, 121, T.K.O.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek, Des Moines heavyweight, knocked out Art Oliver, Chicago Negro, in 47 seconds of the fourth round of their billed 10-round fight, before a crowd of 3,000. Paychek's victory gave him five wins over Oliver in the six times they have fought. The Des Moines boy appeared the winner from the start. Frankie Cavelli, who is making Des Moines his headquarters, scored over Johnny Wallace of Kansas City in 1 minute and 30 seconds of their 10-rounder.

Vermillion, S. D.—Two Sioux City boxers attending the University of South Dakota won titles in the two-day intramural boxing tourney. Robert Burns, Sioux City, won the middleweight title when he decisioned Al Livak of Lead, S. D., in the final bout, and Richard DeHarty, also of Sioux City, took the lightweight crown by decisioning Howard Schoof of Gettysburg, S. D.

Only one knockout was recorded in the two-day tournament. That was in the lightweight division in which Howard Schoof of Gettysburg stopped Marshall Persky of Chicago, Tuesday.

Boxers, Managers, Fighters—News for this column from this section must be in our hands by the 4th of each month. Please mail same to either Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, or 2206 N. Lafayette Street. Sioux City, Ia.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Boxing cards have been held in the following towns in South Dakota during the month: Redfield, Watertown, Gettysburg, Sioux Falls and several other points . . . . When Johnny Paychek stopped Art Oliver, it was Paychek's 20th kayo victory . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, manager of Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, asked the N.B.A. to recognize the Sioux Cityan as world's featherweight champion . . . . O'Loughlin also stated he was willing to post a forfeit with the N.B.A. for a title fight with either Rodak or Joey Archibald, recognized as champion in New York . . . . Promoter Pinkie George of Des Moines, Ia., offered Carl Vinciquerra of Omaha $2,500 for a fight with Johnny Paychek, along with a privilege of 25 per cent of the gate . . . . Besides scoring over Leo Rodak, Everette Rightmire marked up wins over Earl Gibbs of Chicago and Ray Baker during the past month.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON

By LES SPONSLER

A GOOD omen that business conditions are on the upgrade is shown by the activity of promoters, builders and fight clubs around Baltimore, Washington and Virginia.

The new Coliseum, with a seating capacity of more than 7000, opened April 27 with one of the best fight cards offered to Baltimoreans in a long spell.—The National A. C., Inc., idle since December waiting the opening of the new Arena, will offer Steve Mamakos of Washington, D. C., vs. Micky Maker of Jersey City in a top 10-rounder. Mamakos, who has been carefully brought along by Matt Twomey of the National Guard in Washington, is one of the most colorful fighters shown to Baltimore fans in a decade. His style of milling resembles that of Henry Armstrong, and with an opponent like Maker it should be a slambang top.

The new Carlins Arena has been going along weekly with better than ordinary shows and has been holding up with very good gates.—Busky Taylor, local lightweight, has been a consistent winner at Carlins and when Bucky is on a winning streak he is a hard kid to beat.

With the new Coliseum open and Carlins already in the running, Baltimore fans should be treated to some good shows.

Capt. W. H. Peeples, who has been promoting shows at the Beach Arena in Miami, Fla., will move into Richmond, Va., bringing with him two of the best cards in Florida, Bobby Britton, sensational welterweight, and Yucatan Kid, lightweight.

The Yucatan has been a consistent winner in Richmond and with two topnotch cards to start off, Peeples should have a very successful run in the Virginia city.

Gabe Menendez and Henry Abrahams have opened a new office in the Atlas Building, Washington, D. C. Although they have Cowboy Howard Scott on the sidelines, they still have a large stable of fighters.—Toby Tobias, a Jewish lightweight, seems to be his outstanding card at present. Others include Irish Joe Perry, lightweight; Tommy Hoover, 140-pounder; Joey Teemes, 130; Justo Jimenz, 135, and Sabino Islos, 130.

Ray Alvis opens the New Riverside Stadium in Washington, D. C., with a seating capacity of more than 9000, with weekly shows and Eddie Ross will be the matchmaker. First show is scheduled for the first week in May.

Joe Turner and Goldie Ahearn have been running in Turners Arena and will move into Griffith Stadium in May with a big outdoor show.

Lou Gevinson, sensational Jewish lightweight, who is managed by Matt Twomey, won by the K.O. route in three from Felix Garcia. Steve Mamakos got a handy decision over Vince Pimpinelli.—Joey Silva, Jack Lacken's Mexican lightweight, got the nod over Pete Galiano. The fight card turned out to be one of the best Goldie has offered in months.

For the benefit of those managers and fighters who want action in this territory, I will give a list of promoters and matchmakers of the various clubs: In Baltimore, the Century A.C., Lew Fisher and George Goldberg, promoters, and Silvan Bass, matchmaker; National A.C., Inc., Larry Kaplan, promoter, and Les Sponsler, matchmaker, Gayety Theatre Building, office and gym; Washington, D. C., Joe Turner, promoter, with Goldie Ahearn, matchmaker; Ray Alvis, promoter, and Eddie Ross, matchmaker, of the Riverside Stadium; Richmond, Va., Capt. W. H. Peeples, promoter and matchmaker.

Baltimore results—Toby Tobias of Washington, D. C., won over Charley Gilley of Baltimore.—Red Lewis of Richmond K.O.'ed Jim Bowden of Florida, seven rounds.—Vic Finazzo beat Pete Galiano in 10. Bucky Taylor also won over Frankie Litt and Charley Gilley.

Howard Langrath is Baltimore's outstanding heavyweight, and with the capable handling of Frankie Rice looks like he is going places. Joe Wallace has a nice lineup in Woody Buchanan, 140, Jimmy Leto, 130, and several young kids just out of the amateurs.

Fighters and managers who want work in the vicinity may contact the writer for any information they need.

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AUSTRALIAN NOTES
By VINCE J. CARRICK

ENGAGING in his first bout since his fiasco with Gus Lesnevich, the Alabama Kid, American Negro southpaw, was awarded a technical knockout decision over the Victorian middleweight, Jack Wilson, at West Melbourne Stadium, the referee, Jack Carroll (a retired welter champion of Australia), stopping the contest in the 11th round to save Wilson from unnecessary punishment.

The Kid was in a savage mood and for five rounds both boys swapped punches galore. Alabama proved conclusively that he could "take it" because Wilson is one of the most destructive right-hand punchers in Australia. And he connected pretty often, too.

From the fifth onward, Wilson gradually wilted before the terrific body bombardment which Alabama didn't let up for a minute.

As in his first fight in Sydney, the American made a great hit with the fans.

His next contest in the Southern capital was against the Sydney middleweight, Max Raynor. Again the Kid turned in a good performance, winning on a technical knockout at the end of the seventh stanza.

Raynor was quite unable to fathom the American's southpaw stance and was continually on the retreat. However, the Sydney boy occasionally shot short rights to the head and body but they didn't seriously inconvenience the Kid.

Raynor went down for nine in the third from a series of terrific short lefts to the head, but he was saved by the bell.

From then till the end it was all Alabama Kid, who seemingly landed damaging blows at will.

On the same program, another American Negro, Wayne Powell, one of Jimmy Sharman's importations, fighting with persistency and placing his blows accurately, was not extended to defeat Les Brander of Sydney, Referee Carroll stopping the contest at the end of the eleventh round.

Brander, who was down for four long counts, was outclassed.

Mickey Miller, the Australian bantam and featherweight champion, continued his successful run at West Melbourne when he clearly outpointed the Boston featherweight, Sammy Garcia, at the end of twelve rounds.

Hopelessly beaten by Miller's ability to place his right to the chin accurately, Garcia won a host of friends by his never-say-die spirit.

The contest supplied further evidence of Miller's ranking in world bantam company. Fighting as a bantam, Miller and Escobar would stage a terrific battle, Mick, as I have said before, is a better fighter at the 8.6 poundage than at the featherweight limit.

But to get back to the Miller-Garcia scrap. For seven of the first eight rounds Miller's right was never out of Garcia's face. It was in these rounds that Miller piled up an unassailable lead on points.

Garcia won the majority of his points with a left hook to the ear and a right to the chin, but they did not seem to hamper Mick.

From the seventh till the end Miller fought only in short, savage bursts, so much so was he master of the situation.

The 12th was a sizzling stanza. Garcia came out with the idea that a knockout was his only way to victory. He was certainly right there. He stood in close, slamming both hands to the body. A right cut the skin over Miller's left eye and his nose began to bleed, but Miller, complete master of the situation, slammed home three smashing rights to the face. The decision in favor of the Australian was the only one possible. The Australian didn't fight as well or as hard as in his contest with Johnny Hutchinson, whom he beat on points, because the opposition was not as stiff. When Miller knows how good his opponent is, he only fights well enough to get the decision without fully extending himself.

In a fast and willing 10-round bout at Bohemia Stadium, Brisbane, Maxie Richards, a younger brother of the dual Australian champion, won a 10-round decision against Ron Gordon, a promising young Queensland bantamweight.

Richards fought well all the way and the verdict in his favor was correct. It was noticed that Richards' tendency to deliver his blows low was conspicuous by its absence.

Fighting with aggression and grim determination, Syd Brown, Jamaican middleweight, won his second fight at Newcastle Stadium when he knocked out Young Campbell in the fourth of a 15-round contest.

Easily evading Campbell's dangerous left hand, Brown set himself for a quick knockout. Early in the fourth a smashing left hook spilled Campbell for nine, and when he staggered to his feet the Negro coolly picked holes in his opponent's defense and again floored him for keeps with another sizzling left hook.

Brown weighed 11.8 and Campbell 12.10.

Allan Westbury established strong claims to the welterweight championship of Australia by knocking out one of the strongest contenders, Rusty Cook of Queensland, in the third of a scheduled 15-round bout. Westbury, a terrific body puncher, put finis to the bout two and a half minutes after the start of the third round.

A left to Cook's stomach had put him down for a short count, but on rising he left his chin unguarded and a perfectly timed right from Westbury right to the point was the finishing blow of the fight.

Westbury has beaten most of the outstanding challengers for the title, and his claims are now advanced another step.

An injury to Claude Varner caused a postponement of his bout with the New Yorker, Irving Eldridge, set down for West Melbourne. In the course of a strenuous workout, he tore the muscles on the side of his ribs and his doctor ruled it impossible for him to go on with the engagement.

West Australian Snowy Clarke fought one of his best battles to date when he knocked out the Sydney featherweight, Harry Cohen, in the second round at Newcastle.

Clarke met Cohen's rush in the opening round with a beautiful left jab and soon had the Sydneysider on the floor from a left hook that traveled with the speed of a bullet.

Cohen was again down from a similar punch and was once knocked through the ropes. The first left hook definitely blasted Cohen's ring brains out and he fought the remainder of the round in a daze. The sound of the bell was sweet music in Cohen's ears.

Clarke came out meaning business in the second round and after sparring for an opening, quickly delivered another flashing left hook to the side of Cohen's face which put him down and out.

During his short sojourn in the ring Clarke revealed himself a champion. But he is apparently a fighter of moods, for after a tour of New Zealand he was beaten in Brisbane and Sammy Garcia knocked him out in Melbourne. But against Cohen he fought like a champion, and on that showing would be a dangerous threat to any featherweight in Australia.

Joe Hall, regarded as one of the best featherweights in Australia, turned in a bright performance by knocking out the young up-and-coming lightweight, Tommy Loder, at Sydney Stadium in the 10th of a scheduled 12-round bout.

Loder connected early with nice lefts to the face, but I think Hall was really summing him up in the early rounds, for from the fourth onward, Hall, by clever placing of his lefts and rights, piled up a handy lead on points.

The second half of the fight was all Hall, who gradually wore down his less experienced opponent and finally knocked him out in the 10th.

Loder should not be discouraged by his defeat. He met Hall in one of his best moods, and on his night Joe would trouble the best nine-stoner in the country.

And now for the highlight of the budget. Mickey Miller, Australia's bantam champion, was temporarily halted in his tracks by the ranking U.S.A. nine-stoner, Jackie Wilson, who has taken Melbourne by storm. A fourth round knockout over the national champion of any country is a great kickoff for any campaign.

What we saw of Wilson convinced us that he is a master ring tactician and an accurate sniper with both dukes which carry plenty of TNT. He is also quite capable of defending himself in any featherweight company.

Miller, who has turned in some sensational battles in the Southern city, was outfought and outboxed from the opening gong.

When Wilson got the range for his straight lefts and short right crosses Miller was all at sea, but the end was as sensational as it was sudden.

Miller was spilled to the canvas within the first two minutes of fighting by a sizzling left hook to the chin after Wilson had connected with three straight punches with the same hand. Up again, he tore in with both hands to the body, but the American's defense was sound.

The Australian concentrated on the body in round two, but Wilson more than evened the score with snappy use of his left.

Miller's best work of the fight was at the beginning of the third when he connected with several good lefts to the head. But Wilson, although backmoving, was scoring with his left to the head and body and once connected with his terrific left hook which had Mick tottery.

The air was tense as drama stalked across the stage in the fourth round. At once Wilson hooked his left twice to Miller's face. Next it landed flush on the nose. Miller sought to land punches at arm's length but the American replied with stinging counters. For a while Miller protected his face and at once Wilson switched his attack downstairs and as Miller brought his hands down Wilson caught him with a right to the jaw as he (Miller) moved in.

Another right smashed against Miller hight up on the left temple. Miller swayed to and fro with both hands pressed to his head.

Wilson, cool as the proverbial cucumber, drove a solid left, and Miller staggered against the middle rope and crashed through onto the ring apron.

When Carroll had counted to seven, the Australian climbed unsteadily to the perpendicular, but missed his footing, slipped into some pressmen's laps and was counted out.

And so ended a most sensational fight. Wilson is sure to be a favorite wherever he fights.

Kui Kong Young technically knocked out Joe Kerwick. Les Sloane looks most promising young-

ster in Sydney. Is looked after by Ned Henneberry, brother of former middleweight king, who thinks Les is tops . . . . Joe Velasco, Filipino slugger, knocked out Snowy Clarke at Newcastle. Clarke showed out early but Velasco's body attack was too severe . . . . Roscoe Manning colored middleweight, decisioned Tommy Vaughan in Brisbane . . . . Fred Henneberry showed excellent form in decisioning Joe Smallwood. For first time in his life Fred took count on one knee.

Jackie Wilson, the American Negro featherweight was declared winner on points against the Sydney nine stoner, Joe Hall, at the end of 12 rounds at West Melbourne Stadium. Referee Carroll's decision in favor of the American didn't meet with unanimous approval, many of the huge concourse thinking that Hall won decisively.

Hall annexed the first eight rounds by brilliant boxing both in close and at long range, but Wilson staged a sustained rally towards the finish, and this evidently influenced Carroll in his final summing up. It is rather peculiar that the two Hall-Wilson bouts should have ended on an unsatisfactory note. A third meeting between the pair, either in Sydney or Melbourne, will probably be arranged.

Old Starlight, one of the few remaining links with the golden past of Australian pugilism, died in Melbourne at the age of 87. Born in Georgetown, Jamaica, he came to Australia in the late '70's. He fought Bob Fitzsimmons, "Iron Bark" Burge, Jim Hall, and Dan Creedon among others. The good ones nearly always beat him, but he always licked the second raters.

He had his last fight in 1908 at the age of 58.

Joe Gross, who brought Walter Woods to Australia, made many friends down here. Although Woods cut his stay short he impressed by his demeanor in and out of the ring. It is understood Joe is taking a trip back to the States to gather material on behalf of Stadiums Ltd., now that he has a thorough knowledge of local conditions.

Joe's other fighter, Irving Eldridge, is going over in a big way and is giving the Australian fans just what they like. In his latest contest, viz, against Claude Varner, Eldridge showed out extra well, and won by a big points margin. Irving's work at long range with his left hand was admirable, and he tied Varner up in close when the latter came charging in. Eldridge should have no difficulty securing opponents so long as he retains his high class form.

Willie Davis, the Mexican featherweight flash, who grew into a lightweight on the sea voyage to Australia, was technically knocked out in the 4th of a scheduled 12-round bout by Jimmy Dundee at Leichhardt Stadium. It was Davis' first appearance in Sydney.

Dundee, regarded as one of the hardest punching lightweights in Australia, lived right up to his reputation in this engagement. As early as the second round he gave the American a taste of his hitting powers, sitting him on the seat of his pants for two counts from left hooks and right crosses.

After the third Davis' defense went to pieces and he was open to the full force of Dundee's bombardment.

He took another count from a severe left hook to the side of the face and later was down from a stinging right cross to the chin.

At the conclusion of the 4th the referee, Mick Lacey, went to the Mexican's angle and asked whether or not he wished to continue. Bob Marshall, Davis' manager, intimated that his charge had had enough and the bout was awarded to the Australian on a technical knockout.

On his form against Davis, I would say that a Dundee-Irving Eldridge would be a scrap well worth seeing. Dundee, a good prospect, may be ruined through lack of good opposition.

The fight between Red Farmer, California middleweight, and Fred Henneberry (Australia), ended in the fourth when Henneberry was crowned winner on a foul. Immediately after the referee gave his decision, seconds, henchmen, and fans entered the ring, and had it not been for swift action on the part of police officers, a regular donnybrook would have resulted. As it was several punches were thrown, but they went wide of their marks.

As for the actual fighting in the main event, there was hardly any worth noting. The pair crouched with heads together like two billy goats, and the end was as unsatisfactory to the fans as it was to the fighters. Pugs and managers should bear in mind the obligation they owe to the paying public. In fact we could have seen an all-in brawl in any back alley free of charge.

Henneberry landed a few snappy lefts to the head, while Farmer's best was a hard right to the short ribs. This one stung Henneberry and fired him into action, but generally speaking there was more wrestling than fighting.

From a clinch in the fourth it was noticed that Henneberry's eye spurted blood, and immediately the referee ordered the fighters to their corners. He at once ruled that it was impossible for Henneberry to continue and crowned him winner on a foul. That's when the riot started.

Four thousand fans witnessed Benny Bear's second "Search for Talent" show at Sydney Sports Arena. Several promising youngsters showed their stuff. Eddie Borden presented Paul Currie and Ron Davis with $10 apiece for the best contest of the night . . . . Jack Brander had to retire in the 7th against Hockey Bennell at Carlton Stadium. Brander scored nicely with hard rights to the chin, but Bennell was too clever at close quarters . . . . Jackie Brown and Les Sloane, a light and welter respectively, look the best prospects in Sydney at the moment. "Hop" Harry Stone has Brown, and Ned Henneberry, a brother of the former 147-pound champ, Fred H., is looking after Sloane.

Bob Olin won his second fight in Australia by downing the Newcastle cruiserweight, Young Campbell, in 4 heats in the Northern city. Olin, although he never struck his best form in this country, carried too many guns for the Newcastle slugger . . . . Danny La Verne, the French Puerto Rican, has commenced training at Jack Dunleavy's for his first Australian contest. He looks the goods . . . . Frank Farrington, Sydney featherweight, won two good fights in Melbourne beating Harry Fields and Young Roberts.

Jimmy Purcell, who defeated the British welter champion, Jake Kilrain, when he visited England eighteen months back, carried too many guns and fists for Bobby Rivers, winning a 10-rounder at Carlton Stadium . . . . Hockey Bennell and Ron McLaughlin, two of Australia's up and coming young welterweights, fought a 12-round draw at Sydney Stadium . . . . Old Tod Morgan, former world's junior lightweight champ, is still winning fights. Latest victory was over Western Australian, Graham Evans, in Perth, W. A. . . . . Win or lose his return with Atilio Sabatino, Ossie Stewart will have his next fight in Melbourne . . . . Following his fight with Red Farmer, Fred Henneberry, has had a three weeks spell to allow his cut eye to mend before resuming training.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HENRY ARMSTRONG, Hammering Hank, Homicide Henry, call him whatever you like but he's truly a great champion, and he made quite a hit with Havana where 12,000 turned out to see him whip Bobby Pacho at the Tropical stadium on the night of March 4th. Armstrong weight 134 and Pacho 147, and the contest was slated to go 15 rounds for the world's welterweight title. Henry initiated hostilities with a steady tattoo that slowed Bobby up. Then in the 4th round a vicious bombardment of lefts and rights to the head caused Jimmy Braddock to halt the slaughter, giving the victory to Armstrong by a T.K.O. in one minute and ten seconds of the 4th session.

Jimmy Braddock, who needs no introduction, was the referee, and when he climbed through the ropes received a great ovation. Jimmy was beseiged by an army of photographers and was wildly acclaimed when he was snapped with Kid Chocolate, Cuba's precious little bon bon.

The National Sports Direction, headed by Comandante Jaime Marine promoted the championship contest and that's another one to chalk up for the Commander who is doing some great work and continually proving that his caliber is of the highest degree. Luis Gutierrez, his number one man in the boxing division also deserves mention in this column in making the Armstrong battle possible.

Joe Coego, Cuba's lightweight king, drew in ten steaming rounds with Joe Pedroso. Baby Yucatan of Mexico scored a 5-round T.K.O. over Armando Dias the Navy scrapper, and Rayito Del Ring had no trouble in outpointing Zurdo Torres in 8 rounds, while Ramon Rebollar put over an 8-round decision by his windmill tactics against Ramon Chavez of Mexico.

Sixto Morales, Cuban lightweight, surprised everybody with a clean cut victory over Joe Mico who claims the Spanish lightweight title. A left hook furnished the fireworks and Mico had all he could do to keep on his feet for ten rounds.

Guillermo Barrios, Golden Glove bantam champion, scored again, and this time over Sergio Bustamante. Bustamante was game enough and took plenty before the referee halted the slaughter. This Barrios boy is surely a great little figter, and the writer predicts that before long he'll be a sensation in the U. S. A.

Baby Face Quintana, a few years back one of Cuba's sterling performers in the featherweight class, is now refereeing, and by the way he has started off it looks like he's going to be quite a popular man in boxing circles.

As this goes to press, there's lots of ballyhooing going about, and there's lots of excitement over the Fillo Echevaria and Pedro Medina fight.

Pedro Medina is the bantamweight and also flyweight champion of Cuba, and in meeting Fillo will give about 6 or 7 pounds. Medina is capable of giving a good account of himself, and if he sticks to his boxing he should win.

Fillo Echevaria, popular Spanish featherweight, who is still going strong, will make quite a name for himself should he win over Medina. Echevaria may not be a clever scientific fighter, but his opponents always know there's somebody in the ring with them when Fillo's in there.

Golden Glove contests have been staged right along in Cuba with record crowds turning out to witness some very interesting fights. Luis Guitierrez the popular hombre in fisticuffs, is now preparing the 1939 Golden Glove tournament, and there are about 2000 youngsters enrolled.

Sergy Napoles, alias "Kid Guarina" added another victory to his good record, by outpointing Bonifacio Sandoval in five rounds. This Napoles kid is a pocket edition of Henry Armstrong and can take it 'til the cows come home.

Esteban Fernandez, 112, beat Rafael Sanchez, 113; Gustavo Lopez, 110, beat Justinano Barreto, 111, and Angel Arosamena, 110, won from Orlando Gonzalez; while Baby Gonzalez, 100, won from Enrique Alimdneu, and Armando Puentes Pi bested Tomas Sotolongo in the 70-pound division.

Antonio Rodriguez won from Jose Bejegas, both featherweights, and Filiberto Vargas, 91, won from Salvador Herrera, 87. Guillermo Morejon, 118, won from Agustin Jiminez, 117, and Gregorio Perez, 116, beat Miguel Muñiz.

Lorenzo Collazo, one of Cuba's best featherweights, won from R. Rodrigues, and Rene Blanco won from Robert Diego; Roberto Perez beat Orlando Basulto; Felipe Rangel won from Juan Comerbart; Diego Sosa defeated Lazaro Herrera, and Salvador Herrera outpointed Jorge Santana. Juan Gonzalez won from Miguel Acevedo and Carlos Ruiz beat Francisco Escalona. Rodolfo Medina easily won from Francisco Marquez.

Lorenzo Safora, Golden Glove flyweight king, won from Rogelio Martinez; Rolando Ramos beat Ramon Garcia; Jesus Riverón defeated Agustin Jimenez, and Martin Capote won from Angel Gomez. Modesto Cejo won from Abilio Capote, and Miguel Nunez beat Nicolas Cusimano. Sergio Prieto beat Miguel Bahamonde, and Orlando Gonzalez beat Arturo Dominguez. Pedrito Martinez corking featherweight won from Cecilio Girbert, and Baby Scull was beaten by Idiarte Martinez.

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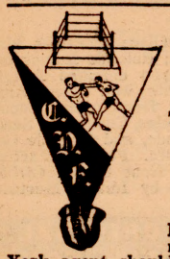

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A Correction

In George T. Pardy's story on Pittsburgh fighters, THE RING stated that Leo Houck and Jack McCarron came from Pittsburgh. Houck came from Lancaster and McCarron from Allentown, Pa.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THE boxing fans of the Valley Arena were sorry to learn of the amputation of Lou Lima's arm at his work in the mill. Lou will always be remembered for his brilliant fight with Frankie Carlton as well as those with Doug Murchie.

Babe Synnott of Fall River, Mass., won a decision over Ritchie Gibbons of Springfield, Mass., in a six-round bout that headed the bill. Al Casonquay of Holyoke, Mass., kayoed Johnny Costello of Worcester, Mass., in the fifth round. Lou Blondie kayoed Frankie Castonquay in the first round. Frankie Allan, Holyoke featherweight, received a draw with Angelo Manna of Worcester, Mass., in a four-rounder. Mel Scalzullie of Worcester, Mass., decisioned Tommy Burns of Springfield, Mass. Patsy Kline of Fall River, Mass., was beaten by Vic Schenoski of Holyoke, Mass. Al Miflin of Springfield, Kass., kayoed Johnny Souza of Fall River, Mass.

Carlo Daponde won over Sammy Tenore. Jimmy Leto of Hartford, Conn., proved too clever for Danny Buckley of Holyoke, Mass. The Hartford veteran gave Danny a lesson, but Leto found Danny a ready student. Sal Canata of Holyoke, Mass., won over Joey Woishnis of Agawam, Mass., in a six-round semi.

Jimmy Bell of New Haven, Conn., won over Al Costa of Woonsocket, R. I., in a six-rounder. Lou Blondie of Thompsonville, Conn., won over Al Taschereau of Woonsocket, R. I., in a four. Johnny Dugwillo of Marlboro, Mass., won over Joe King of New Haven, Conn., in a four.

Tuffy Lavallee of Holyoke, Mass., beat Al Borden a fellow townsman, in a three.

Danny Buckley of Holyoke, Mass., decisioned Jerry Moloni of Springfield in a close battle. Young Jackie Tompson of Albany, N. Y., won over Jack Haggerty of Worcester, Mass., in a six. Romero Ducharme of Holyoke, Mass., won over Al Panaco of Albany, N. Y., in a six. Armand Renault of Springfield, Mass., won over Dave Duquette of Ludlow, Mass. Freddie Orman of Chicopee won a decision over Tuffy Lavallee of Holyoke.

Frankie Allen of Holyoke, Mass., decisioned Angelo Manna of Worcester, Mass., in a four. Joey Gale of Marlboro, Mass., won a decision from Domingo Montanero of Greenfield, Mass.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow, Mass., was partly blinded so went down and took the count in his fight with Babe Synnott of Fall River, Mass., in the sixth round of an eight-rounder.

Babe Varela of New Bedford, Mass., stopped Romero Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass., in the last minute of a six. The referee stopped the bout to save him from further punishment.

Jimmy Belle of New Haven, Conn., won over Joey Lemeioux of New Bedford, Mass., in another six. Frankie Allen of Holyoke, Mass., won a decision over Mel Scalzullie of Worcester, Mass., in a four. Billy Frances won over Sammy Athas of Springfield, Mass. Carl Domingue of Holyoke, Mass., won over Vic Schenoski of Holyoke, Mass., in a three-rounder. Tommy Knappe of Pittsfield, Mass., is making a comeback and won over Frankie Williams of Troy, N. Y., at Valatie, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

LOUIS KID COCOA, fast sharpshooting puncher, administered to his San Francisco ring foe, Eddie Booker, ranking welterweight, a boxing lesson in a 10-round star encounter at the New Haven Arena.

Booker waged an aggressive combat and managed to get in some licks but was up against an experienced, clever boxer in Cocoa, who speared him with fast left jabs and hooks to the face, followed with sharp rights to head and body to accumulate a wide margin on points.

In another 10-round attraction, Henry Cooper of New York beat Bill Poland. New Jersey's night stick, Tony Galento, acted as referee of this bout. Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, earned his triumph via decision by outscoring his tough foe, Girard D'Elia, New York mauler, in a six-round bout. The referee terminated hostilities between a pair of featherweights, Al Luciano from New Haven and Tommy Burns of Springfield, in the third round to save Burns needless punishment of an opening four-rounder. Irish Johnny Sullivan, New Haven middleweight, came out the victor over Frank Massera in a good four-round bout.

At Bridgeport, Conn.—The feature conflict of 10 rounds brought together Eldridge Eatman, "midnight" heavyweight, and Jake Soloman, Bridgeport heavyweight, at the Mosque Hall.

The semi-windup of six rounds was a hard fought tussle in which Bobby Ruffins, Bridgeport lightweight, beat New Haven's boy, Johnny Compo.

Freddie Pease, Willimantic middleweight, sent his opponent, Phil Elacqua, from Albany, N. Y., sniffing the resin in the first. Sammy Maltempo, Willimantic heavyweight, gave Eddie Gates, Albany fighter, a fine trimming for six rounds.

Fighting his first professional contest, Red Moffett, junior welterweight, fared well by putting up a fine exhibition to beat Young Warren in four.

Hartford, Conn.—Bobby "Poison" Ivy, Hartford's promising featherweight, increased his winning streak to twenty-seven when he outfought Frankie Terranova in eight rounds at the Foot Guard Hall. In the eight-round semi-final, Eddie Reed, featherweight, managed to cop the decision over Victor Corchado, Puerto Rican boxer. In other bouts, Steve Halaiko, welterweight, stopped Joey Zodda New York welterweight, in the seventh. Barney Villa, middleweight portsider, stowed away Ellis Unknown Morgan in the fourth. In the scheduled four-round bout, Big Boy Carilli, Hartford heavyweight, won his first pro fight on a kayo over Joey Zwick in the opening round.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Eldridge Eatman, heavyweight, batted Wally Banolo, New Britain game warrior, from pillar to post to clinch the eight-round verdict in Mosque Hall. Banolo was hanging on desperately at the bell.

In the six-round semi-final, Eddie Gates, Albany heavyweight, gained a disputed triumph over Jake Soloman. Gates sustained a cut optic. Phil Elacqua, middleweight, and Joe Triano, Naugatuck slugger, went at it hot and heavy for six rounds and ended on even terms. Dula Kovach, hard punching light-heavyweight, pounded out a four-round point win over Sid Primo of Norwalk. In the other six-round bout, Sammy Santella, Jersey City lightie, was too good for Jack Alexander and won as he pleased.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

TONY GALENTO, New Jersey's pride and joy, is in the midst of serious training for his championship bout with Joe Louis in New York this June. Two-ton, the most colorful fighter to come across the fistic horizon in many years, is laughed at by many boxing critics. However, we, who have seen him from the start of his preliminary career, believe that he possesses the weapons and has an excellent chance to dethrone the Brown Bomber of Detroit. It would not be surprising in the least to this writer if Tony Galento, 225 pounds of him, becomes the next world's heavyweight boxing champion.

The writer will be pleased to help boxers in other states who have no managers to get action in the East. Enclose complete fight records and pictures. Our address is 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. Send twenty-five cents for a list of promoters and matchmakers in this state.

We were shocked and grieved to read of the sudden passing of Hal Sharkey, sports editor of the Newark *Evening News*, and a great sportsman. It was Hal who taught us strict accuracy at all times. He was a grand person. May his memory linger on forever.

Joe Wagner outpointed Ray Miller in a 10-rounder at Laurel Garden. Before the bout the crowd paid homage to the memory of Hal Sharkey, who died just a few hours before. Newark and many friends all over the country will miss him.

James J. Jeffries, Newark light-heavyweight, lost a 10-round decision to Freddy Wallmeyer of Richmond at Atlantic City . . . . Barney Ross, now a Newark business man, recently addressed several lodges in Newark . . . . Mario Centi of Kearny did well in the recent Golden Gloves tournament at Madison Square Garden . . . . Centi is managed by Al De Vito . . . . Tony Galento recently appeared on the stage in Newark and New York.

To Max Jones, Invercargill, New Zealand: Thank you for the news and papers of your country . . . . Chuck Connors, Larksville, Pa.: We shall be glad to assist you . . . . D. Miller, Paterson, New Jersey: Jim Reilly is promoter at Elizabeth, Joe Miller at Atlantic City and Babe Culnan at Newark . . . . William Husen, Miami, Florida: Write to Nat Fleischer for pictures of fighters . . . . To G. W. Farmer and D. W. Chester: Your letters are appreciated . . . . Heinz Volkmer, Germany: Hope we can meet in New York next year.

Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight champion, who now resides in Hawthorne, this state, again scored a victory in Newark. This time he flattened Emil Scholtz, Boston, in the 8th round . . . . Maxie Fisher continued his undefeated record under the management of the clever Sam Rose. Maxie outpointed Young Chappie, Albany, in an 8-rounder at Newark . . . . Allie Stolz, popular Newark Jewish featherweight, who seems destined for championship heights, lost his first bout in 26 starts when Joey Fontana was awarded an 8-round decision at Madison Square Garden. The crowd booed vociferously for Stolz seemed to have the edge, having floored Fontana once and staggered him several times.

On the Strickland-Scholtz card in Newark Harry Silver, 18-year-old boxer from England, technically stopped Jim Cogman, Newark in the 5th round. Willie Ratner in the Newark *Evening News* wrote, "Silver stole the show. Long after the bout was over the fans yelled, 'We want Silver,' and when the English youngster took a ringside seat to watch Strickland there was a round of applause for him. Silver displayed rare cleverness, also punching ability. He outclassed Cogman long before Referee Cavalier stopped the fight, but when Jimmy seemed no longer able to defend himself the official intervened."

Silver came to this country with Eric Boon, lightweight champion of the British Empire; Jack Solomon, manager of Silver and Boon, and Sydney Hulls, English promoter. Silver was handled by Boon, who was given an honorary second's license to enable him to work in the corner. Hulls and Joe Gould were spectators at the fight before leaving for London.

Frank Zamaris, a miniature Tony Galento, also from Orange, won an 8-round decision over Tiger Leroy Smith in Newark and then drew in 10 rounds with Nick Fiorentino in Philadelphia . . . . Benny Levine, the Bouncing Rubber Ball, is contemplating a comeback, his fifteenth . . . . Jimmy Marsilla is now doing business for Frankie Litt, Newarker, who has been making his headquarters in Baltimore for several years.

Paul Cortlyn, Newark welterweight, is doing well in Houston rings . . . . Frankie Blair, Camden, won over Cal Cagni, Cresskill, in an all-Jersey final at the New York Hippodrome . . . . Steve Yasko, Oregon: We have turned your last letter over to Al Cohen, Trenton manager, one of the best in the business . . . . Danny Tauriello, Newark lightweight, managed by the popular Joe Grace, stopped Johnny Troncone, New York, in the 4th at Jim Reilly's Elizabeth club . . . . On the same card Teddy Dalton finished Jackie Corcoran, Elizabeth, in the 4th, breaking Jack's nose. In another 6 Clabe Tee, Montclair, won on a technical kayo over Johnny Ricciardulli, Elizabeth, in the 5th . . . . Jess Willard, the former champion whom we recently met in Miami, refereed the latter bout.

Johnny Morschini, Elizabeth heavyweight, won a decision over Beans Palmer, Plainfield, in a 4 at Elizabeth . . . . At the same place Tommy Bauers, Cranford, technically stopped Bill Walters, Newark, in 1 round and Lou Cappy, Englewood, outpointed Walt Meyers, Elizabeth . . . . In the opener Bunky Wall, managed by the popular Bucky Jones of Morristown, stopped Jay Paganelli, Passaic, in the third.

Bill Dillhoefer of Glen Ridge won the 115-pound championship at the annual Notre Dame University boxing tournament . . . . Bobby Carroll of Trenton, national A.A.U. flyweight champion, annexed the 112-pound title of the tri-state C.C.C. camp tournament held at the Orange Armory. Entrants came from 26 camps in New York, Delaware and New Jersey. Guest referees included Tony Galento, Jim Frain, Rocky Zito, Paul Cavalier, Joe O'Connor, Frank Manna and Andy Brown. The bouts were under auspices of West Orange American Legion, Post 22.

The champions in the other C.C.C. classes were 118, James Farrell, Thomkins Corners, N. Y.; 126, Francis Brown, West Orange; 135, Bill Smith, Fort Dix; 147, Gene Holmes, New Lisbon; 160, Frank Simpson, Tuckahoe; 175, Alfred Fonzo, Peekskill; heavy, Anthony Capone, Morristown.

C.C.C. winners in the novice classes were: 112, Ernest McGrath, Katonah, N. Y.; 118, Henry McCrosson, Englewood; 126, John Wnorski, Hackettstown; 135, George Freer, Morristown; 147, Anthony Corvino, High Bridge; 160, Frank Anton, West Orange; 175, Archie Cohen, Glassboro; heavy, Timothy Still, New Lisbon.

In special bouts Moses Lee, Tuckahoe, defeated Oscar Lawson, Chatsworth 130-pounder. Major Ferry, New Lisbon 147-pounder, outpointed Steve Bilko, Branchville, and in the third special John Williams, New Lisbon, knocked out Frank Simpson, Tuckahoe.

Jim Quigley, 20-year-old Irish heavyweight of Pompton Lakes, stopped Freddy Larkin, Jersey City, in the 2nd round at the New York Hippodrome. Quigley was discovered by Doc Bier. Matty Herbert coached him. On the same show Bobby Ruffin outpointed Morris Parker in a 6-rounder . . . . The writer's address is 69 Huntington Terrace, Newark, New Jersey.

Joe O'Gatty, Toms River, whipped Dan Munroe, Cedar Knolls, in 8 at Newark.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

ED (DON) GEORGE won from Danno O'Mahony of Ireland after 35 minutes of wrestling in the main bout of the Buffalo Sporting club's show at Broadway auditorium on Friday night, March 24. The grapplers have met many times in the past and O'Mahony won more times than did George. But in their latest matfest it was George who was the man of the hour . . . . Ed crushed the hopes of the Irishman before a crowd of 6100 . . . . It was a rough, give and take battle with both men accepting plenty of punishment.

Many friends of Joe Matty, old middleweight champion, were on hand to root for Joe's husky young son, Ray Matty, who made his debut in big time wrestling by tossing Vic Dropic in ten minutes of rapid-fire grappling . . . . Young Matty is a big, strong kid who will be quite a card around here.

Rumors are afloat that Ed George will soon quit the grapple game . . . . Ed has plenty of dough and will probably go into business here. But George is still a top-notcher in the mat game and we'll venture to predict that he'll be wrestling for a long time yet.

FISTIC MISCELLANY:—Jackie Donovan and Jimmy Winters are both on the shelf and little chance for either to do any fighting this season . . . . Donovan has brittle hands and in his bout with Harris Blake Jackie injured his right mitt again and it will be a long time before he will be able to do any ring duty . . . . With Winters it is an injured eye . . . . Jimmy is a lively kid with plenty of pep but he is an "in-and-outer" . . . . One night he will look like a great prospect and then again he'll appear to have little or nothing in a fistic way . . . . Perhaps next season he'll do better . . . . Harris Blake, the colored star, has plenty of boxing ability but somehow or other can't get any work . . . . Blake will die of dry rot if he doesn't get more matches . . . . Jimmy Gilligan, the Hamburg featherweight is 24 years old and the father of two youngsters, Donna, age 4½ years and Jimmy, Jr., who is 18 months.

Stan Goral has a good looking middleweight in Ed Michaels . . . . Stan calls my attention to the fact that Michaels has dynamite in both fists . . . . Buffalo fans will miss Roger Baker, crack radio sports commentator who left Buffalo's WGR to go with WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Mr. Baker is one of the best in the sports line . . . . What's Buffalo's loss is Cincinnati's gain . . . . Baker knows all sports—boxing, baseball, football, etc. . . . . Nels Crawford, old amateur manager, is now running the Shamrock grill on Elmwood Avenue . . . . Frankie Kowalski, formerly of this city but now of Elmira gave Leroy Evans plenty of trouble on the Orioles' card March 9 but Evans won the verdict . . . . Kowalski is going great guns in Simon-pure shows at Rochester where he is a big attraction . . . . George (Young) Erne who lived on Buffalo's East side twenty years ago is making his home in Newark, N. J.

Leroy Evans, giant Negro heavyweight, was taken off the Orioles' March 23rd card at Broadway auditorium with a cloud of professionalism hanging over his head . . . . Evans is accused of having taken part in a pro fight at Durham, Ont., last July . . . . On top of all this Leroy is having plenty of trouble with his manager, Sam Mineo, who says Evans has suddenly developed temperament and is getting tough to handle.

"Evans came to me a year ago and didn't have a place to eat or sleep," said Sam Mineo. "I fed him well and gave him a chance to develop with the result that he has been a sensation in the amateurs with everything pointing to plenty of money as a professional. I'll bet Evans ate a ton of meat at my expense." (Fortunately the Mineos are in the meat business.)

Evans is acting foolishly. The Mineos are his real friends and the big Negro is listening to the wrong people. Perhaps he'll come out of his trance. We hope it won't be too late.

Jimmy Gilligan was knocked out at Providence, R. I., on the night of March 23rd when Albert Mancini's iron fists forced the Hamburg Celt to resign at the end of the 8th round. Gilligan's eye was badly cut and he could not continue. It was the first start of the Red Carr featherweight since his winning battle with Joey Archibald in Buffalo some weeks ago.

Hugh Buchanan of Niagara Falls, manager of Jock O'Sullivan, denies that Leroy Evans fought as a pro in Ontario last July. Buchanan points out that O'Sullivan himself was an amatuer when he boxed big Leroy.

IN SHORT METER:—Paulie Mahoney, Buffalo light-heavyweight, is making his headquarters around New York where he expects to do some fighting . . . . Paulie was recently a visitor here . . . . Joe Lewis, hustling Cleveland promoter, writes me that he will soon be back in the boxing game . . . . Boxing needs a few of the Lewis type . . . . Joe is a reliable fellow, sticks to his friends, and knows the fight game like a book . . . . Big Boy Brackey is still in California boxing under Jimmy Dunn . . . . Big Boy can learn plenty from Dunn if he listens to the old master . . . . Bert Finch may take up the management of Mike Martyk, St. Catherines, Ont., featherweight . . . . Bert would do some good for the little bearcat . . . . Incidentally Finch has not yet started his proposed gymnasium . . . . The big fellow is waiting for an upturn in boxing . . . . Wrestling has taken Buffalo by storm but due to a sort of small time monopoly the boxing game is stagnating . . . . Tommy Timlin, the old "Grey Eagle" expects his good young heavyweight, Rudy Stiller, back from a Florida vacation . . . . The Eagle says Stiller is now ready for the best and none is barred . . . . Ben Irvine, white-thatched manager of many fighters, is going to be busy in the game again this spring . . . . Ben is one of the most colorful characters around town.

FLASH . . . . As we go to press Leroy Evans has been suspended by the Amateur Athletic Union and will be unable to do any more boxing until next October . . . . He may then apply for reinstatement . . . . Evans is accused of boxing under an assumed name in a bootleg show at Durham, Ont., last July.

Vince Pelligrino dimmed Leroy Evans' hopes for a Golden Gloves championship at New York on March 13 when he whipped the tall Negro in three rounds at Madison Square Garden . . . . Evans was knocked down and outfought in the melee but finished fresh enough and on his feet He loses a chance to go to 'Frisco.

Good boxers of all weights, especially light-heavyweights and heavyweights will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. An excellent opportunity awaits real fighters here. Boxers should be free from contracts and managerial tieups.

I would like to receive some newspapers from London, England, Dublin, Ireland and Glasgow, Scotland and if there are some boxing fans in these cities who will send me some papers same will be deeply appreciated . . . . Address Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Willie K. O. Brennan is as fit as a fiddle at fifty . . . . The one-time middleweight star can certainly handle those big wrestlers and his impromptu bout with K. O. Koverly was a pip . . . . Willie just missed Koverly with a right that would have put the grappler on the floor if it landed.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

ALLEN MATTHEWS lost his first out since returning from Australia when he dropped a 10-round decision to Solly Krieger in Seattle. Solly's fast finish and two knock-downs for his side gave him the verdict. Judging from the respective styles of the battlers it should have been quite a duel.

Last month's Auditorium feature found the champion of champions, Henry Armstrong, opposed to Lew Feldman. The latter's dispatching consumed but 2:12 of the first round. Feldman was submerged by an avalanche of punches, none of which landed on a vital spot as far as the naked eye could discern. But, no matter, the fans came to see Armstrong and there he was.

Archie Moore put an end to Marty Simmons in a 10-round semifinal to the above. Though Moore didn't even come close to scoring his customary kayo—Simmons stopped Archie's string at six—he won nine out of the 10 heats on points. Simmons was awarded one round because of a low blow.

In another preliminary Everette Rightmire gave a sound licking to Leo Rodak in 10. Rodak's safety-first tactics brought about his undoing as they did in his bouts here with Jackie Wilson. If Leo is the best featherweight in the game today, and most people think he is, the division is bankrupt indeed.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT: The Tom Packs-Larry Atkins show was the best one on paper that has been put on here in some time. The fact that the fights were for the most part dull was due to faulty matchmaking . . . . that, of course, could have been by design. . . . . Milton Jones, only Golden Glover to win for us at Chicago, was batted out in the scuffle with the New Yorkers. Jones was out in front on points when everything went black. But considering that the lad has been boxing only since last August and the paucity of local instructors, it was a very swell showing. . . . . Despite the fact that Maurice Shevlin has a low opinion of St. Louis judges, we wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Globe-Democrat for the very nice watch charms awarded the Golden Glove officials.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Antonito, Colo.: Davie Manzanares, Longmont youngster, who holds the Colorado featherweight title, won a disputed decision over Abie Valdez, San Luis flash, in a torrid 10-rounder.

Ralph Gwartney, burly Mosca heavyweight, turned in his fourth consecutive kayo since entering the pro ranks when he dropped Tiger Flowers, Walsenburg heavy, for the full count in the second heat.

At Pueblo, Colo.: Harry White, rapidly rising Pueblo colored welterweight, annexed the Colorado 147-pound title by pounding out a 10-round victory over Joe Jaramillo of Denver.

Phil Greening stopped Young Sooky, both Pueblans, in the fourth round of the eight-round semi-windup.

Sol Levinson, Denver boy who holds the Colorado state lightweight title, announces that in the future he will fight under his correct name of Sol Luna.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.: Joe Aguilar, rugged Denver middleweight, defeated the highly-touted Dixie Taylor of Waterloo, Ia., in a slashing 10-round battle. Taylor had the edge in the early rounds only to see Aguilar come back strong and catch the judges' eyes at the finish.

Ralph Gwartney, the "Mosca mauler," seems definitely headed for a place in the fistic sun. A product of the amateurs, this 180-pound youngster has turned in four ridiculously easy wins since entering the pro ranks.

One of the most promising 175-pound youngsters to bob up in Rocky Mountain fistic circles in many years, Johnny Flynn of Steamboat Springs, Colo., has had to call it quits because of an eye injury. This is a tragic incident indeed, since this kid was definitely ticketed to the top.

Jimmy Fitzpatrick, one of the grand old men of Colorado fisticuffs, has re-entered the game in the role of matchmaker for the Steel City A. C. in Pueblo.

Back in the "good old days," Fitzpatrick as matchmaker for the old Rover Wheel and Athletic Club, the German-American Athletic Club and Rex Athletic Club, was instrumental in bringing many nationally famous ring contests to Pueblo. Among them the Mike Sullivan-Rube Smith bout, as well as the Tony Ross-Jim Flynn brawl.

It was Jimmy who started Jim Flynn, Kid Mex, Eddie Johnson, Kid Texas and Dummy Rowan on the road to fistic success.

Joe M. Roybal, youthful Las Vegas, N. M., promoter, is back in the harness after a layoff of several months. His first show in the New Mexico metropolis pitted Ted Garcia against Babe Colima in the top spot. Apparently having regained his batting eye, Garcia stopped the tough El Paso, Tex., fighter in five heats.

Likewise Roybal is singing the praises of a new heavyweight find, Jack Parrish. Heavyweights being one scarce article here in the Rockies just now, promoters no doubt will give young Jack an opportunity to show his wares.

Ella Waterman, El Paso, Tex.: Perhaps the sports editor of your local papers can give you some idea of whatever became of Gene Payo. I haven't heard of him in years.

John Petry, Florence, Colo., heavyweight, continues to do all right for himself in Los Angeles rings. Unable to get any place in these parts, Petry signed up with George Blake. Looks like a wise move for both of 'em.

Pug Sutherland, former Colorado welterweight king and one of the fistic idols of southern Colorado, is tinkering with the idea of staging a "comeback." Like Eddie Johnson and Jack Dempsey before him, Sutherland is a third edition of the "Manassa Maulers."

Heinie Schuman, once a top-notch welterweight in these parts, has been named chairman of the newly organized Wyoming State Boxing Commission. At the present time Schuman is engaged in the liquor business in Cheyenne, Wyo.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.: Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, Ia., colored middleweight, turned back tough Joe Aguilar of Denver in a 10-round battle.

Aguilar, who had decisioned Taylor in the same ring a few weeks before, was down for a short count in the fifth.

In the semi-final, Celly Roybal, the Del Norte "ironman," dropped a six-round verdict to Chuck Johnson of Glenwood Springs.

At Pueblo, Colo.: Harry White, Pueblo welterweight, turned back tough Chief Ballard, Ft. Hall, Idaho, Indian middleweight, in a slashing 10-round bout. Ballard suffered an injured thumb in the opening round which handicapped his efforts.

Inky Pecheck, Pueblo bantamweight, stopped Tiny McGraw, a fellow Pueblan, in the last round of the six-round semi-windup.

At San Luis, Colo.: Abie Valdez, San Luis featherweight, annaxed the Colorado 126-pound title by scoring a 10-round decision over Davie Manzanares of Longmont, Colo., in a torrid battle. Valdez's fast finish caught the officials' eyes to win a unanimous verdict.

Phil Gallegos, San Luis bantam, scored a six-round verdict over Ernie Chavez of Longmont to cop the semi-final.

Remember, the writer has a complete list of active promoters here in this section that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way, if you'll inclose reply postage.

Address all mail to: T. W. McNeil, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton: Making his third straight appearance before a crowd that paid a gross gate of $2400, Holman Williams, classy Detroit Negro welterweight, defeated Jackie Burke in a close, hard fought 10-rounder that headlined the boxing show sponsored by the Anthracite A. C. at the Scranton Armory. Burke made a gallant finish but lost a close decision by a score of six rounds to four. Referee Al Murphy gave Burke four rounds and voted six for Williams. This writer gave Williams the first seven rounds and the remaining three to Burke.

In the eight-round semi-final, Jack Munley scored a first round knockdown over Eddie Miller which proved to be the deciding factor of the contest. The decision went to Munley. Both judges voted Munley the winner, while Referee Al Murphy cast his vote a draw.

After winning all his American bouts since coming here from County Mayo, Ireland, Hughie Glynn, Irish heavyweight, was held to a draw in the special six-round bout with Jack Downey. Glynn was mighty lucky to receive a draw verdict.

In another six-rounder that proved the biggest upset of the year in the preliminary ranks here, Rego Dell, undefeated in ring warfare in 1939, beat Gene McColligan of Scranton. Dell, an Italian welterweight from Dunmore, floored his much taller opponent in the first round for a nine-count. In the opening bout of six rounds, Howard Burton, colored scrapper from Wilkes-Barre, gained a decision over Jimmy Burns of Johnstown, Pa. The show in general was one of the best held hereabouts in recent years.

In another boxing show at Scranton, Eddie Dolan, Irish welterweight from Waterbury, Conn., decisioned Billy Furone of Syracuse, N. Y., in 10 rounds. In the 10-round co-feature, Bobby Masters of Philadelphia outpointed Tony Rock of Mayfield.

In the semi-final, Rego Dell of Dunmore continued his winning streak by defeating Al Dlora of Wilkes-Barre. In another six-rounder, Joe Orlosky of Carbondale beat Tom Callahan of Taylor. In the opening six-rounder, Hughie Glynn, County Mayo, Ireland, kayoed Tiny Brown of Syracuse in the fourth round.

At Wilkes-Barre: Jack Munley, Coal Region middleweight champion from Old Forge, beat Billy Lancaster of New York in the 10-round windup. In the six-round semi-final, Al Flora, Wilkes-Barre, kayoed Gene McColligan of Scranton in five rounds . . . . Patsy Gall, Freeland, gained a six-round verdict over Howard Burton of Wilkes-Barre . . . . Mickey Belletter, Hazleton, lost via T.K.O. to Stanley Mrak, Wilkes-Barre, in the fourth round . . . . Dan Kopsick, Luzerne, stopped Eddie Buck, Nanticoke, first round.

At another Wilkes-Barre show, Jack Munley beat Jackie Carter, rough middleweight from Philadelphia in 10. In the semi-final, Bernie Duggan, Wilkes-Barre welterweight, outpointed Johnny Vandurek of Scranton in six rounds . . . . In the other six-round bout, Howard Burton of Wilkes-Barre kayoed Tom Farley of Larksville in the second round . . . . Stanley Mrak, Wilkes-Barre, won a four-round decision from Mickey Belletter of Hazleton in a return engagement . . . . George Anthony of Wilkes-Barre lost a decision to Leroy Ponzi over the four-round route. In the four-round opener, Mike Roman, Wilkes-Barre, beat Tony Yager of Luzerne.

A BIT FOR ALL—Irish Eddie Brink, Scranton lightweight, surprised the entire fistic market when he gained a decision over Tony Canzoneri, former lightweight champion, at the New York Hippodrome . . . . Andy (Tarzan) Roy, popular Charleston middleweight, is now fighting out of Scranton. Roy meets Jimmy Young on the next Scranton fight show . . . . Promoters seeking the services of Coal Region fighters can obtain same by writing the writer at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Unattached fighters wanting to make the Coal Regions their headquarters, can contact the writer at the above address . . . . Fighters in the welter and middleweight class can do well in this section . . . . THE RING Magazine is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's bookshop.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

OHIO state in general is marked with some of the best fighters developed in many moons.

Johnny Whiters, the transplanted Pontiac, Mich., heavyweight, hopped right into the top photo of the heavyweight picture with a 10-round decision (his third one) over Eddie Simms.

Columbus, Ohio, has a good heavyweight in Floyd Gibbons, and a bantamweight in Jackie Taylor. Alliance comes through with a nifty lightweight, Harry Weekly. Dayton is merging to the top with heavyweight Buddy Knox and featherweight Joe Marinelli, while Cincinnati's chief scrappers are Johnny Stevens and Franky Gilmore, lightweights; Herb Gilmore and Patsy Patterson, featherweights; and Billy Adams, a Negro middleweight star.

Well heeled with this sort of talent, it is a sure shot that the industry will be on the top level, starting in the immediate future.

Jack Sheppard, the new Cincinnati promoter, plans some big lightweight matches during the coming weeks. An elimination tournament, which will result in an outdoor match at Crosley Field between the winner of the tourney and Henry Armstrong.

Sheppard has been slow in getting the feel of the game hereabouts, but is now rapidly gaining a foothold. This writer agrees with Jack wholeheartedly that the present preliminary boys fighting around these parts have definite par with main event boys. Toward this goal, Sheppard is pointing. His outstanding feat since taking over the Cincinnati fight realm has been to produce Young Harry Wills into a main event fighter. Wills, a good colored heavy, was fighting strictly prelim matches locally until Sheppard came along. Jack tossed Wills in with Joe Mueller, wherewith Harry came through with a win which followed with a great fight with Buddy Knox and a victory over Eddie Corderre.

After dropping a 10-round decision to Norment Quarles in his first appearance since coming back home from the West Coast, Johnny Stevens, southpaw lightweight, stepped right back into competition two weeks later at Music Hall to win on a technical knockout over Frankie Gilmore in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round bout. Patsy Patterson, appearing on both of these cards, drew with Georgie Hahn and dropped an alley six-round fight to Herb Gilmore. The latter and Patterson will soon be re-matched here in a 10-round main event, one of Sheppard's plans in the development of local preliminary stars. Tommy Brown, promising lightweight, continued his winning ways in beating Lou Ross in a six-round battle on the Stevens-Gilmore card.

At Salem, Ohio, Harry Weekly, the northeastern Ohio lightweight champion, punched out a 10-round decision over southern J. D. Williams. Johnny O'Hara knocked out Eddie Dell in the first round of the semi-final match.

Weekly, under the management of R. E. Heffner, looks to be one of the best 135-pounders in the Buckeye state.

At Indianapolis, Ind., on March 24, Herb Gilmore, Cincinnati, defeated Mickey Brown, Toledo, in the 10-round main event.

Cleveland is practically leading the state in fistic promotions. During the latter part of February and all of March the Forest City went to the bat with the following results, the chief matches:

Georgie Pace, Cleveland, defeated Henry Hook, Indianapolis, 10 rounds, bantams.

Eddie Simms, Cleveland, beat Don Merrit, New York, 10 rounds, heavyweights.

Johnny Romero, Los Angeles, kayoed Eddie Saxon, New York, six rounds, middles.

Johnny Whiters, Pontiac, beat Eddie Simms, Cleveland, 10 rounds, heavyweights.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lloyd Pine hopped down to Birmingham, Alabama, only to lose a 10-round decision to Jimmy Perrin . . . . Prince Albert Smith, Cincinnati's only colored fight manager, seems to have finally struck success in his development of Billy Adams, the Negro middleweight, who is billed as the "successor to Tiger Flowers" . . . . Adams, under the careful tutelage of Smith for several seasons, recently climaxed with victories over George Boyce and Freddy Fitzgerald . . . . Adams' record is also studded with a win over Archie Moore of St. Louis . . . . Jack Davis, former welterweight star in this territory and former New York boy, is now an independent stationery salesman . . . . Jack is clicking, too . . . . his service includes the programs at the weekly wrestling shows in Cincinnati.

Jackie Taylor, the new bantamweight sensation in Ohio, is under the management of the popular Less Huffman . . . . Less is pointing the little fellow toward a future meeting with Georgie Pace of Cleveland, which match, if it materializes, will pack any arena in Cleveland or Columbus . . . . the service for one dollar per year which this writer has been giving fight managers, promoters, boxers and fans all over the country is rapidly clicking to a good step . . . . complete information can be had by addressing Jimmie Amann, 515 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for the promoters' and managers' guide which I have compiled and which sells for one dollar per copy . . . . the guide has listed the names and addresses of over 650 promoters and managers all over the country, in printed form and pocket size plan . . . . Herman Katz arrived back in Cincinnati from a five months' vacation in California and tells ye scribe he plans to return to L. A. . . . . Eddie Shock of Dayton is claiming the state flyweight title for his Filipino star, Sonny Hatsme . . . . Hatsme has fought the best in this territory, is a crowd pleaser and will go places if but given a chance.

Alabama Kid, the erstwhile Columbus, O., Negro middleweight, is fast becoming the Jekyll and Hyde of the ring . . . . Alabama, under the management of Less Huffman, jaunted off to Australia . . . . nipped several wins before being stopped (on his feet) in his last trip in the antipodes . . . . if the Kid would lay off the night life and settle down to business, the fight game would see a great piece of machinery in Alabama . . . . if Alabam' doesn't see the light shortly, he'll be in the has-been class . . . . quick . . . . and how . . . . Billy Meyer, popular young Cincinnati sportsman, is priming his protege, Patsy Patterson, toward big matches during the coming outdoor season . . . . Patsy is just ripe now for some of the top-notch featherweights and Meyer is planning a busy set of bouts for the "Irish Icer" . . . . fighters of all weights wishing action in this territory should contact at once, along with record and photo, if possible, Jimmy Amann, 515 York Street, Cincinnati, O.

Floyd Gibbons, the Columbus heavyweight, is gunning for the leaders following his 10-round decision over Charlie Belanger of Canada. At this writing the two are rematched in the capitol city and Gibbons, if again the winner, will be faced with top opposition this summer. Columbus promoters are endeavoring to bring in Paychek, Levinsky, Nestell, Nova or Max Baer for a meeting with the Columbus heavyweight.

Lefty Binion, the Ashland, Ky., manager of Eddie Crawford, Knoxville, Tenn., heavyweight, is considering matches with Johnny Whiters, Harry Wills or Charlie Belanger for the Tennessee heavyweight, following Crawford's six-round technical knockout over George Cerosky of Canton, O. Binion is head-over-heels in part with Crawford and is predicting a bright career for the Southern heavy star. In the prelims to the Crawford-Cerosky match, held before a large crowd in Ashland, Patsy Patterson drew with Young Scotty of Akron, O., in six rounds and Tiger Jackson of Barberton, O., knocked out Kid Campbell in one heat.

The international wrestling ratings, which this writer inaugurated four years ago is clicking in great style. I have a worldwide subscription to these ratings, which includes the listing of over 650 wrestlers from all over the world, plus the latest in wrestling flashes. You can secure these ratings 2 months for 25 cents (in cash) or one year for $1.00 in cash or money order. Address subscription to Jimmie Amann, Wrestling Rater, 515 York St., Cincinnati, O.

Lightweight and welterweight wrestlers who are booking themselves independent are asked to contact Jimmie Amann at 515 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio. This territory is now open in an elimination tournament for lightweight wrestlers who will shortly meet Blondie Black, the world's lightweight champion, in an outdoor titular bout. Black claimed the title two months ago. Freddy von Lamm is recognized as welterweight champion, but is finding it hard to make the weight.

Milo Myric, the Washington lumberjack, is again training diligently which he hopes will lead to a meeting with the two recognized champions in the 160-pound division, Gus Kallio and Henry J. Kolln.

Myric has under consideration an offer to tour Mexico in defense of his claims to the world's middleweight championship.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

AFTER an absence of seven weeks, professional boxing had its revival under the promotion of Ellison Kosoff and his Monroe County Sporting Club, with Cleveland's leading contender for heavyweight honors, the clever Patsy Perroni, bracketed in the main go against the elongated Sandy MacDonald of Texas.

The following week the nimble-footed Perroni again headed the card, this time against Buffalo's battling deaf mute, Silent Pete Tamalonis.

In the semi-final to the Perroni-Tamalonis duel, Henry Andrews introduced to Rochester fight fans his Red Hook slasher of New York, the sharp-shooting Paul DeBello. DeBello immediately won the plaudits of the assembled fight fans and is expected to show here again in the near future.

In the last show of the month, Rochester's power punching Al Traino dumped Irish Al Dunbar of New York for a kayo in the fourth of a scheduled 10-round main event. The bull shouldered toy bull-dog carried too many big guns for the elusive and game Dunbar.

Following are the results of the pro bouts staged during the month:

Patsy Perroni, 184, Cleveland, knocked out Sandy MacDonald, Texas, 42 seconds of the fourth round.

Francesco Montanari, Genoa, Italy, 151, outpointed Tommy Bland, Toronto, 148, eight rounds.

Ossie Sussman, 133, Rochester, outpointed Len Danbrea, 128, New York, six rounds.

Henry Smith, 120, Rochester, scored a T.K.O. over Charley Dabrino, 135, 2 minutes, 10 seconds of the fourth round.

Patsy Perroni, 183, Cleveland, decisioned Pete Tamalonis, 185, Buffalo; eight rounds.

Paul DeBello, 135, Brooklyn, scored T.K.O. over Mel Glianna, 131, Toronto, 2:24, fourth round.

Henry Smith, 128, Rochester, decisioned Verge MacKenzie, 127, Buffalo, six rounds.

Davey Paul, 127, Toronto, and Tony Sciolino, 130, Buffalo, drew, six rounds.

Joe DeCarlo, 151, and DoDo Woods, 145, Buffalo, drew, four rounds.

Jackie Callura, 125, Toronto, and Mickey Gamiere, 133, Cleveland, drew, 10 rounds.

Al Traino, 139, Rochester, scored T.K.O. over Al Dunbar, N. Y. C., 2:40, fourth round.

Henry Smith, 130, Rochester, scored T.K.O. over Eddie Voccia, N. Y. C., 1:03, second round.

Norman Cordaro, 144, Batavia, decisioned Joe DeCarlo, 149, Rochester, four rounds.

In the amateurs, the simon-pures as usual staged their share of thrilling battles. Following are the results of the better bouts put on by Matchmaker Johnny Burba at the Elks Club:

Jack Matheson, 154, Hamilton, won decision over Gene Pinter, Philadelphia, five rounds.

Charlie Ketchuk, 195, Binghamton, decisioned Al Fields, Rochester, five rounds.

Ace Kenny, 142, Binghamton, decisioned Pete Husser, Rochester, five rounds.

Frankie Romero, 135, Rochester, decisioned Joe Penna, Rochester, three rounds.

Jack Matheson, 153, Hamilton, decisioned Oscar Boyd, Lackawanna, five rounds.

Joe Miller, 135, Lackawanna, decisioned Chuck Baker, Hamilton, Ont., five rounds.

Arnold Shifton, 135, Hamilton, decisioned Milton Henderson, Lackawanna, five rounds.

Norman Stonehouse, 175, Rochester, knocked out Ray Wacenske, Rochester, in first round, time 23 seconds.

FISTIC MORSELS—Patsy Perroni has nothing but words of praise regarding his friend, Robert Taylor, whom he boxed in the glamor boy's fight picture . . . . Barney Ross made many new friends and renewed old acquaintances during his two-day stay in Rochester. The ex-king of the welterweights had a good word for many of the boys he had met during his career but this is what he said of the Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle: "There was a fighter for you—the absolute tops at his style—rough, rugged and crafty." . . . . Dapper Henry Smith is confident of scoring a kayo over Ossie Sussman, his old nemesis, while Ossie Sussman, the Jewish buzz-saw, is confident he can turn the trick on the colored boy . . . . Junior welterweight Al Traino can punch harder than most middleweights . . . . Toronto's classy Davey Paul made a big hit in his first showing in town, although he only earned a draw against the rough and heavier Tony Sciolino . . . . Johnny Aicher is visiting his family in Pennsylvania before going to New York City to fill a few engagements. Johnny is a sure fire bet to make good with Gotham's fight faithful and is looked upon as a very good heavyweight prospect. He has just returned from the city of Los Angeles where he made his professional debut and was undefeated in four bouts.

A line or two about the amateurs—Eddie Thomas is still going strong and is looking for work after 14 years in the amateurs.

Two local youngsters tabbed as good prospects are Frankie Romero and Koby Paul. Romero is a Los Angeles boy but has lived in Rochester for quite awhile and has won his two fights impressively, showing much power in his punches. Koby Paul is a boy with a fair punch and a lot of fistic finesse.

Tony DeCarlo and Eddie Smith, both of Rochester, expect to do very well in the National A.A.U. tryouts in San Francisco.

Shorty Dowd is undoubtedly the classiest piece of fighting machinery in town. He is a bantamweight, and is being handled by his father.

Joey Stefano claims the city featherweight championship.

MAIL BAG—Daniel Maurer, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.: I have received your letter and will be glad to aid you in any way I can.

Walter Kid Bowman, colored middleweight champion of South Orlando, Florida: I may have something for you in the near future. I will notify you immediately if anything comes up.

Fight managers, promoters or fans wishing advice or information concerning the fight game in or around Rochester can write to Sam Porcelli, 181 N. Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope for personal reply.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND was in the midst of a promoters' war, when Walter Taylor took over the Arena, and Bobby Evans moved to Cleveland's Public Hall. Evans has promoted one show and made a little money. Walter Taylor will run his first show at the Arena soon. So it looks as though the boys will be kept rather busy around these parts.

Big Dan Merritt was pushed a little too fast when he met the seasoned Eddie Simms on Evans' last card at the Arena. Simms was all too cute for Big Dan, but during the middle of the bout Mr. Simms ran into a couple of Merritt's hard right hands and was staggered a number of times. On the same card the bandit, Johnny Romero, evened terms with Willie Muldoon by winning an eight-round duke. Marty Simmons defeated Eddie Saxon in a fair bout over the 10-round route. Tiger Brown scored a T.K.O. over Horace Greshum in the first with a bundle of right crosses that had Horace so dizzy the referee stopped it.

On the first card at the Public Hall, Johnny Romero dumped Eddie Saxon in the sixth round. Romero was to have boxed Babe Risko, who for some unknown reason cancelled out. There is talk that Risko was never matched. (Who knows.) Johnny Withers won over Eddie Simms in a bout that all newspapers as well as the paying customers thought Simms won all by himself. Marty Simmons won over Willie Muldoon over the eight-round route. Tommy Carter, Detroit heavy, was too experienced for Big Dan Merritt and walked off with the win. Pablo Dano stopped Lorain's Gussie Smallwood in four rounds. Dano had no trouble at any time.

Mike Gamiere went down to Louisville to decision Wishy Jones over the 10-round route. Gamiere boxed a 10-round draw with Jackie Callura of Toronto, Canada. On the same card, Norman Cadero defeated Joe Decarlo in a four-rounder. Decarlo was floored in the second round for a five count when Norman crashed a terrific left hook to Decarlo's jaw.

Joey Ferrando, Ashtabula's pride and joy, after being stopped in the 10th round by Sammy Angott, because of a cut on top of his head, was rematched with Angott. For some reason or other, Angott did not go through with the bout. Tommy Cross of Philadelphia subbed for Angott and Ferrando easily won the bout. Joey and his manager, Pete Riley, caught a plane for sunny California where Nick Peters stopped Joey in three rounds via the T.K.O. route at the Hollywood Legion.

Ashtabula, O.—The new fight club sponsoring amateur bouts is going over with a bang as the attendance has increased each show. Among the popular boys that bear watching are Newsboy Jimmy Bloom of Cleveland, who has stolen the hearts of the Ashtabula and Conneaut fans. Also Bob Sauerwine of Conneaut, who has scored five kayos in as many bouts. Sammy Brown and Danny Platano are also good looking prospects. Among the Cleveland lads that have shown here are Jimmy Trusso, Frankie Missella, Leonard Bowers and Frankie Meyers. The club intends to run outdoor amateur and professional bouts each week.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Gussie Smallwood defeated Leo Rittenour of Akron at Lorain . . . . Ray Sharkey defeated Chet O'Kelly at Akron . . . . Lem Franklin beat Abe Simon at Chicago . . . . Jimmy Reeves, Cleveland's Golden Glove champion, went to Chicago and won the tournament of champions, then represented Chicago in the inter-city matches in front of 20,000 fans and won for Chicago by beating New York's best light-heavy. Incidentally, Reeves weighs only 164 pounds and looks like a cinch to cop the National Amateur boxing title at San Francisco.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, Hotel Knickerbocker, Cleveland, O.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL SHANK, unbeaten Montreal middleweight, is likely to have his long cherished ambition realized soon—a shot at the Canadian middleweight title, held by Len Wadsworth of Hamilton, whose defense is long overdue. Several promoters are anxious to stage such a match. Shank is recognized as the No. 1 contender and has certainly earned his titular opportunity.

Babe McLeod, colorful Montreal Irish favorite, will forsake the lightweight division for a whirl in the welterweight class. The Babe put on added poundage during the winter and will likely go in improved form without the strain of keeping down to the lightweight limit. He has lost only one fight during his three-year pro ring campaign, and that was due to making weight on short notice. He had done it on previous occasions with success but this time it was a case of going to the well once too often. His blazing speed should make him a redoubtable battler among the welters, particularly with the added stamina he will possess.

Al Shank drew with Art Small of Portland in the ten-round main bout of the opening show at Sherbrooke, Que. It was a gruelling battle with Shank forcing the pace. The unbeaten Montrealer was aggressive throughout, but his clever opponent tied him up considerably. Shank scored the only knockdown.

Babe McLeod scored a smart win when he outscored Eddie O'Lash in a six-rounder. McLeod had far too much speed and class for his hard-slugging rival and treated him to a neat boxing lesson. Oliver Shank was also billed to appear on the card, but the Montreal heavy sustained a badly cut nose in his last workout before the fight.

STRAY SHOTS—Despite his two recent setbacks at the hands of the veteran Wesley Ramey, Maxie Berger can still attract a heavy following at the Montreal Forum, if matched with a good opponent who is known here . . . . an ideal match in this respect would be Paul Junior, the Lewiston, Maine, lightweight, who staged a grand battle with Lou Ambers a short while ago . . . . Maurice Foreman is Junior's Canadian representative . . . . Harry Hurst, in the lightweight division, is a standout in Golden Gloves . . . . He hurdled his toughest test in the person of Ralph Walton, a sharpshooting colored boy . . . . Hurst did extend himself to the extent of flooring Walton for a long count, then toyed with him till the final bell.

CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS
By HUGH A. MACLEAN

BOB MATLOCK, Turner Valley, won on points from Johnny Goodman in four rounds. Charlie Forrester went out in the second round to Billy Kinerva. Billy Dempsey, Moose Jaw, K.O.'ed Cowboy Cassiday in the second when the Cowboy went in for Johnny Janetin of Edmonton, who failed to show up.

In the Western Canada middleweight championship bout between Gordon Grayson and Champion Kid Dalke, Grayson knocked the champ to his knees as the bell went at the end of the fourth. From then on, it was all Dalke fight and Grayson was K.O.'ed in the eighth.

Bobby Matlock, Turner Valley, and Young Joey Louis, Fargo, N. D., fought a six-rounder on Darby Melnick's great Good Friday card. The colored boy won on a T.K.O. in the third. Young Billy Dempsey ran into a tartar in Leo Janitzen of Edmonton. Leo got three knockdowns and then put Billy away in the fourth. This Janitzen boy is a great prospect, cool under fire, and can he hit!

Ill-fortune followed that pleasing colored boy, Flash Bailey, when he met Johnny Loftus, the Lestock Indian, in the semi-final. Johnny, who is an ex-welter champion of Western Canada, had too many guns for the dark boy. Then a badly broken hand was the cause for stopping the fight in the sixth.

The greatest card seen in Calgary, Alberta, for years was promoted by Darby Melnick on Good Friday, the wind-up bringing Gordon Thompson, Black Diamond's native son and lightweight champion of Western Canada, back in the ring with Billy McRae, who won the welter championship from Thompson last December. Thompson fought against a good boy, and won by a K.O. in the twelfth round.

Fight game in Alberta is booming . . . . Black Diamond, the home of the Thompson boys, staged a card last month, showing Gordon Wallace and Tiger Fisher in the final . . . . Good bouts take place in Edmonton, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat . . . . Boys willing to fight should get in touch with Darby Melnick, care of the Legion Hall, Calgary, Alta. . . . . That handy newsstand, the Subway, handles THE RING . . . . So does C.P.R. Newsstand, Harry's, and Ken's Smoke Shop . . . . Be sure to get yours early.

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MAINE MITT MORSELS

By CHARLEY MILLER

AT Portland Paul Junior, 138, of Lewiston hammered Rudy Vastano, 142, Portland fearfully in 4 rounds forcing Vastano on the verge of a kayo and was stopped in the 5th. Vastano was no match for the lightweight champion of Maine and it looks like an Ambers-Junior summer shot for Portland by the way Junior is going, in the semi-final Val Nadeau, Somersworth, N. H., a real fighter at 151 won over the hard hitting Jack DuBois of Sherbrooke in 6 hard frames. Nadeau is a real comer and worth watching. K. O. Blouin, 122, Lewiston edged Ernie Burke, 125, Portland in another furious 6 and Tiger Lamber, 167, of Biddeford won over Johnny Lawless of Bangor in 6 heats.

Roy Worcester, state heavyweight champion has joined the stable of Al McCoy New England heavyweight champion and will be taught the fine points of the game by the classy stablemate. Bill Brennan of Lynn will handle the Maine boy and no doubt he will have the Maine boy show his wares in and around the big cities.

At Portland Tom Casey, 185, took 2 of 3 falls from the tough Manuel Cortez of Mexico 179. Tom is the youngest brother of the Casey's from Ireland. King Kong Frankenstein, 184, of N. Y., threw Chick Layden, 180, Alabama and Max Wilson, 178, Salt Lake City, Utah, tossed Yankee Hall, 180, Montreal, P. Q. Steve Bartis, 185, Old Orchard Beach drew with Hymie Olsen, 189, of Minn., Minn. Dave Miller of Bangor was the referee and was tossed out of the ring several times.

Tommy Regan, hard hitting middleweight from Bangor had very little difficulty outpointing Johnny Lawless of Portland at Rockland. Regan floored Lawless once in the third and generally out-pointed his rival throughout the 8-round bout. In the semi-final Ponza Chochran of Rockland, 148, outpointed Pop-eye Pippen of Biddeford, the other bouts showed Young Al Wooster, 138, of Rockland stopping Bud White, 137, of Portland in 3 heats. Slasher Porter, 125, of Rockland outpointed Sandy Larkin, 126, from Portland. Hop Woods of Bangor, popular referee was the third man.

HOT SHOTS:—At Pittsfield Young Jimmy Gomerly of Brewer stopped Wally Poulin of Waterville in the 3rd round of a scheduled 8-round feature. Gomerly also won from Kayo Brown of Hartland on March 19th. This boy is worth watching and is under the direction of Henry Mullins, the popular Bangor manager of a large stable of good boxers. Bobby Campbell of Brewer has hung up the gloves for a position with the Shell Oil Co., at Boston and this writer wishes him the best of luck in his new undertaking. A real good prospect at 128 pounds he should have made the grade and gone along with his native sons such as Junior, McCoy, Welch, Cass. Good luck, Bobby.

At this writing a new boxing commission is trying to get legalized in this state. They sure would be welcome by some and not by others, it would keep the shoe-string promoters from staging shows up here in Bangor and when a boy comes into this town he would get what he was promised. Chick Hayes at Portland is the only successful promoter in this state and will be for a long time while Dave Silverman of Biddeford, Portland and way stations is the only real up-to-date manager in this state. At this writing he has over 50 boxers and he keeps them going every night in the week. Hop Woods of Bangor is getting very popular up in this section as a referee and finds plenty of work, he should be kept very busy this coming summer as fights seem to open at small clubs during the summer weather due to the opening of the roads.

The writer would like to get in touch with any heavyweight that is not attached and who would like to spend the summer up in this state. Write to Charley Miller Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Maine.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

JOEY FERRANDO of Ashtubula, O., and Jersey City, N. J., was very impressive in his 10-round decision over Tommy Cross, a pretty good lightweight out of Philadelphia who proved to have a cast-iron chin as he took everything Ferrando had to offer, and was still on his feet at the final gong. It was a final of a double wind-up, at Motor Square Garden, before a well pleased crowd who paid $4,800 to see a very well balanced card rigged up by Promoter Jake Mintz. Sammy Angott was scheduled to meet Ferrando the week before and the Washington, Pa., lightweight flash took the run out powder for some reason, and was suspended in Pennsylvania by Dr. William D. McClelland whose term in office expired the next day. Havey Boyle replaced McClelland as chairman of the boxing commission. Boyle is sports editor of the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette*.

The first 10-rounder saw the veteran Al Quaill and Honey (Boy) Jones stage another of their thrilling draws. Although some of the fans disagreed with the decision, thinking Quaill should have gotten the duke, I thought the fight was even throughout as both boys worked hard and fought a very courageous battle. Arthur Brown was very unfortunate in his 6-rounder with Lou Berg of Soho, he was butted the very first few seconds of the fight, and was a victim of a knockout. Brown had previously won 17 of his 22 fights as a professional by knockouts.

Jackie Conn, brother of Billy, again won over Mickey Whalen in 4 rounds. In the opener Johnny Rucker defeated Joe Pohaskey, in a slam bang affair. This was the last of boxing at Motor Square Garden, as it had been sold to an automobile concern, and will be used for that purpose instead of the leather tossers. It had been our leading fight spot for many years.

Johnny Patrick, Penn State's rugged heavyweight, really beat Americo Wysegis in the Eastern Inter-collegiate boxing tourney at Syracuse, N. Y., only to have the official decision rendered against him. By the way Patrick is a brother of M. J. (Pat) Patrick, one of our leading fight managers.

Arthur Brown, lost a 10-rounder out at Dayton, O., to the most underrated heavyweight in the country Sunny (Jim) McVey, who just recently returned from the coast where he had a successful invasion, and scored a knockout over Jack Roper in 2 rounds.

Billy Miller was given a bad beating out at Atlantic City, N. J., by Bob Montgomery, of Philadelphia. The bout was stopped as Miller was helpless trying to get up after a knockdown. He suffered cuts over both eyes, and also had his lips cut. Montgomery registered his 10th straight victory since deserting the Simon-pures. Another local boy was beaten on the same card in a 6-rounder, he is none other than little Maxie Verge, who lost a thrilling bout to Joey Stack also of Philadelphia.

Teddy Yarosz, of Monaca our former middleweight champion of the world, had little trouble outpointing the highly-touted Ken Overlin, in a 10-rounder at Houston, Tex. Yarosz weighed 162 and had a 2 pound advantage.

Tommy Spiegal, the stiff legged, game little lightweight from Uniontown won an 8-round decision over Primo Flores, of Puerto Rico, at the Hippodrome in New York.

William (Billy) Thomas, formerly of Williamsport, is now making his home here in Pittsburgh and is handling a fine stable of amateur and professional boxers. Has a fine young prospect in Bobby Ennis a youngster from the coast. Thomas would like to show some of his boys up around the coal fields, where he did most of his fighting when he was in the ring.

At Dayton, O.:—Joey Sulk was T.K.O.'ed in the 4th round of his bout with Jackie Taylor. Bearcat Jones another Patrick product drew with Tiger Fann in 6 heats.

Eddie Zivic won by T.K.O. in the 3rd round of his bout with Herb Oldaker of Kokomo, Ind., at Columbus, O. Oldaker was unable to come out of his corner for the 3rd canto, as his left eye was completely closed and his seconds tossed in the towel.

After a couple of years of idleness Joe Todd staged an amateur boxing show at the high school auditorium in Donora, the auditorium was filled to capacity, and the fans really enjoyed the bouts. In the main bout Lother Schaffer recent winner over Harry Bobo, won by kayo over Wild Bill Urban, of Monongahela. Schaffer at 214 pounds had a weight advantage of 17 pounds. The knockout occurred in the 2nd round.

Two of our outstanding boxers are on the shelf recovering from hand injuries, they are Charley Burley and Billy Soose, the former a leading contender for the welterweight title and the latter a strong contender for the middleweight crown.

Miami, Fla.:—Fritzie Zivic local welterweight continues his winning streak as he outfought and ouboxed the youthful Bobby Britton, of Miami. They both weighed 145 pounds. Zivic will be back for the outdoor season here and he hopes to clean up on Homicide Henry before the local fans.

Frankie Buff, a former local fighter is now handling a group of West Virginia fighters and would like to show them around here. He has Bob Moody formerly of Syracuse, who has beaten such boys as Tony Galento, Natie Brown, K. O. Christner and Frankie Simms. He can be reached by getting in touch with the writer.

Good fighters without strings attached that care to show around here kindly get in touch with the writer, Ray M. Todd, 1005 Lincoln Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

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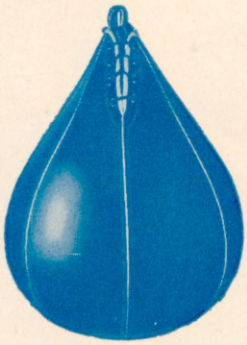

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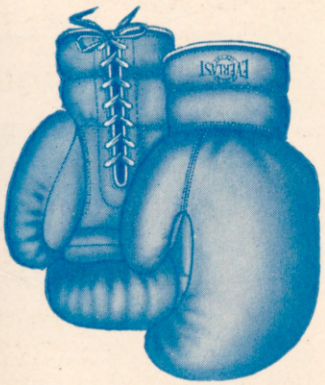

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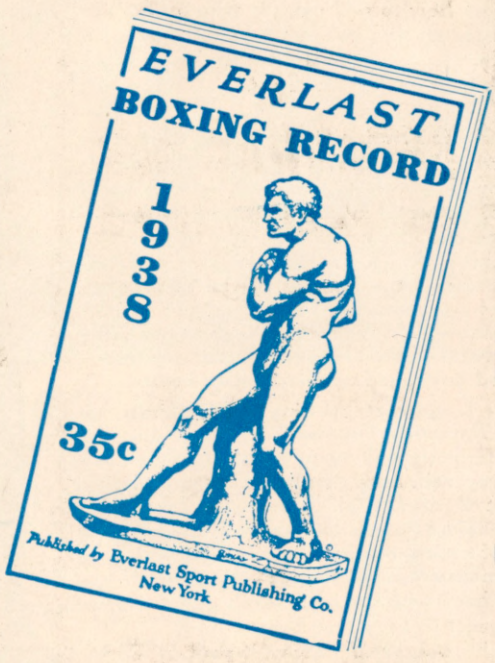

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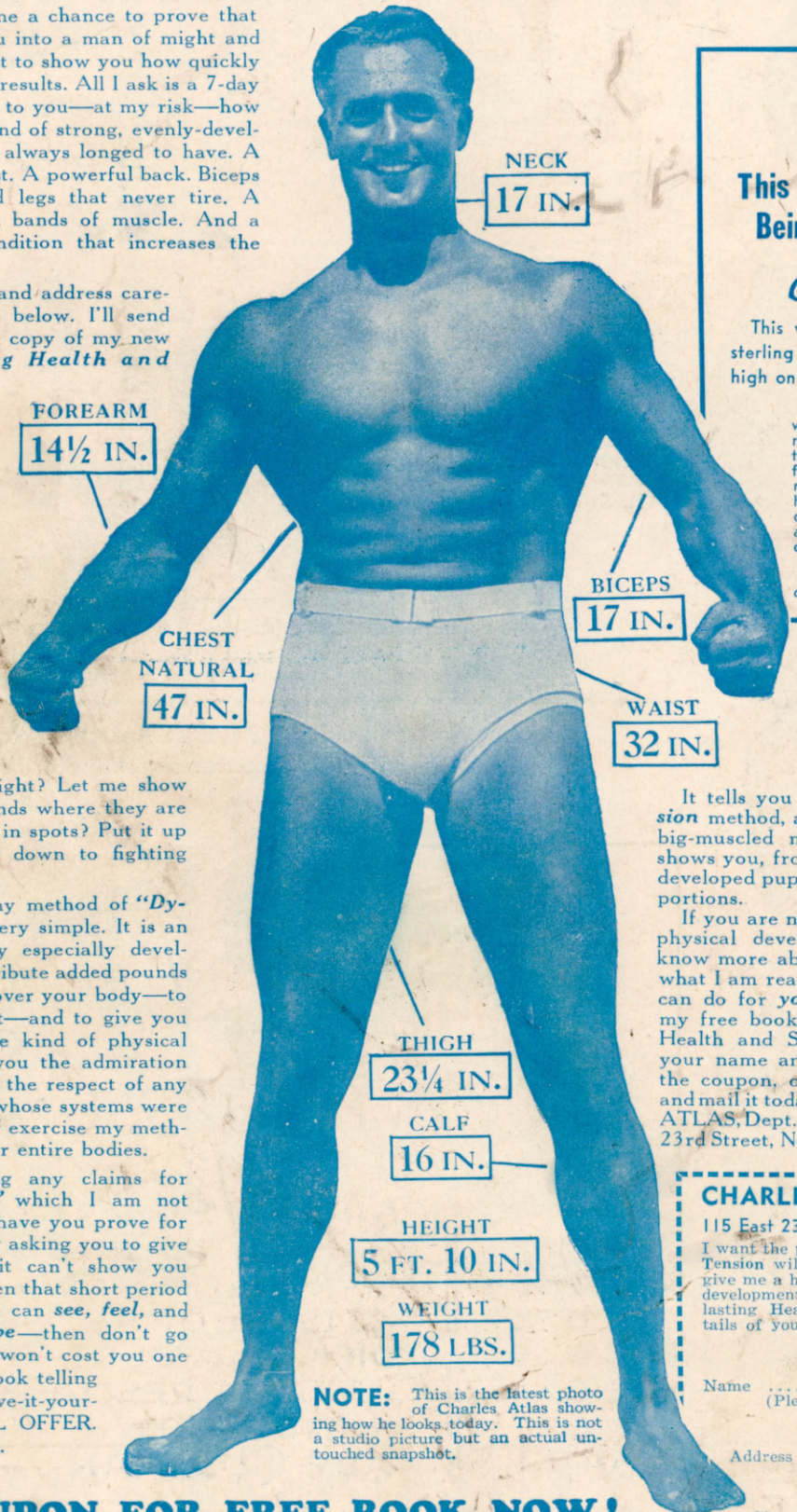

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